Saturday Review

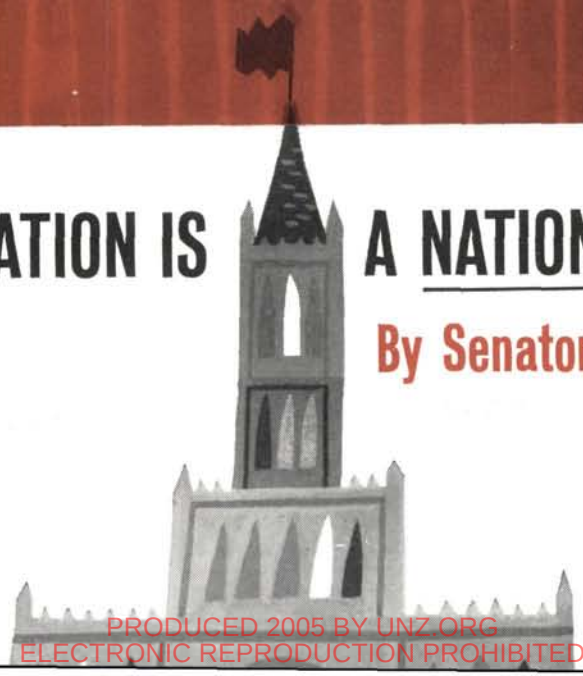
FEBRUARY 18, 1961 / 25¢

Report from Laos

By NORMAN COUSINS

HIGHER EDUCATION IS A NATIONAL PROBLEM

By Senator Joseph S. Clark



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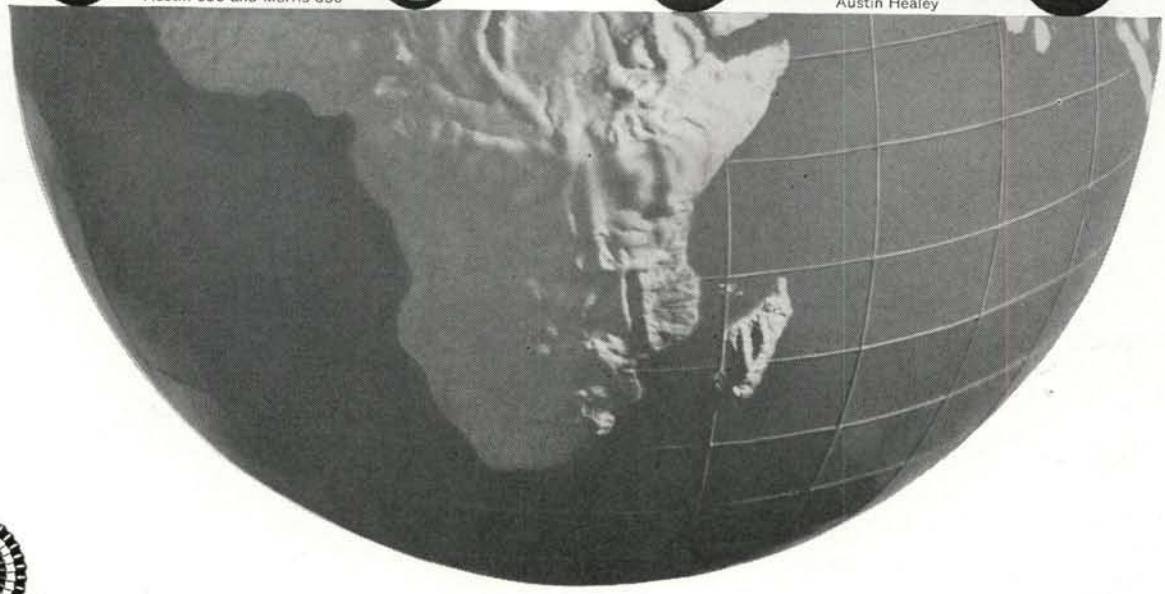

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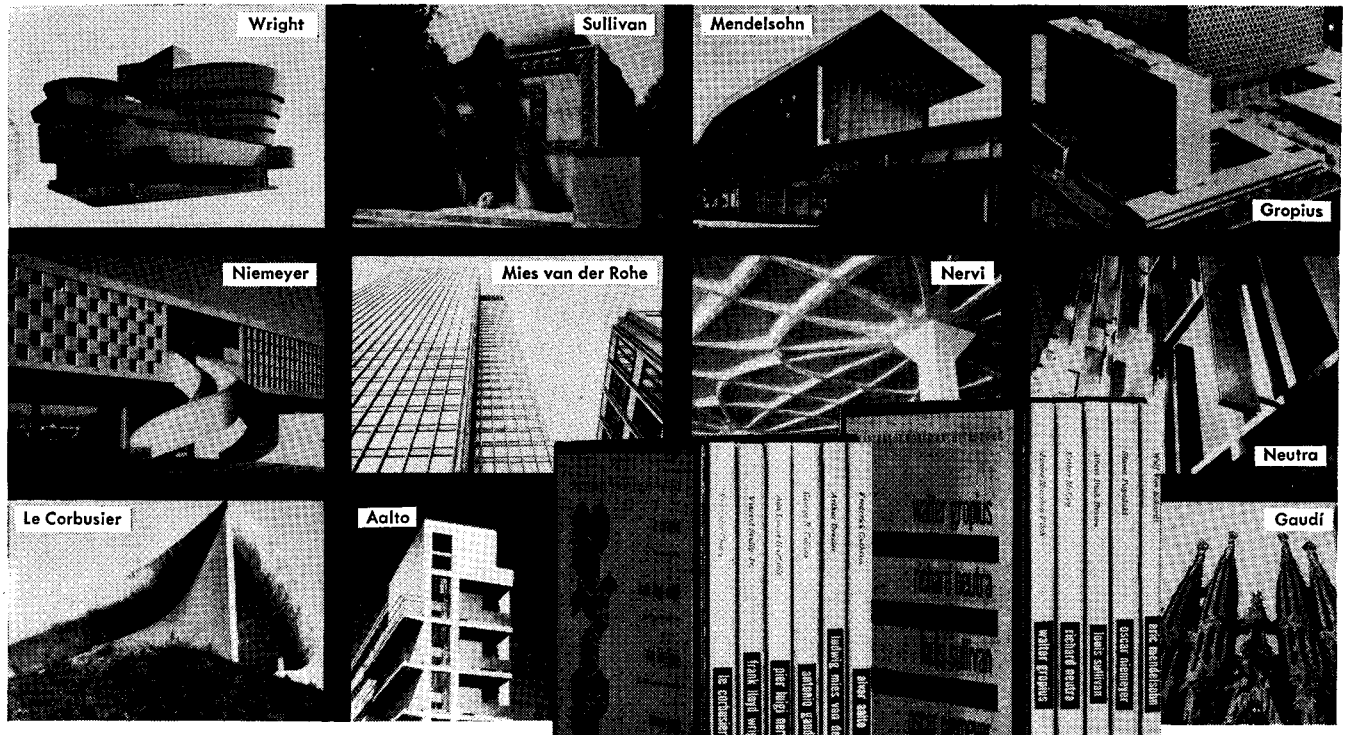

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TRADE Winds

NOW IS A GOOD TIME of the year to get it straight about George Washington's false teeth. There's something fascinating to Americans about the dentures of the Father of Our Country. At the information service department of the "Book of Knowledge," they are accustomed to the oft-repeated questions about the false teeth and whether they were made of iron, etc.

But recently someone queried a little deeper: how much did they weigh?

Through snow and gloom of night a BOK researcher tracked down the answer. The trail led to the vaults of the museum of the New York Academy of Medicine, where apparently they keep the famous choppers on file. The rest was easy. Washington had six sets of false teeth. The lightest was made of sea horse ivory and weighed less than an ounce. The heaviest was made of lead and weighed a pound and a half.

AT THREE O'CLOCK on an afternoon two weeks ago Peter Schwed, Simon & Schuster vice president, sat formally in his big office and awaited the arrival of an important visitor. Toby Hodder-Williams, thirty-two-year-old heir apparent of England's respected publishing firm Hodder & Stoughton, was in this country for the first time and was making

a call on Schwed. It was to be an important event.

The telephone rang. It was Mr. Hodder-Williams apologetically explaining that he was delayed and did not believe he would be able to keep the appointment. Schwed was understanding, and they made another date. He went back to work.

An hour later there was a rumble. The door burst open and dozens of S&S people poured into the room bearing bottles, potato chips, paper napkins, cheese and crackers, noise makers, and a cake with fifty candles on it. It was Schwed's birthday. In a few minutes the celebration was in full swing. There was singing, gay laughter, a crumble of paper cups, ribbon, and paper all over the floor, folks sitting on desks, and a heavy layer of smoke in the atmosphere.

"What a wonderful surprise!" Schwed exclaimed, as he sipped a Scotch and water through a big black false beard he had been forced to don as an indication of his advanced age.

Just then Mr. Hodder-Williams, touring the important publishing establishments of New York, walked in. Talk about surprise parties!

IT DID HAPPEN HERE. In Thompson, Michigan, a young teacher was arrested and fired from his job for "obscenity." He permitted five boys to read "The Stranger," by Camus. While he was in jail the state police, called in by the school board, searched his classroom and home and confiscated and destroyed such dangerous books as "Crime and Punishment."

IN 1916, when schools of poetry were popping up all over, Witter Bynner and Arthur Davison Ficke created one of their own and hoaxed the public. Inventing two poets—Anne Knish (a beautiful Hungarian) and Emanuel Morgan (a mysterious bearded German)—they had published a book of their works entitled "Spectra." It was gibberish. It caused a sensation. People such as Amy Lowell, Carl Sandburg, and Harriet Monroe, the renowned editor, were impressed by the Spectrists.

For a couple of years, until they voluntarily revealed the prank, the two men were involved in a series of remarkable adventures. Once Bynner stood fascinated as someone described Anne Knish to him, saying she certainly was beautiful and tempestuous. On another occasion Ficke wrote for publication his own evaluation of the Spectrist school.

Not the least of their problems was turning out new Spectrist works. Whereas they had whipped up the first collection in a few afternoons in a hotel room in Moline, Illinois, with the help of distilled spirits, they found that upon demand they just could not write anything so nonsensical again.

They enlisted the help of other poets. Edwin Arlington Robinson, for instance, was one of those who tried but couldn't sink to the level of Knish and Morgan. Millay, when asked, declined. Once the hoaxers locked Marjorie Ann Seiffert, a well-known poet of the Chicago school, in her bedroom and forced her to be Spectric. She thrust a succession of manuscripts under the door until the

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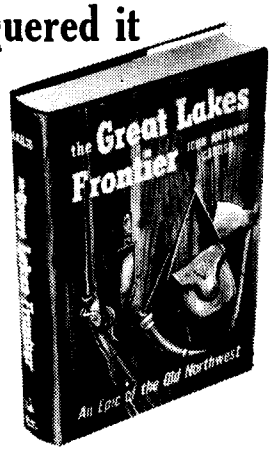

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men found something they thought publishable. Her Spectric *nom de plume* was Elijah Hay. Poetry magazines ate it up.

There's a lot more funny stuff in connection with this, and it can all be found in a new, delightful little book entitled "The Spectra Hoax," published by Wesleyan University Press and written by William Jay Smith.

"It was sort of runaway poetry," Bynner told the author, "the poet seated in the wagon but the reins flung aside."

One of these runaway episodes is described. One day at luncheon, Bynner deliberately slipped off the chair and fell noisily to the floor, with the motive of startling the waitress into hysterics. When order had been restored and the cheese soufflé removed from the floor, the dining room hostess remarked, "How terrible to entertain a lunatic!"

Bynner shrieked happily and dashed to his study where, in the person of Emanuel Morgan, he wrote down one of his most famous creations: "Madagascar–Opus 104." The first line is "How terrible to entertain a lunatic!" For more on this verse and the lunatics I recommend "The Spectra Hoax."

IN THE BOOKS DEPARTMENT at *Newsweek*, when things are slow the editors play a game in which they rearrange titles and authors more appropriately. Invented by *Newsweek* staffer David Slavitt, it produces some interesting results. If you can figure out

the key, you can arrange your own books and authors. Here are some samples:

"Battle Cry," by Saul Bellow.
"For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Norman Vincent Peale.
"Saratoga Trunk," by Katherine Ann Porter.
"The Naked and the Dead," by Robert Graves.
"Please Don't Eat the Daisies," by Erle Stanley Gardner.
"The Scarlet Pimpernel," by Kay Boyle.
"Run Silent, Run Deep," by Bennett Cerf.
"The Postman Always Rings Twice," by Norman Mailer (as told to Gerold Frank).

IN HER EXPOSE of vanity publishing in the February issue of *Esquire* magazine, Eleanor Morehead reminds us that every day there are hundreds who, with no training, study, or special apti-

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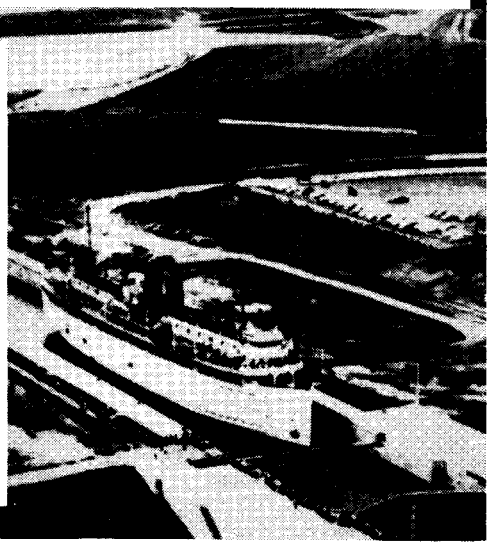

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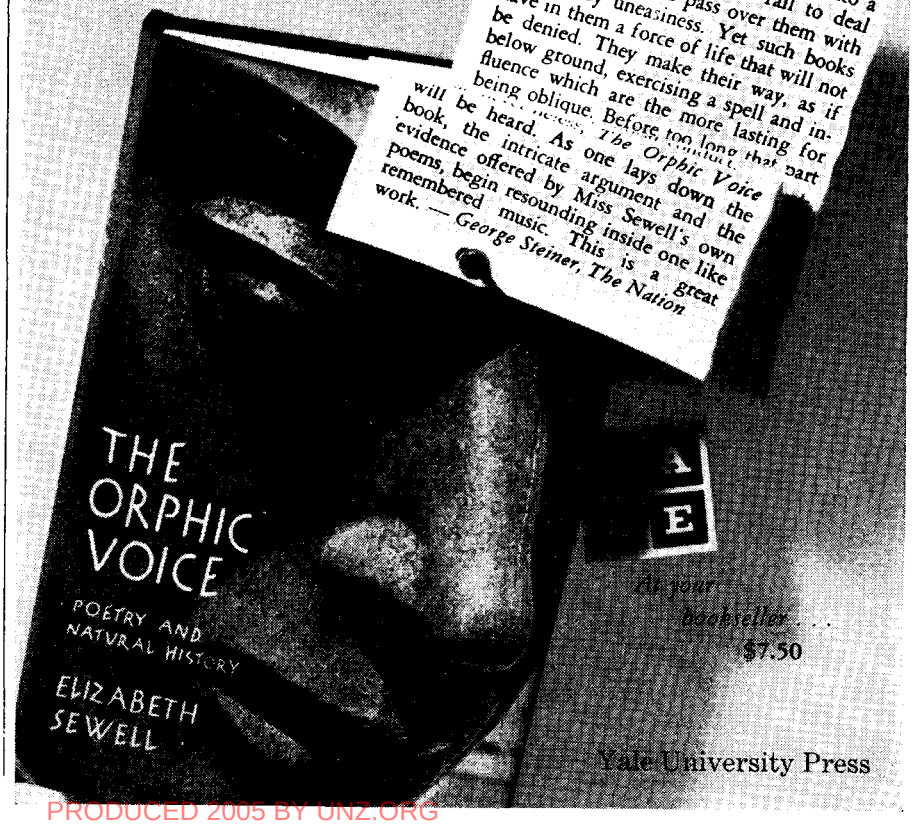
AT RARE intervals there appear books whose intrinsic weight or singularity of vision seems to draw them down into a well of silence. Reviewers fail to deal with them at all or pass over them with perfunctory uneasiness. Yet such books have in them a force of life that will not be denied. They make their way, as if below ground, exercising a spell and influence which are the more lasting for being oblique. Before too long that part will be heard. As one lays down the book, the intricate argument and the evidence offered by Miss Sewell's own poems, begin resounding inside one like remembered music. This is a great work. — *George Steiner, The Nation*



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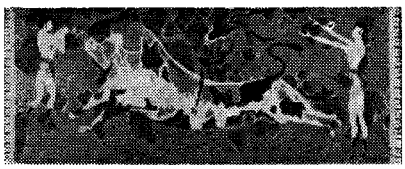

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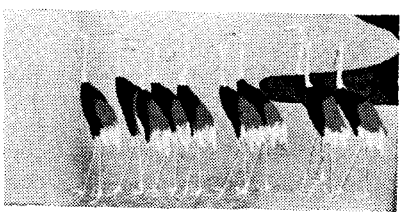

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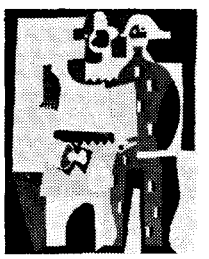

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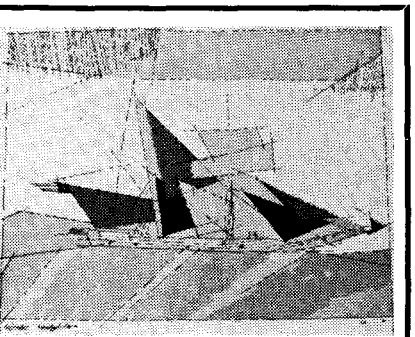

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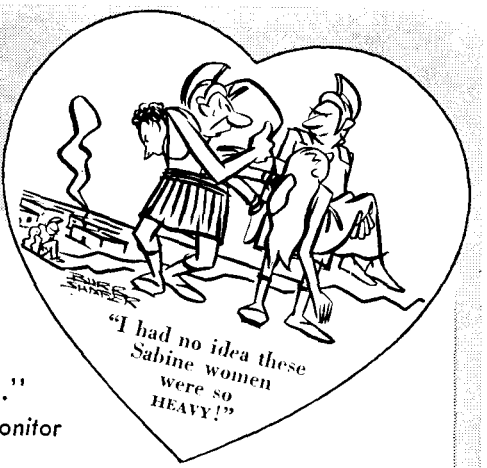

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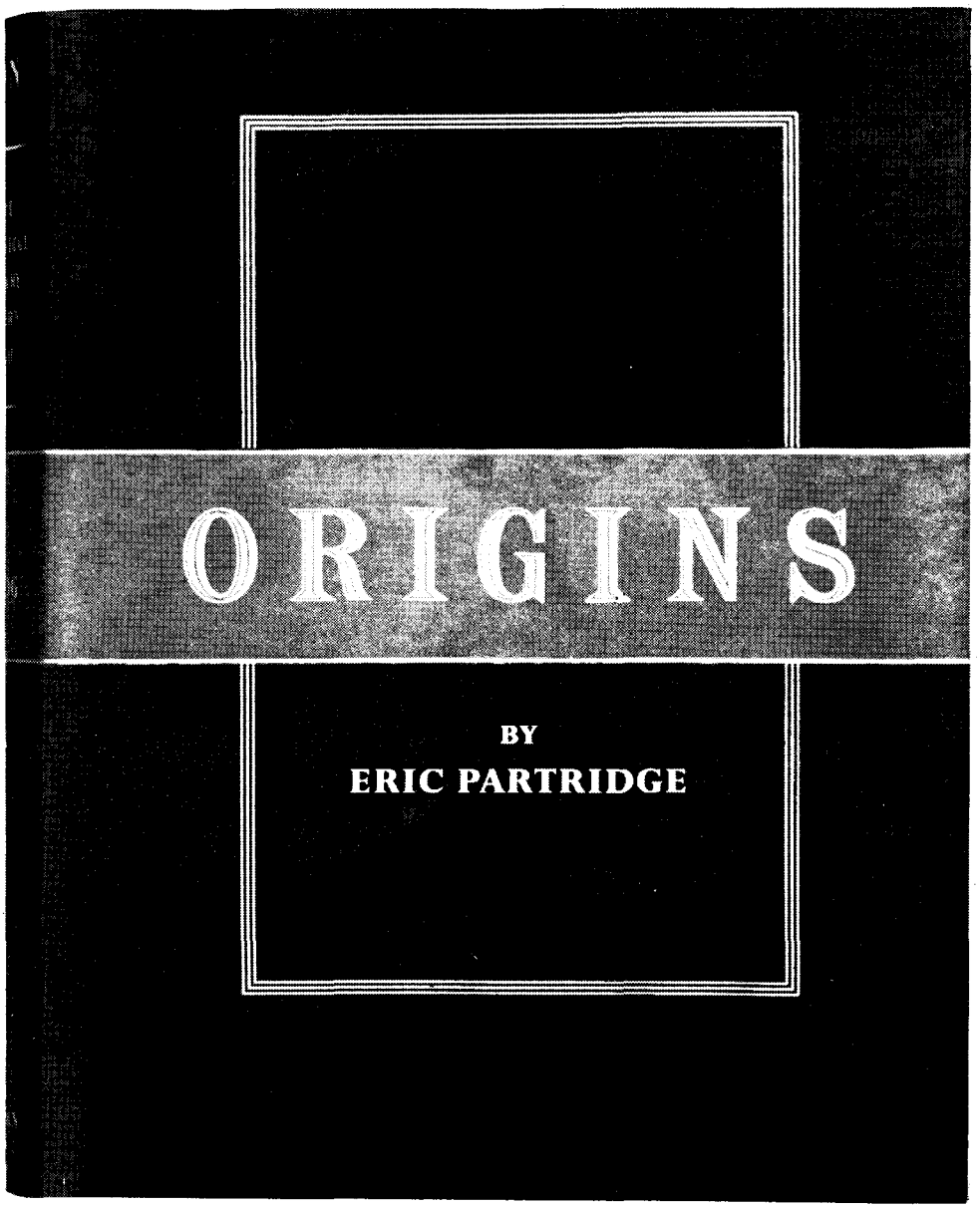

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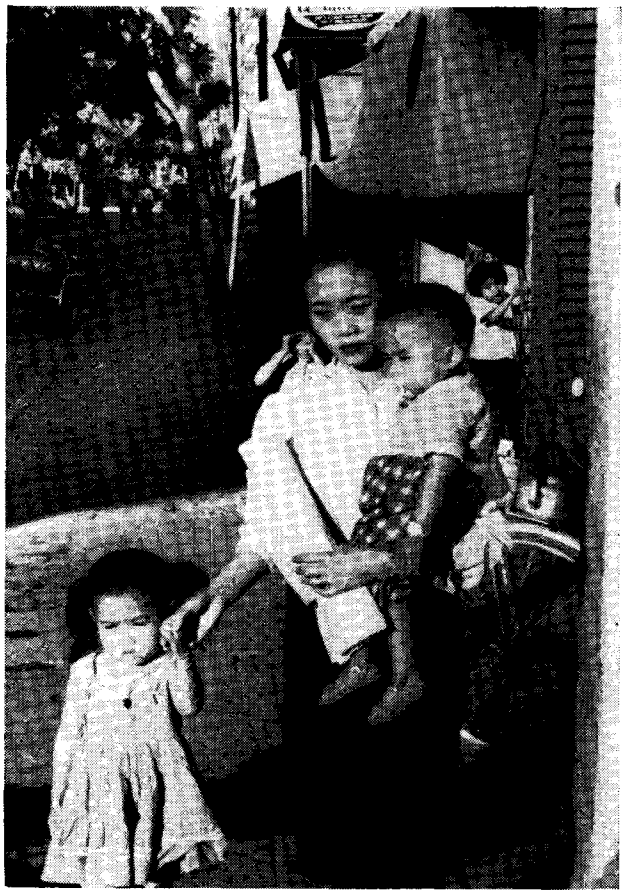
Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 18, 1961

REPORT FROM LAOS

By NORMAN COUSINS



Photos by N. C.

"Normal" life returns to Vientiane, capital city of Laos. The big problem is how to give Laos back to the Laotians.

VIENTIANE, LAOS.

THE SOLDIER ran down the street spraying machine-gun bullets into the shops and homes. A small white cloth pinned to his shoulder strap identified him as a member of the loyalist force.

Five minutes later, the same soldier returned, working the same targets with his machine gun. This time, the cloth on his shoulder identified him as a rebel fighter.

Much of the fighting in Vientiane was completely without direction or design. Men, individually or in groups, would go charging through the city on foot or in jeeps, using up their ammunition, then return to the supply depots for more. A shoulder cloth was often regarded not so much as identification as a shooting license. Some soldiers who lost their original identifying cloths would grab for the first new cloth they could find, regardless of color.

It wasn't so much a matter of armed men going berserk. Many of them had no clear idea of the side they were on, or even what the shooting was all about. They hadn't volunteered to commit themselves to one cause or the other. They were in the Laos army. There had been a bewildering series of coups and counter-coups. When part of the army broke off in one direction, the men in the ranks followed new orders. The same was true when a commander defected or when his replacement was in turn replaced. The most tangible fact to many of them was the gun in their hands.

If the men who did the shooting—wild, purposeless shooting—didn't fully understand what was happening or what they were expected to do, the people of Laos were no less stricken with confusion. I spoke to dozens of them—shop owners, bicycle rickshaw boys, small farmers, mothers — and could find very few who knew the sequence of events leading to the present situation or, indeed, the correct nature of the conflicting forces. Most of them were numb or detached. They would go about their lives as best they could, certain only that they had little connection with the big questions that shaped their future.

I wasn't in Laos long enough to find any of the answers—or even to take full inventory of the questions. One fact, however, was clear enough. Laos was the revolving door of Southeast Asia. It opened directly into China, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, North Vietnam, and South Vietnam. What happened to Laos also affected the future of India, Ceylon, Malaya, Japan, and the Philippines. If Laos fell under Communist control or influence, the pressures on Southeast Asia would be punishingly increased.

Another prime fact was equally clear. Laos was a world fever blister which could spread into major war. The vital interests of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Communist China came thumping together in Laos. The major powers were landlocked with their commitments. Meanwhile, many of the main elements of potential major war were beyond their control. Even though there seemed to be general recognition that Laos should not be allowed to become a nuclear torch, no one knew exactly how to put the limiting factors to work.

In fact, anyone who wants to understand the Laos situation must be prepared to put together a weird assortment of pieces spewed out over a wild landscape. History here is not a progression of events but an accumulation of tumbling paradoxes and broken facts. Indeed, if you want to get a sense of the universe unraveling, come to Laos. Complexity such as this has to be respected. And this is precisely part of the problem. There is a tendency, in dealing with Laos, to

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develop a desperate passion for the recognizables. Out of the pounding confusion comes a groping for familiar notions of a world divided into just two camps; a world of good and bad, with blazing lights to distinguish between the two.

But Laos won't accept such tidy conventions. It persists in retaining its elusive multiplicities. And any policy that attempts to synthesize simplicities out of the multiplicities in order to deal with them will end in frustration or defeat or both.

Six facts are central to any understanding of the situation in Laos or a policy directed to it.

The first fact is that Laos is not a nation, as the term is generally understood.

The second fact is that the people of Laos are not homogeneous, as the term is generally understood.

The third fact is that Laos doesn't have a recorded history, as the term is generally understood.

The fourth fact is that Laos is not a democratic society, as the term is generally understood.

The fifth fact is that the fighting in Laos is not primarily a civil war, as the term is generally understood.

The sixth fact is that there are now no means for terminating hostilities, as the term is generally understood.

Begin with Fact Number One. Laos, basically, is three kingdoms. It was part of French Indo-China before the Second World War, achieving only nominal unity as a French protectorate. The French were never involved in the affairs of Laos in the same sense as were the British in India. They built a few roads, trained a handful of civil servants, established a skeletonized public service, and that was about it. They undertook very little development of natural resources. Their stake in Laos was more geographic than economic or political.

At the end of the Second World War, France sought to re-establish its hold over Indo-China. But independence movements in the various units of Indo-China—particularly in Vietnam—made this impossible. The independence movement in Laos never assumed the force or unity that it did in neighboring Vietnam, but it profited from what was happening in Vietnam just the same. The Geneva agreements ending the war in Vietnam also brought to an end whatever lingering control the French had in the other units of Indo-China, Laos included.

THE strategic and geographical importance of Laos did not cease with its independence. Far from it; it just meant that someone else would have to worry about Laos. That someone was the United States. This part of the story we save for later.

Here we consider Fact Number Two, which is that Laos is not a homogeneous society, as the term is generally understood. Native Lao account for only 50 per cent of the population. They are originally of varied Thai stock. The Thais of Laos today are divided according to Black Thai, White Thai, and Red Thai. Almost totally separate are the mountain tribes, whose customs and habits have changed very little in the past 2,000 years. Among these primitive tribes are the Kha, who migrated from Indonesia; the Meo, of Mongoloid origin; and the Lolo and Muong, who are believed to have come from China. In addition, there are mixed strains with origins in Malay or Burma or India. In fact, a large part of Laos shows even stronger cultural relationships with India than with China.

In any event, there is no sense of ethnic unity and very little sense of nation. Loyalty to the tribe or the local grouping generally comes first. Some of the mountain tribes are not only cut off completely from the outside world; they are hardly aware of the existence of other tribes less than fifty miles away. Communications are nonexistent in the modern sense; they are primarily a matter of a tongue and foot.

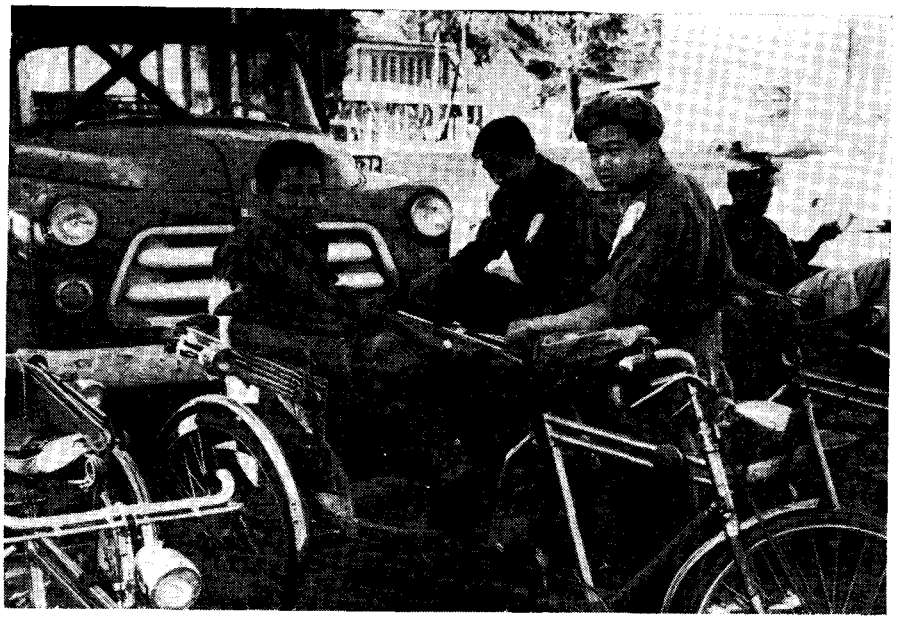
This brings us to Fact Number Three, which is that Laos has no recorded history, as the term is generally understood. There is no indication of a written language among the early migrants. Such oral history as exists is largely mythological. There is the legend, for example, that the first settler of Laos arrived with two wives on a divine mission. He plunged a hot iron into a pumpkin and out poured all the people and things that go to make up a country. In due course, the settler had seven sons, each of whom went to a different part of the country to found a kingdom. Thus, according to legend, began the royal kingdoms.

Along about the thirteenth century, factual evidence began to accumulate. Writing skills, showing strong Indian influence, were supposed to have been developed at this time. There are sparse accounts of fratricidal wars among the original seven kingdoms.

By the end of the eighteenth century, the seven kingdoms had been reduced to three. The colonial powers of Europe began to take an interest in Asia about this time, but Laos, landlocked and remote, managed to elude their interest. Not until 1883 did the French become involved in Laos, and then only in connection with their larger concern with Indo-China. By 1904, France had established its protectorate over Laos, consolidating the monarchies.

Even under France, most of Laos was totally devoid of contact with the outside world. When the Second World War came and Japan replaced France as the outside controlling power, countless thousands of mountain tribesmen were unaware of the fact—or even that France had been there in the first place. They continued to live as they had done for almost 2,000 years.

At the end of the Second World War, the independence movement spread through Indo-China. It was not until 1953, however, that a treaty was signed with France under which the Kingdom of Laos received full autonomy and national sovereignty. French supervision



Laos Government soldiers wear white shoulder cloths on their American uniforms to distinguish them from the rebels who wear American uniforms with red cloths.

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of government departments and civil services were completely withdrawn. The little monarchy was not completely on its own.

We come now to Fact Number Four, which is that Laos is not a democracy, as the term is generally understood. Laos has a constitution under which the king holds ultimate power. Universal suffrage is assured but near-universal illiteracy slows up the democratic process. Moreover, the various tribes take a keener interest in local feuds than in national affairs. A National Assembly of fifty-nine members makes the laws, but only a portion of the population ever hears of them. The Prime Minister is the operating head of government, appointed by the king. In turn, the PM appoints a Cabinet which the Assembly must approve.

Some ten political parties vie for public favor, the most important of them being the Rally of the Lao People. The RLP is a consolidation of several other parties and still reflects the separatist psychology that went into it.

The Pathet Lao is a political force without being a political party. It is Communist or pro-Communist in most of its leadership, though not necessarily in membership. It has no representation in the National Assembly, though various schemes aiming at national unity or at least at coalition have been made in that direction.

The Pathet Lao emerged as a powerful factor in the affairs of Laos during the struggle between the French and the Vietnamese. Operating in the north in close proximity to Vietnam, the Pathet Lao drew both material and ideological support from over the border. By 1953, the Pathet Lao arrogated a "government" to itself in the northern area of Laos and began to extend its dominion and influence. Fighting betwen the PL and government forces was far more limited than between France and Viet Minh but it threatened to dislocate the country nonetheless.

When the war between France and Vietnam was ended by the Geneva Agreements of 1954, the fighting between the Laos monarchy and the PL was halted as well. The purpose of the Geneva Agreements was to bring peace to all Indo-China. Generally, the Agreements sought to recognize the military and political realities as of July, 1954, when the fighting stopped. Vietnam was formally divided, north and south. In Laos, the Pathet Lao held on to its two provinces in the north, Phong Saly and Houa Phans. However, the Geneva Agreements called for general elections in 1955 for the purpose of re-integrating the two provinces.

Another key provision of the Geneva Agreements specified that the shipment of arms by outside powers into Indo-China was to cease.

THIS sets the stage for Fact Number Five, which is that the present conflict is not a civil war, as the term is generally understood.

A civil war is usually a domestic conflict involving two contending forces. It is possible to identify at least four principal domestic factions in the current struggle. Moreover, five major powers—the United States, France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and Communist China – feel directly concerned by the events in Laos and are trying to shape them. Among the smaller nations, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, and Thailand are involved.

The principal domestic factions involved in the civil war are as follows:

1. The government organized by Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma – moderate, neutralist. No longer recognized by the U.S. or King Sisavong Vong. Attacked in September, 1960, by:

2. General Phoumi Nosavan, usually referred to as right-wing leader. Now officially recognized by King and strongly supported and supplied by USA. Opposed by:

3. Captain Kong Le, the most prominent military leader among those now battling General Phoumi, is an ardent nationalist who formerly served under Prime Minister Souvanna. Now identified with:

4. The pro-Communist Pathet Lao, highly unified and disciplined political and military force, which in turn receives North Vietnam arms and supplies, a large part of which is Russian in origin.

These factions didn't spring into being overnight. Behind them is a long background of national political instability and upheaval. Following the Geneva Agreements of 1954, Laos experienced wave after wave of change in government. These changes didn't affect the royalty: Laos remained a kingdom. Nor did the changes, up to a few months ago, produce serious violence, even though many of them took the form of *coups d'état*. What generally happened was that someone connected with the army would install himself and his staff

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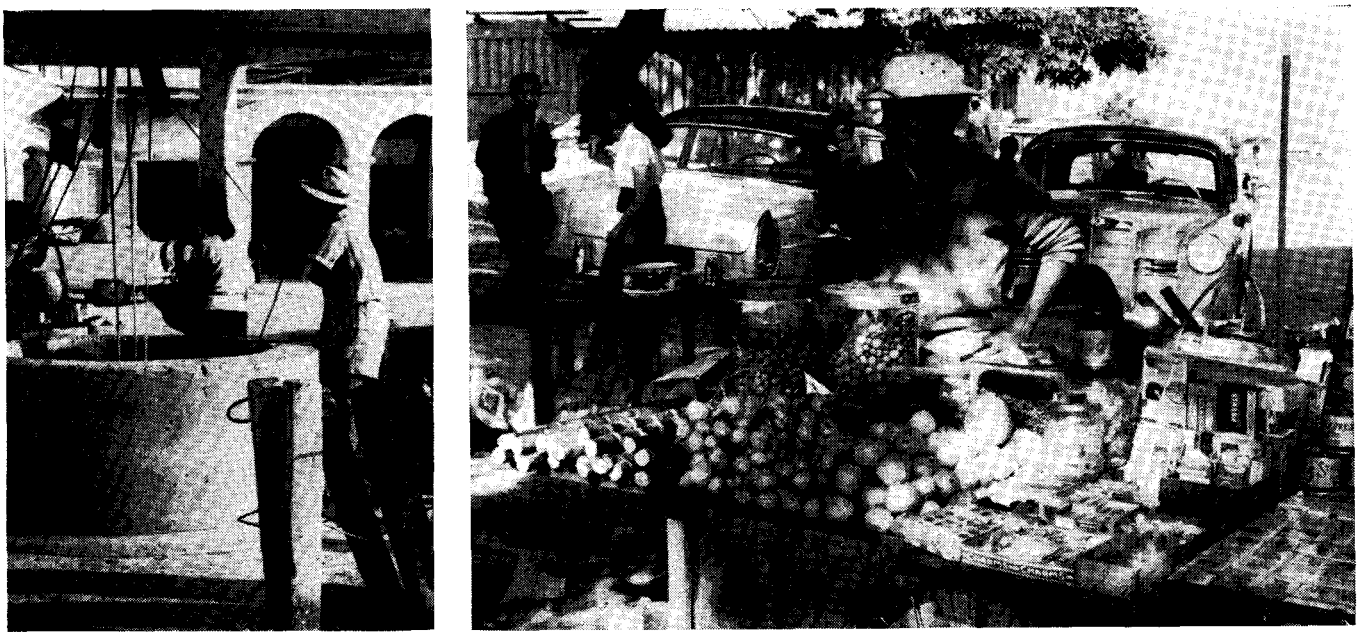

The people of Laos "would go about their lives as best they could, certain only that they had little connection with the big things that shaped their lives."

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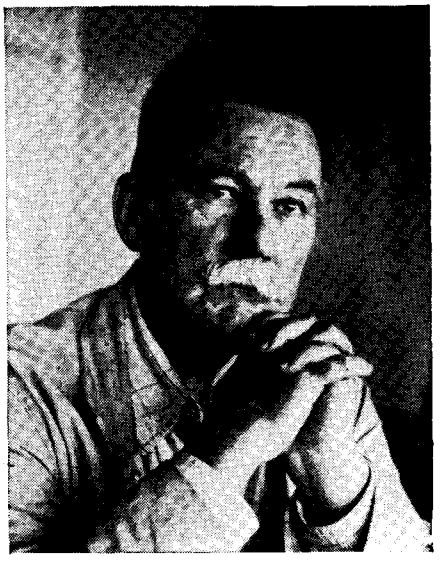

VAN WYCK BROOKS AT 75

By MALCOLM COWLEY

THE career of Van Wyck Brooks has had a logical consistency that is seldom to be found in the lives of American writers. Brooks, who became seventy-five years old this week, started with a group of ideas that led inevitably to others, then to still others as the years went by. For more than half a century he has been translating the ideas into an imposing body of critical and historical studies.

It might be more accurate to say that he started with three feelings about American life and letters. The first was an inborn and optimistic love for his own nation. The second was pride in his profession, which he hoped would play an essential role in the future of the nation. "Poets and novelists and critics," he said, "are the pathfinders of society; to them belongs the vision without which the people perish." The third of his feelings was an agonized recognition that both the nation and its writers were betraying his hopes. America in 1915, he said, was "like a vast Sargasso Sea—a prodigious welter of unconscious life, swept by ground-swells of half-conscious emotion." As for the writers, they had failed in their task of leadership. "What immediately strikes one, as one surveys the history of our literature during the last half century, is the singular impotence of its creative spirit. That we have always had an abundance of talent is, I think, no less evident: what I mean is that so little of this talent really finds its way. . . . The chronic state of our literature is that of a youthful promise which is never redeemed."

I am quoting from three of Brooks's early essays: "America's Coming-of-Age" (1915), "Letters and Leadership" (1918), and "The Literary Life in America" (1921). Together they made up a manifesto for the new generation of writers, one that might be compared in its effects with Emerson's address "The American Scholar," delivered at Harvard in 1837. Emerson did more than anyone else to produce what was afterward known as the American renaissance. There was something Emersonian in Brooks's tone, and, writing in the early days of a second renaissance, he found almost as many eager listeners.

He did not merely utter lamentations, which were justified at the time; he also diagnosed the weakness of American writing and offered a prescription for making it stronger. As compared with the writing "of almost any European country"—and the comparison with France and England was never far from Brooks's mind—its principal weakness was that "Our writers all but universally lack the power of growth, the endurance that enables one to continue personal work after the freshness of youth has gone." Instead of developing into great men of letters, they had surrendered easily to commercialism and convention, largely—Brooks told us in italics—because they had lacked "the sense that one is *working in a great line*." His prescription followed from the diagnosis: we should develop a tradition in American literature and, by studying its history, we should try to discover what he was probably the first to call a "usable past."

I HAVE shortened his chain of reasoning by omitting some of the links, for example his call for great leaders and "a strong and self-respecting literary guild." "Great men," he said, "form a sort of windshield behind which the rest of their profession are able to build up their own defences; they establish a right of way for the others." He argued that most of our leaders had failed us. In "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" (1920) he presented the example of a greatly gifted writer who had stayed at home but had betrayed his heritage. In "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" (1925) he presented the opposite example of an author who had betrayed his heritage—so Brooks insisted—by spending most of his life abroad. These two cautionary tales were to be complemented by a third example, that of a great author—Emerson—who had stayed at home without going down to defeat, but the book was delayed for years by Brooks's discouragement with the mood of the 1920s and by his prolonged illness. Often he was pursued by nightmares in which—so he tells us in his memoirs—"Henry James turned great menacing eyes upon me."

When at last his "Life of Emerson" was published, in 1932, it revealed what seemed to be a complete change in method and judgment. Instead of condemning or holding up to scorn, Brooks now presented the deeds of an admired hero. Instead of thundering like a prophet, he became a scholar quoting unobtrusively from Emerson's writings and weaving together the quotations into an idyllic tapestry. Having adopted this new method, he broadened and refined it in his next long book. This was "The Flowering of New England" (1936), the first volume published in his impressive series, "Makers and Finders," which was to occupy his working days for twenty years. Although nearly everyone praised "The Flowering," there were a few radical critics who deplored its mild judgments and its lack of moral exhortation. By looking for leaders in the past, those critics said, Brooks had deprived them of his present leadership.

But the change, great as it seemed to be, was chiefly on the surface, and the hidden feelings were those of Brooks's early years. He was still an American patriot, still a loyal member of the literary profession, and still bent on restoring its position of leadership, so that writers could help to give form and ideals to the nation. His personal outlook, it is true, had changed to some extent after his despondent years, but largely the new method was the result of his search for a usable past. One does not exhort dead writers as Brooks had once exhorted those of his own time. If one is trying to recapture a great tradition, one does not begin by rejecting the men who created it."

The consistency of Brooks's thinking was proved again in 1953, when he published "The Writer in America" as an epilogue to his big series. This time he tried to define the tradition of American literature, instead of simply presenting it as he had done in the five volumes of "Makers and Finders."

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An Inner Climate of Emptiness

By Granville Hicks

THE FIRST sentence of Graham Greene's **"A Burnt-Out Case"** (Viking, $3.95) reads: "The cabin passenger wrote in his diary a parody of Descartes: 'I feel discomfort, therefore I am alive,' then sat pen in hand with no more to record." The reader understands at once that the passenger, who is named Querry, is related to other of Greene's characters: to Pinkie in "Brighton Rock," to the priest in "The Power and the Glory," to Major Scobie in "The Heart of the Matter," Maurice Bendrix in "The End of the Affair," and Fowler in "The Quiet American." He is a man at the end of his rope.

Querry, who, as he notes, cannot feel suffering, only discomfort, is the emptiest of all the characters Greene has created, and we see him in a setting whose barrenness matches his inner climate, on a little steamer that is making its tedious way up a minor tributary of the Congo. Greene, describing the scene, constantly suggests decay, exhaustion, and death.

At the end of his journey, which is the end of all transportation, Querry finds a Catholic mission, a *léproserie*, and decides to stay there indefinitely. He is given as servant a native known as Deo Gratias, who has lost all his fingers and toes. "He's cured," the doctor says, "but he's a burnt-out case." The parallel that immediately comes to mind is later underscored by the doctor, who says to Querry: "Perhaps your mutilations haven't gone far enough yet. When a man comes here too late the disease has to burn itself out."

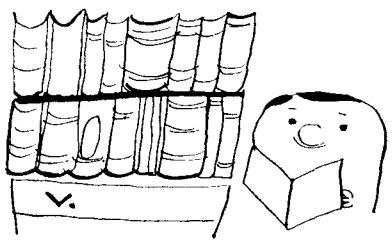
Gradually we learn that Querry is an architect famous for his churches. Much further on he tells, in the form of a fable, the story of his disillusionments, how his vocation came to seem to him trivial and insincere, how he realized that he had lost faith in his religion, how he found himself incapable of love. Religion, work, and sex were all gone, and what was left he describes as "total vacancy." So he took a plane for the remotest spot he could think of.

At first the *léproserie* seems to give him what he wants. The fathers, preoccupied with practical affairs, let him alone. He gets on well with Deo Gratias, to whom he feels akin, and even makes a sacrifice on his behalf. Dr. Colin, a quiet skeptic, offers but does not press his friendship, and Querry, to pass the time, works on a new hospital. He feels that he has found a way of living with his emptiness. "You know, I am happy here," he says to Dr. Colin. "He closed his mouth on the phrase too late; it had escaped him in the sweet evening air like an admission."

But even so modest an Eden is provided with a serpent, a man named Rycker, who manages a factory some way off from the *léproserie*. Having read about Querry in *Time*, Rycker recognizes him and spreads the word that *the* Querry is in the vicinity. Fancying himself as a devout and well-informed Catholic, Rycker looks down on the fathers at the mission because of their concern with humdrum matters, and he scorns Dr. Colin as an atheist. A bully towards his young wife, a bore in any company, full of his own importance, he thrusts himself on Querry. What is worse, he aids an ineffably vulgar journalist, who spreads through the world a sensational and ridiculous account of Querry's activities in Africa.

Querry decides to try to silence Rycker. "I'm fighting for my life," he says to one of the priests. "Your life?" "My life here. It's all I have." The only result of his attempt is that he becomes involved, in an innocent enough way, with Rycker's silly and pathetic wife, and out of this develops the situation that leads to the climax of the novel.

Through involvement Querry rediscovers suffering, and suffering leads to salvation of a sort. "It's strange," he says to Dr. Colin, "how worried I was when I came here, because I thought I had become incapable of feeling pain." He goes on, "You said once that when one suffers, one begins to feel part of the human condition." The doctors refers to Querry as a man who has been cured. "Cured?" he asks. "No further blood tests are required in your case," the doctor replies. The mutilations have gone far enough, and the disease has burned itself out, leaving a creature who may be crippled but at least human. Yet the doctor means only that and no more. "I thought perhaps you meant that he was beginning to find his faith again," the Superior says. The doctor answers, "Oh, no, not that. Only a reason for living."



But one cannot be sure about Querry. Father Thomas suggests that he may have been given "the grace of aridity," that he may be experiencing the dark night of the soul. Querry repudiates the idea, but he himself sometimes has the feeling that what he is going through is essentially a religious experience.

It is this ambiguity that gives the novel its peculiar strength. To be converted to any dogma, as Greene was converted to Catholicism, as various writers have been converted to Communism, can mean the end of creativity. If you have all the answers, there is nothing to do but to exhort the infidels. Greene, however, in novel after novel, has seemed to be testing his faith by applying it to a series of extreme situations. Thus he has maintained the kind of tension that gives birth to literature. He has convictions, but he writes out of his doubts. The superiority of the skeptical Dr. Colin to the pious Rycker is something he can take for granted. He can be sorry for Rycker, as Querry is, but he cannot deceive himself with regard to his shortcomings.

ONE thing is certain, and that is that Greene is not pleading a cause. In fact, I can imagine that some Catholics, and not all of them Ryckers either, may be distressed by his detachment. From a nonbeliever's point of view, at any rate, "A Burnt-Out Case" is not an effective argument for Catholicism. On the other hand, one never doubts that Greene's faith is important to him, for one feels it as a force opposing the vacancy and aridity he so powerfully describes. Without this faith the novel would be as sterile as it would be if Greene had suppressed his doubts.

The conflict between faith and doubt is moving because Greene knows so well the difficulties of faith and feels so deeply the agonies of doubt. The most admirable characters of the novel are Dr. Colin and the Superior, both good and wise men, the one humble in doubt, the other humble in faith. But their moderation interests Greene as a writer less than the intransigence of Querry, who, if he cannot have all, will have nothing. Father Thomas is too eager to claim Querry as a saint, but he does, in fact, have some of the saintly qualities.

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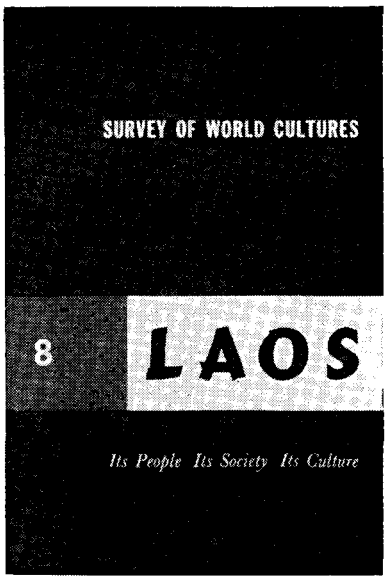
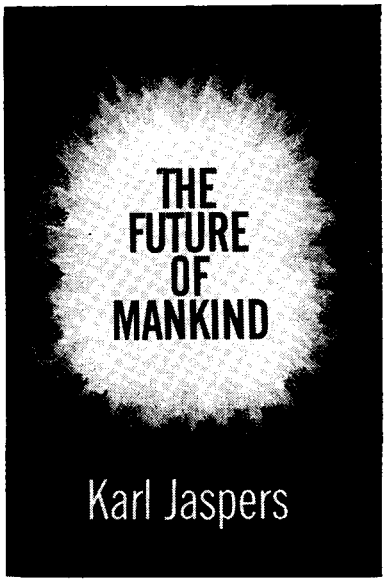
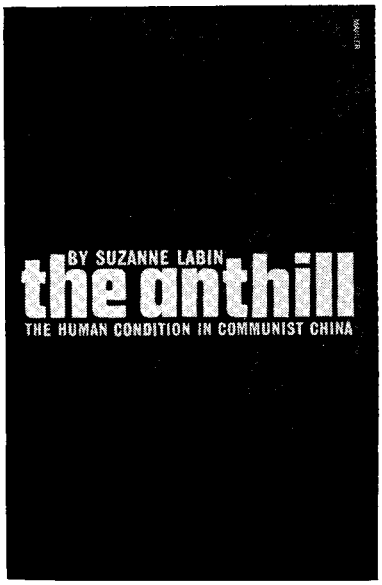
Books in the News







The Raw Material of Nationhood

By William Henderson, *associate executive director of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

IN HIS State of the Union message, President Kennedy declared that the aims of United States policy in Laos were "freedom for the people and independence for their government." There was nothing new in this formulation. These have been consistent objectives for many years and under three Administrations. The problem has always been how to achieve them.

Since the collapse of French resistance to the Viet-Minh in Indo-China and the Geneva Conference of July, 1954, which put an end to that protracted struggle on the basis of the partition of Viet-Nam, the United States has assumed an awesome responsibility for the future of the three non-Communist succession states: Laos, Cambodia, and free Viet-Nam. The mantle of American military protection was thrown over them by a protocol attached to the Manila Treaty of September, 1954, out of which grew the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, and we have undertaken huge programs of economic assistance in the effort to keep them going. In Laos this aid has amounted to nearly $40 million per year, which in per capita terms is the largest anywhere in the world.

Yet more than six years later the results in Laos appear to have been largely negative. Today the non-Communist forces within the country, including the government and army, are at bay if not in disarray. Laos is torn by civil war, and Communist-led Pathet Lao guerrillas control vast stretches of the countryside. No one believes that the legitimate regime can suppress the revolt by military means. At this stage the only possible solution is political.

What has gone wrong? What accounts for the apparently unbridgeable chasm between policy and implementation? Some of the answers, at least, are suggested in the fascinating book **"Laos: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture** (HRAF, $6.50), edited by Frank LeBar and Adrienne Suddard. This is one of the volumes published by the Human Relations Area Files at New Haven in its Survey of World Cultures series designed to "promote and facilitate the comparative study of human behavior and the greater understanding of cultures other than our own." It is the much revised and edited distillation of several original studies prepared by an interdisciplinary research team of area experts. While undistinguished in style, as such joint projects almost inevitably are, the result is a quick but comprehensive overview of the Laotians and their society that is a mine of hard-to-get information on one of the most interesting and least-known countries on earth.

What emerges from the pages of this study is the fact that Laos is not really a nation in the modern sense. It has all the raw materials of nationhood —people, territory, resources—but its development is still in the early stages. The wit who remarked that Laos was a medieval land now rushing headlong into the seventeenth century was not too far off the mark. Ethnic diversity (barely half the population belongs to the dominant Lao group) is only the beginning of the problem. The Laotian economy is substantially undeveloped rather than merely underdeveloped. The overwhelming majority are peasant farmers practising a subsistence agriculture. Education is rudimentary (more than three-quarters of the population are illiterate) and the supply of trained manpower pitifully short. A broad gulf separates the peasant masses from a small modernizing elite, who, however, are often fired by goals and ambitions quite beyond hope of foreseeable realization. Administrative structure is weak, and rarely impinges upon the typical villager. Except perhaps in the urban centers there is little national consciousness; the very concept of the modern political state is alien. The communications system is hopelessly inadequate, and in "few other countries is the state of public

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information more primitive, more embryonic."

Only recently have we begun to realize that the main requirement of American policy toward such countries, if they are to be safeguarded against Communist subversion and attack, is not simply to provide massive injections of capital to foster economic growth, or to supply defense support funds for maintaining the local armed forces. These are of course necessary. But it is perhaps even more important to set about the staggering task of creating a viable political structure, the framework of a modern state, out of the protean elements of the local environment. Now to establish effective government, to imbue it with a sense of practical purpose and to endow it with the capacity for real achievement —here are the bedrock problems of our relations with the developing countries.

What is required, in short, is a whole new approach for our diplomacy in the political and economic "grey areas" of the world. It is not the least merit of the volume here reviewed that it gives some idea of the magnitude of the challenge—and the opportunity—in one remote Asian country.

An Atomic Philosophy

By Hans Morgenthau, *author of "Dilemmas of Politics" and "Politics Among Nations."*

THE THEME of Karl Jaspers's important book, **"The Future of Mankind"** (University of Chicago Press, $5.95), is stated in its first three sentences:

> An altogether novel situation has been created by the atom bomb. Either all mankind will physically perish or there will be a change in the moral-political condition of man. This book is an attempt to clarify what strikes us as a choice between two fantasies.

The very validity of this alternative is being denied by a school of thought that chooses to treat thermonuclear power as just another form of violence, different in quantity but not in quality from the conventional forms. It treats of megatons of explosives instead of tons; it is concerned with fifty million dead instead of five, and it measures the period of recovery needed after the thermonuclear war in terms of decades instead of years. It assumes that civilized life will go on after a thermonuclear war as it has gone on after most—but by no means all—of the conventional wars of the past. And that school of thought has made a considerable impact in Washington and elsewhere because it allows us to continue to think in conventional terms about the biological, political, and moral consequences of the atomic bomb. The most impressive presentation of this philosophy is Herman Kahn's "On Thermonuclear War" [SR, Feb. 4].

Professor Jaspers's book is the first attempt at presenting a systematic philosophy of the opposing point of view. It assumes that the availability of atomic weapons has made the self-destruction of humanity possible and that rational analysis of the present state of humanity shows self-destruction to be likely. It emphasizes and examines in great detail the factor that the opposing school of thought neglects: the impact of atomic weapons upon the intellectual, moral, social, and political condition of man. It concludes that man as a civilized being will not survive a thermonuclear war even if—a very big "if" indeed—a considerable number of the species should survive it biologically. According to Professor Jaspers, the salvation of mankind depends upon its awareness of the likelihood of total destruction and of the possibility of salvation through a radical transformation of man himself.

This is indeed a work of major importance. Its importance lies first of all in its intent. It is, as far as I know, the only systematic undertaking to integrate the fact of atomic power into a philosophic system, providing an over-all view of the human condition, and to draw radical philosophic, moral, and political conclusions from that fact. Yet more important than the intent is the achievement.

The author being one of the greatest living philosophers, it is not surprising to find in this work the philosophic sight to which he owes his fame, and a consistent systematic analysis of a very high order. What is surprising and what could not be expected in

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IN THE PAST, folly and wickedness had limited consequences; today they draw all mankind to perdition. Now, unless all of us live with and for one another, we shall all be destroyed together. This new situation demands a corresponding answer. It is not enough to find new institutions; we must change ourselves, our characters, our moral-political wills. What used to distinguish individuals, to be effective in small groups but impotent in society at large, has now become a condition for the continued existence of mankind.

I do not think I am exaggerating. Whoever goes on living as before has not grasped the menace. Mere intellectual speculation about it does not mean absorption into the reality of one's life —and the life of man is lost without a change. Man must change if he wants to go on living. If he thinks only of today, a day will come when the outbreak of nuclear war is apt to finish everything.

Now, what are the facts of today? Political motivation does not reach far enough, but as yet we see no change in ethical motives either. Man is still the same as ever. We see the same violence, ruthlessness, belligerent recklessness, coupled with the same indolence and indifference, the same desire for quiet and lack of provident concern in those who happen to be well off at the moment—a condition in which bold adventurers always found them easy prey. We see the same brazen blackmail and the submission to it, the same general hiding behind a fictitious authority which some secretly despise, others regard as a guarantee of their comfort, and all will forsake at the decisive moment.

The change can come only in every man's manner of living. Every little act, every word, every attitude in millions and billions of people matter. What happens on a large scale is but a symptom of what is done in the privacy of many lives. The man who cannot live in peace with his neighbor, the mischief-maker or secret ill-wisher or slanderer or liar, the adulterer or undutiful son or negligent parent or lawbreaker—by his conduct, which even behind locked doors is never wholly private—keeps peace from the world. He does, in miniature, what on a larger scale makes mankind destroy itself. Nothing that man is and does is quite without political significance.

—*From "The Future of Mankind."*

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view of the author's previous work is the penetration, originality, and soundness of the social and political analysis and of the practical proposals. The book abounds with sharp and revealing political judgments. These judgments are doubly persuasive since they appear as conclusions from general philosophic premises. Indeed, Professor Jaspers, in the great tradition of political philosophy, develops out of his concern with the concrete and acute issue of atomic war a coherent political and social philosophy.

WHEN this book was first published in Germany in 1958, it created a sensation. It was violently attacked and honored with the German Peace Prize. It deserves similar attention here; for it deals with the crucial issue of the age with unparalleled seriousness, profundity, and sense. No book written by an existentialist philosopher makes easy reading, and that is doubly so when the existential philosopher writes in the German tongue. The German original was indeed very difficult to follow because of its verbosity, diffuseness, and frequently aphoristic nature. It is a tribute to E. B. Ashton's skill that this translation is infinitely more readable than the original. Much of what deflected from the substance of the argument has been omitted. Its reception will put our intellectual and political maturity to the test.

Refuge in Hong Kong

By Robert A. Burton, *long-time resident of Hong Kong, who is currently writing a popular history of the Chinese Communist Party.*

COMMUNICATING with another person can be a tricky business. Interviewing political refugees can be trickier still, and interviewing refugees from Red China in Hong Kong can perhaps be the trickiest business of all. For in the politically charged undercurrents of the British Crown Colony refugees quite sensibly tend to expose as few of their true political thoughts and experiences as possible. When they do open their mouths, moreover, they are apt to be harshly buffeted by either Communist or Nationalist elements bent getting them to exaggerate their feelings and experiences. Cutting through this reticence and obfuscation to get at the heart of the matter takes quite a bit of doing.

It was the heart of the matter that Suzanne Labin sought in writing **"The Anthill: The Human Condition in Communist China"** (Praeger, $6.75), which is translated by Eduard Fitzgerald. In Honk Kong, where she interviewed fifty-four refugees from Red China, she took great quantities of notes, and these comprise the bulk of her book. Her purpose was the obviously excellent one of allowing Chinese refugees to describe in their own words conditions in Red China they knew from experience to be true. But Miss Lobin has fallen short of accomplishing this purpose, and the fault seems to lie largely in her process of interviewing people.

You do not, if you expect to learn much, barge in on a refugee, notebook in hand, give him several hours of your time in which to bare his soul, assume that he has done so, and then dash off to have at another refugee. In Hong Kong's politically dense undergrowth you do not bring together two total strangers and interview them at the same time. How do they know they can trust one another? How does "A" know what "B" will do with the information he picks up about "A" at the interview?

FURTHERMORE, if you walk into a refugee encampment over which flies the Nationalist Chinese flag, you automatically suspect that its inhabitants live within a framework of Nationalist political control and that this may color what they tell you. (Similarly, in the unlikely eventuality that you found a Chinese Communist flag flying over such an encampment, you would suspect that tight Communist political control prevailed there.) And when you ask a Chinese organization in Hong Kong to provide you with refugees to interview, you first learn what political axes the organization has to grind. Then you remain politely alert for the refugees who are produced to start grinding those particular axes.

OMNIPRESENT political forces are at work in Hong Kong. The fact that they generally are not obvious merely underlines an age-old Chinese genius for subtle public relations. It is axiomatic that one must be alert for such things in interviewing refugees, since a good heart and an open mind have never in themselves been proof against a shrewd public relations effort.

In Hong Kong, in any event, sins against the delicate art of interviewing are easily committed. Suzanne Labin, as she describes her methods of gathering material for this book, seems to have committed quite a few of them. Perhaps as a result she has produced a grab-bag that is indiscriminately stuffed with brilliant insights, gross errors, demonstrable truths, and misleading oversimplifications.

More often than not she imposes on the reader the burden of picking out the gold from the dross. Sometimes, for example, when she has confirmed a refugee's statement from some published source she indicates this in a footnote. When, however, she could have established in a similar way that a refugee was talking through his hat,

(*Continued on page* 49)

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The River of Their Destinies

—Sovfoto.

Harvesting on a collective farm in the Don region.

"Harvest on the Don," by Mikhail Sholokhov; *translated by H. C. Stevens (Knopf. 367 pp. $5), completes the four novels of the Don cycle, which includes "And Quiet Flows the Don," "The Don Flows Home to the Sea," and "The Seeds of Tomorrow." George Reavey wrote "Soviet Literature Today," translated Gogol's "Dead Souls," and was editor and translator of "The Poetry of Boris Pasternak," published two years ago.*

By George Reavey

THE PUBLICATION of Mikhail Sholokhov's "Harvest on the Don" provides an opportunity not only to review Mr. Sholokhov's latest "controversial" novel but also to consider briefly his thirty-five years of work as a Soviet novelist who has enjoyed an international reputation since 1934.

Mikhail Sholokhov is neither facile nor ubiquitous. He does not chase after the immediate, and yet is curiously contemporary. He is rooted rather than dynamic, but strangely full of movement, rather like a rock that is being ceaselessly splashed by waves. His language is of the simplest, but shot through with colloquial variety. He is certainly not an author of ideas or cultural problems, but the fates of his characters raise important social and ethical problems. His characters are, at first sight, simple specimens, but they leave behind a strange impression of complexity. His world is mainly rural, but it is also in the process of becoming industrialized. His region, that of the steppe country of the Don Cossacks, may seem remote to us, but it also has been swept by events of international importance and begins to resemble the rest of the troubled world. Thus, the world of Sholokhov may be compared in certain ways to that of the American Far West in some of its stages of transition to "mechanized barbarism."

In an age of change Mikhail Sholokhov has been laudably consistent and determined. He has stuck to his guns or, rather, his Cossacks, and has followed their destinies through a series of shattering cataclysms of war, revolution, civil war, collectivization, and war again (he is now working on a novel of the 1941-45 period). His four novels to date cover mainly the period 1914 to 1930. From the point of view of human experience his Cossacks, and their wives and children, were directly involved in all these catastrophic events. Sholokhov is therefore in a sense a chronicler, but it is to his creative credit that he has succeeded in depicting convincing and vital characters that serve as the vehicles of personal as well as historical action. This is even more true of his two later novels, which deal with the impact of Stalin's collectivization drive in 1930 on a Cossack community.

Time, place, and character were widely scattered in the earlier novels of the Don cycle. But in "The Seeds of Tomorrow" and "Harvest on the Don" there is a greater unity of time and place, and a greater concentration of character. The absence of military campaigns, cavalry charges, and involved battles and frequent skirmishes allows the author to devote more time and talent to character probing and the description of local life and customs in a transition period when old traditions and ways of life jostled side by side with new enthusiasms and dictatorial and often savagely executed reforms. These "collectivization" novels are less spectacular but they are, in my opinion, richer in character content and human drama. They are richer in humor as well. The "cockerel" episode in "Harvest on the Don," for example, might have been written by Gogol. Sholokhov possesses the ability to combine descriptions of grim reality with rollicking interludes; and he knows his Cossacks—those professional warriors, farmers, and "cowboys." He has lived all his life among them and has refused to be seduced by the more cosmopolitan attractions of Moscow. He has, in fact, avoided the literary life of the capital, drawing strength from his native environment. As he once said, "We have not a few writers who have nothing to write about. . . . They live in Moscow, always see the same round of people, play billiards, give lectures, direct some literary circle, and do not write. I myself have no problem with a theme. I live in different conditions and could lend anybody two or three themes together with the raw material."

Maxim Gorky once pointed out that the greater part of Russian classical fiction was concerned with Moscow and Petersburg and the adjacent regions. Thus, very little of Russia had really been included in the novel. By contrast, Sholokhov is a regional writer, but he has succeeded in transcending mere regionalism. His Cossacks are by no means typical Russians, but he has perhaps made them both more typical and human by writing about them. Gogol's Cossacks in his romantic "Taras Bulba" were, by contrast, idealized. Sholokhov avoids such idealization.

Sholokhov is also the author of various short stories and some novellas, like

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the recently filmed "The Fate of Man," but his reputation will rest largely on the four interdependent novels of Cossack life, epic in intention and some 2,000 pages in length. He began writing them in 1925, and they have been brought out at various intervals since. The bulk of his work was published by 1934, but his latest novel has taken almost twenty-five years to get into print. The war was, of course, an interruption. But we must also note that, for all his official recognition, Sholokhov has not escaped some persecution and controversy. This is especially true of the Twenties, Thirties, and Fifties. In fact, it is very doubtful if his early work would have seen the light of day in its present form if it had not been for the support of Maxim Gorky and Alexander Serafimovich. In 1959 Mr. Khrushchev found it necessary to give him moral support.

As a novelist Sholokhov is essentially a realist and psychologist in the Tolstoyan tradition with his deceptively restrained but, in reality, very precise and ruthless probing into his characters, to whom he succeeds in imparting a rounded and lifelike identity independent of political persuasion. He does not have the range, depth, or morality of Tolstoy, but this approach is vastly different from those schematic sketches in which so many Soviet writers have indulged when they divided the world into a black and white chessboard of triumphant Communist heroes fighting "despicable traitors" or "decadent bourgeois." The attacks of Soviet critics have been directed mainly against Sholokhov's impartiality in describing characters, Red, White, or in between. Indeed, in the past this "objectivity" even led to some accusations of being "anti-Soviet," accusations that Sholokhov has denied. Since 1932 he has been a Party member and, later, deputy of the Supreme Soviet.

However, if we examine his novels, we are struck by the fact that he is not concerned with "established authority," but with human beings in fluctuating social and political situations, with individuals and even groups involved in doubt, individuals who question, temporize, or rebel. This is true of Gregor Melekhov in the earlier novels and Ostrovnov and Nagulnov in "Harvest on the Don." His "Party boys" have their quarrels and doubts, too, and there are whole areas of uncertainty beneath the mask of conformity.

In this last novel Sholokhov does not shrink from facing the savage methods used to enforce collectivization nor the extraordinary psychological blunders perpetrated by the Party en-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Mikhail Sholokhov — chronicler of the Don.

Konstantin Simonov — novelist, poet, playwright.

In cooperation with the spirit of the US-USSR cultural exchange program, SR invited the distinguished Russian novelist Konstantin Simonov, who is also a poet and playwright, to explain the stature of his countryman Mikhail Sholokhov. It is hoped that similar opportunities will be afforded American writers by the Soviet press. Mr. Simonov's novel "Days and Nights" was a 1944 Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

By Konstantin Simonov

Moscow.

THERE are certain writers who must be read if one is to have any idea about the modern literature of a country. We have several such writers and Sholokhov is one of them. Literature is not like a column of soldiers in which people are placed according to their stature but, even so, if I were asked to name the foremost of these writers, I personally would have no hesitation in naming Sholokhov in prose and Tvardovsky in poetry.

When I was still a child Sholokhov entered my life with his first novel, "And Quiet Flows the Don." He was twenty-two years old when he published the first part of this four-volume epic and I was twelve when I read it. I did not understand everything at the time but I was caught up by the tremendous force of the book, a force that swept me through it nonstop—even through those passages that were difficult for me at that age.

Sholokhov finished "And Quiet Flows the Don" at a time when the guns of World War II were already thundering in Europe. I read the fourth volume on my return from Mongolia. Although it was scarcely mentioned in the papers, the military conflict with the Japanese there cost tens of thousands of lives, and this time I read Sholokhov with the eyes of a man who had begun to understand the tragedy of war. Not everybody is killed in a war and not everybody becomes one of the "lost generation," but, as we say in Russia, only a duck can emerge dry from the water. After a war any man who is really worthy of the name lives with the feeling that he has been through a heart operation. "And Quiet Flows the Don" is about World War I, revolution, and civil war. In the Russia of those days there was a mighty explosion of national energy, an explosion which, whether they liked it or not, was registered by all the seismographers in the world. It was a time of great decisions and great deeds. And it was also a time of enormous contradictions and human tragedies. "And Quiet Flows the Don" is about people who underwent a heart operation.

Sholokhov's view of the period is clear-cut; he excludes the possibility of differing interpretations: the Revolution had to come about and the victors were bound to be those with historical truth on their side—the Reds. But a clear-cut view of history by no means makes the fate of men simple and happy. And in his novel Sholokhov took the bull by the horns, evading nothing, by-passing

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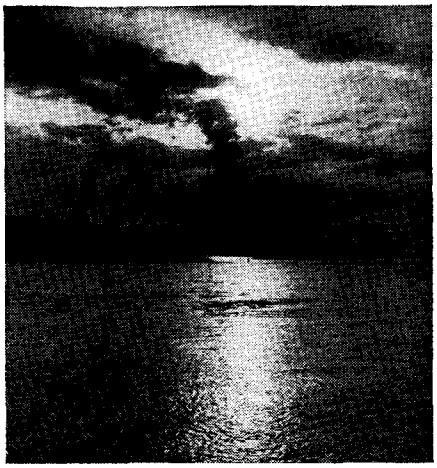
nothing, showing all the contradictions of the period, and choosing as the main character of the novel a man for whom these contradictions resulted in personal tragedy.

I happened to reread "And Quiet Flows the Don" under circumstances that are deeply imprinted in my memory. It was August, 1941. After I had witnessed the battles on the Western Front, which had been extremely difficult for us, my paper sent me to the southern front, to the Crimea. I traveled south by car at the time of the German breakthrough in the Ukraine, which had endless tragic consequences. During this week's journey I sat next to my driver and, in snatches, between air attacks and various other unpleasant incidents of war I reread "And Quiet Flows the Don" from cover to cover. In that terrible year there were two books that meant more to me than anything else. The first was "War and Peace." Like many others I looked for and found in it historical parallels. In 1812 it also looked as though there would be no end to our retreat, but the Napoleon who took Moscow finally saw Russia become a graveyard for his army. Why did this happen? Tolstoy answers the question in his own way, but the force of his answer had an extraordinary attraction for us who, despite everything, believed in victory at this time which was so desperate for our country. My second such book was "And Quiet Flows the Don." There were no direct parallels here, but the tragedy of the situations described in it, together with the forcefulness of its characters (most of them belong to the ordinary people), made it into a book about the strength of the nation, its great powers of endurance, and its fearlessness in the face of disaster and death. This is what the novel has meant to me ever since those days. A book that you find you need at such moments in life as 1941 remains a need for the whole of your life afterwards; it is a part of you as you are now and even more a part of you as you were at the time.

I am neither a lover of nature nor a connoisseur of the beauties of the Russian language. Nature-lovers are ecstatic about Sholokhov's nature descriptions, and connoisseurs of language regard his Russian as unique. Both are obviously right but, evidently because of my particular temperament, I have never paid much attention to either of these things. What has always struck me in Sholokhov is the power and truth of human passion, the depth of his characters, and the sharpness of his conflicts. I like Sholokhov's rough masculine hand as he paints life and death in all their brutal complexity.

I have often asked myself why "And Quiet Flows the Don" is closer and more precious to me, who am from an intellectual family, than that other fine novel about the same epoch, Alexei Tolstoy's "Road to Calvary." One might think that Tolstoy's theme of the Revolution and the intelligentsia would be of more interest to me than the fate of the Cossack Grigori Melekhov. Yet it is not so. This is evidently an instance of a work asserting itself by sheer force of talent. It is a competition between giants, but, when all is said and done, Sholokhov saw, understood, and depicted the Revolution and the Civil War on a grander scale than Alexei Tolstoy.

However, this is not all. Sholokhov brought ordinary folk—"simple people," as they are called—into literature, and in his novels they occupy the very center of the stage—not just the wings and the balcony of the crowded theatre. It is at them—at them above all—that he makes us look. And there are no psychological problems he has not been able to tackle by analyzing the minds of these so-called "simple people," whose entire lack of simplicity he has demonstrated so powerfully and decisively in his books. Of course, Sholokhov was not the first to do this in our literature, but probably nobody before him has done it so forcefully and consistently. This is true not only of "And Quiet Flows the Don" but also of many magnificent pages in other novels ("They Fought for the Motherland," "The Fate of Man") as well as of "Harvest on the Don."



—*Sovfoto.*

. . . and quiet flows the Don.

Speaking of "Harvest on the Don," I have just remembered that an American critic, Harrison Salisbury, recently expressed something in the nature of regret that Sholokhov gave the novel a different ending from what he intended. The author has himself replied to this in print, but I should like to add a few words of my own, simply as someone with a little personal knowledge of him. It is really difficult, I must say, to imagine a man like Sholokhov intending one thing and then, under the influence of certain circumstances, doing something different. At the end of the Thirties some of his fellow-writers took it into their heads, after reading the manuscript of the fourth part of the Don cycle, to try to talk Sholokhov out of ending the novel in such a tragic way, but they soon regretted the attempt when he said "no!" in the most abrupt, and not exactly respectful, manner. No, Sholokhov ended "Harvest on the Don" precisely at the point and in the way that he wished. I grant that this ending may or may not be liked, but it is absurd to imagine that even a single page of Sholokhov's works could have been the result of collective discussion about how it should be written. No, Sholokhov is just not made like that!

As a writer he is a man of great stubbornness, and I very much admire him for it. I think I am impartial in writing this, particularly since my own relations with Sholokhov are not idyllic. I have sometimes found certain of his opinions on literature and literary life disagreeable, and on such occasions I have not thought it necessary to hold my tongue; it seems that this sort of thing is inevitable in literary life.

Incidentally, from certain conversations in the States I gather that there are many Americans who think of our literature as a kind of quiet backwater in which general agreement reigns and where there are no arguments, polemics, differences of opinion, or sharp clashes. When this comic notion is the result of ignorance there is some point in trying to dispel it, but when it is maintained by people who in fact know perfectly well that it is wrong, it is depressing.

I should like to wish Sholokhov's "Harvest on the Don" great success with its American readers. For us, Sholokhov has the same indisputable standing in literature as Eisenstein has in the cinema or Shostakovich in music. I think a reading of his works will show the truth of these words.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

From the Seine to the Black Sea

"Talleyrand's Successor: Armand-Emmanuel du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, 1766-1822," by Cynthia Cox *(Vanguard. 224 pp. $5.50), portrays a man whose character and accomplishments were as solid as his roué grandfather's had been frivolous. J. Christopher Herold is the author of "Mistress to an Age."*

By J. Christopher Herold

WHEN he was eighteen the future fifth Duke of Richelieu experienced a shock that may explain his subsequent dedication to austere duty. A marriage contract had been drawn up three years earlier between him and a young lady he had never seen, whereupon he had been sent on the customary Grand Tour. Presented to his bride upon his return, he took one look at her and fainted: he had been married to "a little, stooping, hump-backed monster." Although the marriage was never consummated, the Duke refused to have it annulled, and a relationship of mutual respect and loyalty (mostly by correspondence) developed between the couple.

Ambitioning a military career, Richelieu made his debut in the Russian service against the Turks, taking part in the storming of Ismail under Suvarov. His father's death, by which he inherited the position of First Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, recalled him to France, where the Revolution was in full progress. Entrusted by the Queen with a mission to Vienna, he joined soon afterward the Allied armies against revolutionary France, shared for several years the vagaries of an émigré's life, served unhappily as major general under the mad Czar Paul, and returned to Paris under the Consulate to reclaim his confiscated property, only to learn that he would have to pay a price—service under Bonaparte's regime. This Richelieu refused; he returned to Russia, where the new Czar, Alexander I, offered him the post of governor of Odessa. Two years later, in 1805, he was given the governor-generalship of all of New Russia, a territory extending from the Dniester to the foot of the Caucasus.

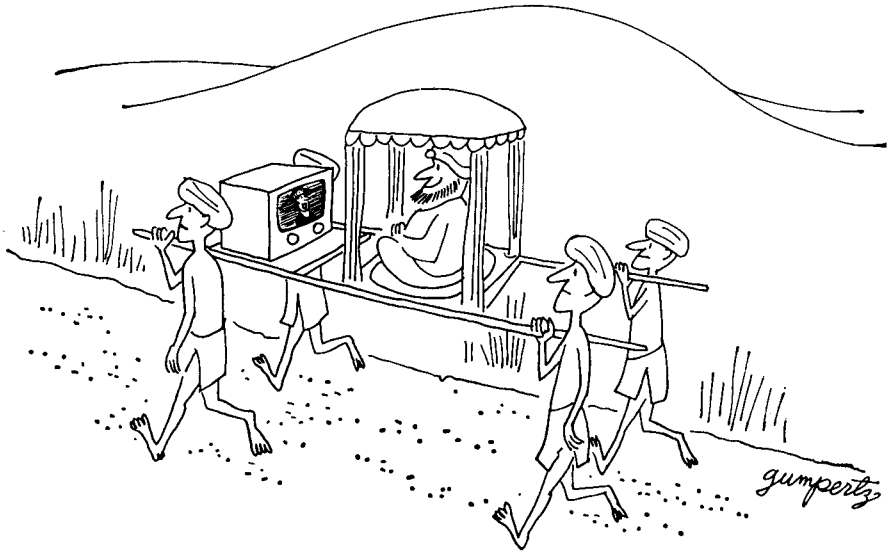
It was during the eleven years he spent at Odessa that Richelieu revealed his true talent—that of an indefatigable, creative, selflessly dedicated administrator. Odessa was a graft- and flea-ridden little port when Richelieu arrived; he left it a handsome city and a major commercial and cultural center. The colonization of the Crimea and the Black Sea coast was his work, achieved in the teeth of an indifferent or hostile Russian bureaucracy. He built cities, settled the nomad tribes, attracted European immigrants, introduced French vines into the Crimea, fought the plague, and transformed a virtual desert into one of Russia's most flourishing regions.

When the Allies re-entered Paris after the Battle of Waterloo, Louis XVIII called on Richelieu to succeed Talleyrand as foreign minister and to take the premiership. After much prodding by his friend Czar Alexander, Richelieu accepted. He was excellently suited for the task, quipped Talleyrand, for no man in France had a more thorough knowledge of the Crimea. There was some justice in the slur; yet if Richelieu was clearly Alexander's man, never making a step without consulting the Russian ambassador, it is equally true that he made the best possible use of his credit with Alexander—and, to a lesser extent, with Wellington—to obtain acceptable terms for France despite the vindictive attitude of the German states.

The peace treaty, though harsh, was a vast improvement over the original plans of the Allies; the reparations and indemnities, though staggering, were eventually reduced in a general settlement thanks to Richelieu's patient statesmanship, and in 1818 France was restored to near equality with the other Great Powers. In these difficult years, steering his course between the extremist passions of Ultrarovalists and republicans and restoring Europe's respect for and confidence in France, Richelieu played a role comparable to that of Stresemann in the Germany of the 1920s. His reward was his dismissal, brought about by the intrigues of Monsieur and his Ultra followers. Recalled again to the premiership after the assassination of the Duc de Berry, he vainly sought to save the Ultras from their own zeal, foreseeing that their intransigence would as surely undermine the throne as did the republican and Bonapartist opposition.

He was to die shortly after his resignation, pursued quite literally to his last gasp by Queen Désirée of Sweden, who for several years has been infatuated with him and dogged him, though ever rebuffed, wherever he went, all over Europe.

Miss Cox tells the Duke's life well and entertainingly. One wishes there were fewer exclamation marks in the text and fewer phrases such as "the rising tide of friction" or "the perilous water into which his ministerial barque was being carried on the tide of public opinion," for they detract from the generally straightforward style. One might also wish for a few more pages devoted to Richelieu as a man and to the understanding of his character, and a few pages less of none-too-lucid and sometimes uncritical analyses of Restoration politics. Such wishes, however, merely reflect on the ungrateful temperament of the reviewer, who instead should thank the author for bringing back to life a man whose character and constructive achievements have long been unjustifiably neglected.



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Magic and Mystery in the Sky

"Fate Is the Hunter," by Ernest Gann *(Simon & Schuster. 385 pp. $6), reveals the courage, the humor, and the love of beauty that help pilots in their constantly harrowing race against death. Quentin Reynolds is the author of "Known But to God" and "I, Willie Sutton."*

By Quentin Reynolds

THE INSTRUMENT board of an aircraft and the keyboard of a typewriter do not look alike, do not operate alike, but they seem to have one thing in common; long application to either is likely to produce a first-rate writer. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the late French pilot, immediately comes to mind with his unforgettable "Wind, Sand and Stars." So does Charles Lindbergh, who in 1953 published "The Spirit of St. Louis," which received great critical acclaim. Then of course there is his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, whose poetic prose blossomed after she had learned to fly ("Listen, the Wind"). These are only three of the many who somehow captured the magic and the mystery of flying above the clouds.

Ernest K. Gann joins this distinguished company with "Fate Is the Hunter." Gann is best known as a storyteller. "The High and the Mighty" and "Twilight for the Gods" were both best-sellers. Perhaps few of those who have read his eight novels and seen his motion pictures realize that Gann spent nineteen of his fifty years as a commercial airline pilot who flew a million and a half miles during peace and war (Air Transport Command). He logged 10,000 hours at the controls of all types of airplanes before he turned in his instrument panel in 1954 for a typewriter.

This fascinating, well-told autobiography is a complete refutation of the comfortable cliché that "man is master of his fate." As far as pilots are concerned, fate (or death) is a hunter who is constantly in pursuit of them. The tragic air accidents of the past few months certainly lend credence to Gann's conviction. He dedicates his book "To these old comrades with wings . . . forever folded," those 397 men with whom he flew who are now dead—virtually none of them in combat. Despite this macabre, chilling dedication, there is nothing depressing about "Fate Is the Hunter."

There is tension and suspense in it but there is great humor, too. Happily, Gann never gets too technical for the layman to understand. Essentially this is the story of the experiences he had while flying and of the personalities of the men who were at first his captains and later his co-pilots. Pilots are not a super race; they are subject to the same fears and doubts to which the rest of us mortals are prey.

> Line pilots [Gann says] do not live in an atmosphere of heroism, for that is a very temporary condition better suited to wildly inspired moments in which the hero hardly knows what he is doing. The pilots know what they are doing, right or wrong, always. They wear courage like a comfortable belt, rarely giving it a thought.
> But a line pilot is wary all of the time, which is an entirely different matter. To be continuously aware you must know what to be wary of, and this sustained attitude can come only from experience. Learning the nature and potentialities of the countless hazards is like walking near quicksand.

Gann admits that the airplane is a potentially lethal instrument in which the margin for error is terrifyingly small. Gann, himself, had many narrow escapes from the fate that was hunting him, and he is honest enough to confess that many times he was deathly afraid but, like all pilots, once he landed safely he managed to laugh (if a bit shakily) at the calculated risks he had taken. Bad weather is the inevitable enemy of all pilots, and Gann was in constant combat with this foe. He met it all over the world, especially during his years of war service when he flew the Arctic route and later over the Hump taking supplies to China.

But, like Saint-Exupéry and the two Lindberghs before him, he could appreciate the magic of a clear night and, although he knew that fate was forever after him, he could become as exhilarated as they with the beauty that Nature occasionally spread above him.

> Venus rose to signal me from the eastern horizon and it was so brilliant and

> inconsistent in color, changing at once from yellow to green to purple and then reversing the show, that I thought for a time it was another aircraft equipped with special lighting devices. But Venus steadied in time, proving its identity. Tagging along behind it like an errant child, a small star arose, and I watched it being chased upward by the dawn.

This is a long and fascinating book and in it one meets dozens of colorful characters but by far the most colorful and sensitive of them all is Pilot Ernest K. Gann, who always stayed one step ahead of the Hunter.

DOUGLAS AND THE DC'S: As you streak across the country in today's jet aircraft at speeds of better than 600 miles an hour, it's all too easy to feel a sense of participation in the future and to overlook the fact that these sleek, shiny, new DC-8's and 707's are actually part of the past. Richard G. Hubler, author of **"Big Eight: A Biography of an Airplane"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5) and a competent professional whose career in aviation writing goes back a good many years, is fully aware of the fact that the Jet Age has already given way to the Space Age, with the result that his detailed biography of the Douglas Aircraft Company's DC-8 jet transport is tinged with nostalgia. The form in which the book is written contributes to this feeling of nostalgia, since the story of the DC-8 itself, the crowning achievement of the forty-five-year career of Donald W. Douglas in the aviation industry, is also the story of Mr. Douglas and of the company that bears his name. It is also a short history of commercial aviation in this country and of the many outstanding contributions made by Mr. Douglas to this field.

The author carefully blends a biography of Mr. Douglas into a long introductory section, which carefully traces the genealogy of the DC-8 all the way back to the first Douglas cargo-passenger aircraft, the DC-1. The balance of the book offers a detailed account first of the conception and de-

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sign of the DC-8, then of its engineering, construction, and testing, and finally of its financing and sale. The enormity of the project—involving what was virtually a brand-new aircraft, and a direct predecessor of tomorrow's rocket-powered commercial aircraft—is highlighted in this well-documented, thoughtfully written account.

It's a fascinating story, both of the DC-8 itself and of the man (and men) behind it, and one well worth the attention of any airplane buff.

—Irwin Hersey.

BARD AS BOY AND STAG: Frank O'Connor begins **"Shakespeare's Progress"** (World, $3.50) by confessing that he himself is incapable of appreciating, as dramas, the greatest dramas in the world, which are also the dramas about which he is going to write. So, like all those who wish, for some obscure reason (probably psychological), to write about Shakespeare without being interested in Shakespeare's dramas, Mr. O'Connor has recourse to Shakespeare the Man. Frank Harris began it, I suppose, with a book that told one quite a lot about Harris and very little about Shakespeare; Mr. O'Connor is in the Harris tradition. He presents us with a Shakespeare who was "a wild boy," "a young scapegrace," "a stag at bay," and so forth. Perhaps he was. I don't know; Mr. O'Connor doesn't know; nobody knows. When will they learn, I ask myself sadly.

When will they learn, I mean, not only that there just is not the evidence, there is not enough of fact, to base these structures of fancy on, but, more importantly, that even if the structures were soundly based, they are being erected on the wrong site? For a valid interest in Shakespeare must be, first and foremost, an interest in his plays, and an interest in them as plays, not as something else. Out of that interest you may, if you like—and if you do so with immense caution—extrapolate an interest in the playwright and come to some conclusions about him; but what you must not do is to use the plays as a fancy-dress autobiography, out of which you will seize on and display whatever costume suits your predilection.

Mr. O'Connor, it is fair to say, does not do that throughout. In fact, his book seemed to me to change its mind as it proceeded. It became less of a romanticized biography and more of a literary investigation, and to that extent it improved. There are good remarks here and there on particular points—good sense on "Measure for Measure" and even better on "Antony and Cleopatra." One can see in these a lively and intelligent mind; one can only wish that the mind, on this subject, had been surer of its direction and more aware of the pitfalls. But there is, it seems, something in Shakespeare that does this to many minds. The sanest of writers—and the only begetter of whole libraries of nonsense. The shelves groan beneath them. Shakespeare as Marlowe, Shakspeare as Oxford, Shakespeare as Bacon, Shakespeare as Hamlet, Shakespeare as mystic or moralist or psychoanalyst, Shakespeare as you or me or the picture of nobody. And all the time the one Shakespeare who can reward attention is waiting quietly to get it—Shakespeare as the maker of plays.

—Patrick Cruttwell.

Tick

By John Ciardi

"TIME," said the spectacled skeletal lady
back of the desk, "is this library card.
"You may sign for some but not for all.
Return what you've borrowed when due."

"Thank you," I said with the pleasure of loathing,
"I'll browse a bit, but a book not worth owning
is not worth reading. I'll borrow nothing
I set my own eyes to, and give nothing back."

"Sir," said the spectacled skeletal lady
back of the desk, "in this allegory
you read from my shelves or not at all.
Go look for yourself: there *are* no bookstores."

I looked all right: the town was a desert:
even the signs on the stores were blanked out.
"I've got to read something," I yelled at the sun.
Said a gentle cop: "The library's that way."

Back I went, damn her. "What have you done?"
"I?" said the spectacled skeletal lady
back of the desk. "I've done nothing whatever
but tell you the truth, when you dare believe it.

"Will you sign for your card, please? Others are waiting.
The rules are just what I said and no more:
You may sign for some but not for all,
and return what you've borrowed when due."

"Keep it!" I shouted and heard through my anger
all of the reading room hissing for silence.
Be damned to them all for insolent geese!
"I'll write my own book!" I shouted still louder.

"For that," said the spectacled skeletal lady
back of the desk, "you apply at the office."
"Ah," said the gentle cop climbing the stairs,
"You found it I see. But you'll have to be quiet."

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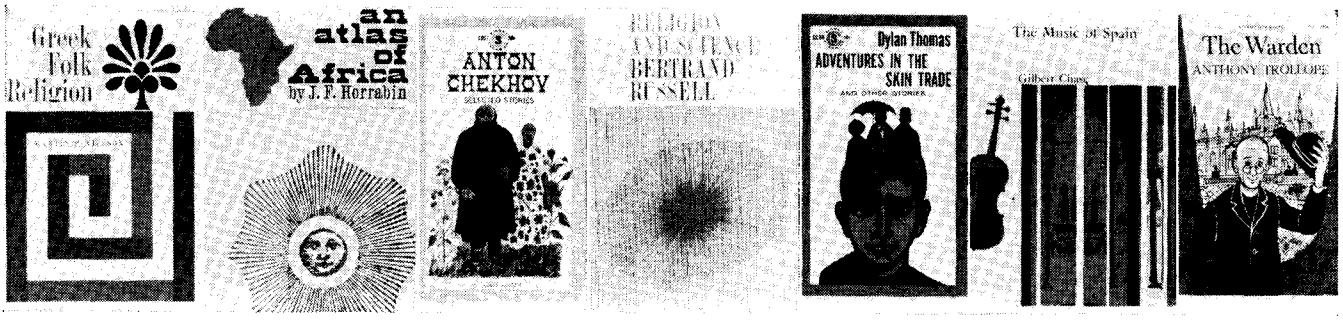

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

INS AND OUTS: Pocket Books has been in a flurry ever since the election. They have sent their paperback edition of "**Profiles in Courage**" back to press for a new edition, which now boasts a different credit line: "by President John F. Kennedy," The book, by the way, has already sold almost two million copies . . . Avon is confident that political biographies are popular even after an election. Next month they are issuing James MacGregor Burns's study, "**John Kennedy: A Political Profile.**" . . . Our nomination for the Most Handy Book of the Month is J. F. Horrabin's "**An Atlas of Africa**" (Praeger, $1.45). Not only does it contain all the usual maps of rivers, mountains, and populations, but it's divided into neat sections showing various political and social problems like where apartheid holds power, location of U.S. investments, language barriers. . . . In the life of every man he is sometimes called upon to be amusing, to tell a droll story. Edmund Fuller, known generally for his more scholarly literary criticism, has collected "**2500 Anecdotes for All Occasions**" (Dolphin, 95¢). Quoting everybody from Pope Sixtus the Fifth to Groucho Marx, Mr. Fuller has arranged jokes, puns, parodies under several hundred headings. Like this one under Literature: "Whatcher favorite readin'?" "Popeye, Superman, and Flash Gordon." "Howcha like O. Henry?" "Naw, the nuts get in my teeth."

—Rollene Waterman Saal.

FICTION

Victorian literature seems to be a special pet of Doubleday's Dolphin Books, which include on their roster George Eliot and Dickens, Tennyson and Browning, and now Anthony Trollope and Arnold Bennett. Trollope's "**The Warden**" (95¢), setting the stage for later novels in the Barsetshire chronicle, tells with gentle irony of high hopes and intrigue behind the vicarage doors. In his "**An Autobiography**" (95¢), written six years before his death in 1882, Trollope appraises his contemporaries, ranking Thackeray first and George Eliot second, and advises younger authors that "the writer, when he sits down to commence his novel, should do so, not because he has to tell a story, but because he has a story to tell." Trollope himself had many stories to tell; in twenty years he wrote almost fifty novels

"Clayhanger" and "The Old Wives' Tale" are Arnold Bennett's most widely read books, but his little satirical novel, "**Buried Alive**" (95¢), is a richly humorous tale of a man who attended his own funeral.

"**The Rover**" (Anchor, 95¢) was Joseph Conrad's last completed novel, written in 1923, the year before his death. This autumnal story, treating a familiar Conradian theme in a somewhat different manner, tells of an elderly sailor, retired to a tranquil life as a farmer, who through events of history is forced, for one final time, to involve himself in the struggles of others.

As in "The Rover," the sea is the background for "**The Shorter Novels of Herman Melville**" (Premier, 50¢). Raymond Weaver has written a lengthy introduction filled with both biographical and critical information. The volume includes "Billy Budd," "Benito Cereno," "Bartleby the Scrivener," and "Enchanted Isles."

Two volumes of Russian short stories appear in newly translated Signet Classic editions (50¢ each). "**Selected Stories by Anton Chekhov,**" translated by Ann Dunnigan, contains twenty short stories, twelve of which are humorous early tales that have never before appeared in English. Gogol's "**The Diary of a Madman,**" translated by Andrew R. MacAndrew, includes five stories, as well as "Taras Bulba," a historical romance of seventeenth-century Ukraine.

A far different volume of short stories is Dylan Thomas's "**Adventures in the Skin Trade and Other Stories**" (Signet, 50¢), the title piece of which is a fragment of an unfinished novel. Though Thomas's poems were on occasion almost stories, here the stories are far closer to poetry. Of "Adventures in the Skin Trade," Thomas wrote, "it's a mixture of Oliver Twist, Little Dorrit, Kafka, Beachcomber, and good old 30-adjectives-a-penny belly-churning Thomas, the Rimbaud of Cwmdonkin Drive."

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Lurid newsstand paperbacks belie the large quantity of books dealing with religion. Here are some selections from those who want to view religion from a historical vantage point. "**Ancient Egyptian Religion**" (Torchbooks, $1.35), by Henri Frankfort, comprehensively discusses the life, death, and various gods of the Egyptians and persuasively maintains the unity of Egyptian religion instead of emphasizing the local cults. The go-betweens of Egypt, the intermediaries who stood for the gods before man, are the subject of Serge Sauneron's "**The Priests of Ancient Egypt**" (Evergreen Profile, $1.35). Both books are illustrated, but Sauneron's far more lavishly.

For classicists, mythologists, or students of drama, Martin P. Nilsson's "**Greek Folk Religion**" (Torchbooks, $1.25) is fascinating. Greek religion was a complicated matter (witness the Orestean trilogy). In his illustrated book the author delves into the cults of Dionysus and Demeter, penetrates the darkest of the dark, the old Eleusinian mysteries.

The other pillar that was to support the edifice of Christianity was Judaism and its God, Jehovah. Martin Buber in "**The Prophetic Faith**" (Torchbooks, $1.45) focuses upon the prophets in an attempt to understand the relationship between Israel and God. A valuable

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study about the origins of the era about to come is Clarence Tucker Craig's **"The Beginning of Christianity"** (Apex, $1.75), which traces a course from Judaism to the writings of Paul.

The problem of belief in today's scientific tumult is one of the questions faced by W. T. Stace in **"Religion and the Modern Mind"** (Keystone, $1.95). In **"Religion and Science"** (Galaxy, $1.25), originally published in 1935, Bertrand Russell recapitulates the historical battle between religion and science, ends in a draw and a plea for intellectual freedom.

Noteworthy publications of contemporary philosophers include **"Knowing and the Known"** (Beacon, $1.95), by John Dewey and Arthur F. Bentley, a difficult book which deals with logic and linguistics within the heart of epistemology. One of the monumental works in metaphysics in this century is Alfred North Whitehead's **"Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology"** (Torchbooks, $2.75). Paul Weiss called it "a landmark in the history of the intellect. . . ." It is not, of course, for students of Philosophy 1.

MUSIC

In 1949-50 Paul Hindemith was visiting professor at Harvard. **"A Composer's World"** (Anchor, 95¢) is a collection of his lectures in which he discusses all aspects of music from composing and creating to listening. **"Romain Rolland's Essays on Music,"** edited by David Ewen (Dover, $1.50) is the only volume of the author's musical pieces available in English. Among the fifteen essays the portraits of composers are the most engaging, the most complete within themselves. Of Lully, Rolland writes, "a clever but vulgar face," of Mozart, "a man of wonderful moral health," and of Beethoven, "the most virile of musicians."

Edward J. Dent, the late British musicologist, wrote **"Mozart's Operas"** (Oxford, $2.45) in 1913, and produced a revised edition in 1946. Some biographical information about Mozart is included, but the essays are largely studies of each opera, the music, the libretto, illustrated with bits and pieces from the score. This belongs on the shelf right next to the recordings.

Gilbert Chase's **"The Music of Spain"** (Dover, $1.85) dazzles the reader with its encyclopedic collection of facts and lore about Iberian music. The author discusses about 400 composers, Spanish dances, regional songs, guitar music, and *zarzuelas*. If you are interested at all in Spanish music, Chase's book is a storehouse of information.

Another handy reference book is **"The Pelican History of Music"** (Pelican, $1.25), edited by Denis Stevens and Alec Robertson. This Volume One is subtitled "Ancient Forms to Polyphony"; particularly interesting is the discussion of non-Western music with chapters on Middle Eastern, Oriental, and Indian early musical forms. Well illustrated from musical manuscripts lettered by monks.

USA

With the Centennial scarcely underway, Fawcett World Library has two books for their paperback Civil War Classics series (75¢ each). General Editor Philip Van Doren Stern has also written a lengthy, informative introduction to Fitzhugh Lee's biography of his uncle, **"General Lee."** The author, who later became Governor of Virginia, fought beside the elder Lee, and his book is largely a military account of the war.

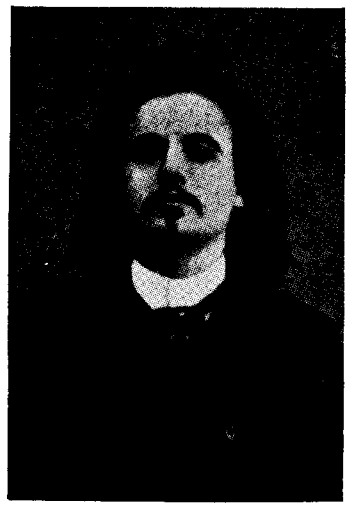
For those who want the more human, personal side of great historical figures, **"Herndon's Life of Lincoln,"** notes by Paul M. Angle, is the book. William M. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner and friend, is never awed by the President. Herndon, who spent twenty years writing this book, which was published in 1888, pays careful attention to Lincoln's youth, his struggle to greatness past overwhelming obstacles, and his early political career.

T. Harry Williams's **"Lincoln and the Radicals"** (University of Wisconsin Press, $1.75) depicts the President's struggles with his own Republican Party. Caught between right and left wings, Lincoln remained a moderate, who "detested slavery . . . but . . . also feared and distrusted the revolutionary ardor of the radicals and the spirit of fanaticism that was inherent in the abolitionists."

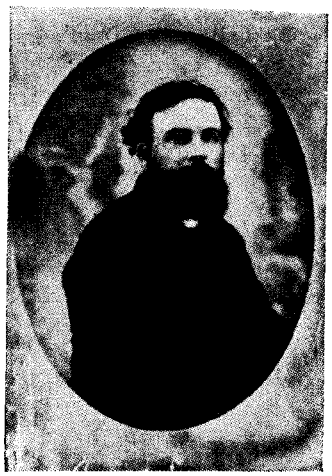
Most of us haven't read Francis Parkman's **"The Oregon Trail"** (Signet, 50¢) for more years than we'd care to admit. The ponderous detail, remembered from highschool English class, is still there, but so is the vigor and Parkman's endless sense of wonder at the new world of the American West.

In **"An Hour of American History"** (Beacon, $1.25), Samuel Eliot Morison has accomplished an incredible feat. Its eighty-one pages survey the growth of the republic "From Columbus to Coolidge." It's a breathless but commendable performance.

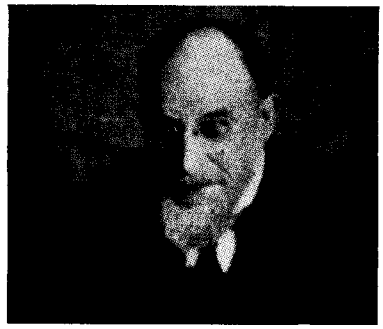
THREE GLORIOUS DECADES, between the death of Victor Hugo in 1885 and the beginning of World War I, are known as "La Belle Epoque." In his zestful account Roger Shattuck calls them **"The Banquet Years"** (Anchor, $1.45), "the lively childhood of our own era." By presenting four men—painter Henri Rousseau, composer Erik Satie, dramatist Alfred Jarry, and poet Apollinaire—the author has written not only an engaging literary history, but a more complex cultural and social study of a merry, rebellious, and altogether fascinating time. Photos from the book.



Jarry



Rousseau



Satie

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Saturday Review

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Diary of a Change

NO SOLEMN discussion of world problems this week. Just a personal report to friends of the family.

An important change takes place this issue in the affairs of the magazine; *Saturday Review* joins a major American publishing family. The terms provide for autonomy and continuity of management, staff, and editorial policy. The prospects are robust. First, however, some background.

When E. DeGolyer acquired ownership of *Saturday Review* in 1941, it had a small but noble readership (23,000) and a whopping deficit. Within a few years *SR* developed a pattern of consistent growth; it doubled and redoubled its readership. The magazine's backing was strengthened further still when Marshall Field Sr. became a stockholder in 1946. Shortly before Mr. DeGolyer's death in 1956, ownership was transferred to *SR's* management. The forward motion continued; by now the magazine was literally on its own. Today, *SR* has a net paid readership in excess of 250,000. On the business side, it has become a substantial enterprise. We are somewhat startled, in fact, to see *SR*'s name listed by publishing trade journals among the nation's leading magazines in advertising revenue. True, it hasn't happened overnight; even so, it's a little difficult to develop a fresh-linen approach to life after so much early practice with napkin rings.

Speaking personally, nothing in my life, next to my family, means more to me than the *Saturday Review*. Being able to work on one of the very few magazines in America wholly owned by its staff; the privilege of writing an editorial on Sunday night and sending it directly to the press on Monday morning without going through the meat-grinder of policy clearance; the feeling of mutual respect and independence between the editorial and business departments—blessings such as these, for a man up to his ears in causes, are no small portion. William Benton was right when he described my work on *SR* as not a job but a precious way of life.

I had occasion to reflect on all this only a few weeks ago when I attended a meeting of editors of national magazines. Most of the discussion concerned internal shop problems. It was said, with no demurrers, that the editor's importance and independence of operation were being consistently narrowed, even minimized. At one time in the history of American journalism, it was pointed out, the editor occupied the central and commanding position on a magazine; today, the locus of power and responsibility is elsewhere. I didn't argue against the proposition; it would have been too subjective and I didn't want to clap hands over my good luck in public.

At the same time, I have been mindful of some basic problems affecting *Saturday Review* and my relationship to it. One of them involves the supremely relevant fact that I am not going to live forever. A doctor may give you delicate intimations of your mortality, but a lawyer feels he has to rub your nose in it. In particular, *SR*'s lawyer made me aware of certain complications in the ownership structure of the magazine that would occur in the event of my death. There is no point in detailing these complications; what is relevant here is the fact that Jack Cominsky, *SR*'s publisher, and I have been mindful for some time that, sooner or later, we would have to choose the successors to the controlling stockholders. Another factor we took into account was our increasing dependence on facilities and services over which we had no control.

One day at lunch I discussed some of these problems with an old friend, Herbert Mayes, editor of *McCall's*. Herb Mayes has a surer and more creative grasp of magazine publishing than any other man I know. He told me about the structure and operating methods of the McCall Corporation. It had its own facilities, including printing, engraving, and subscription fulfillment. It had something even more important—men at the top who believed that the editorial product came first. He referred specifically to Norton Simon, who represented effective ownership control, and Governor Arthur B. Langlie, president of the McCall Corporation. Herb Mayes was not being theoretical; he had worked on magazines for thirty-five years and he felt that only since coming to *McCall's* had he been able to function on a fully creative basis.

Herb Mayes said Norton Simon had a philosophy of life that could readily comprehend what *Saturday Review* was all about. Mr. Simon had a strong interest in education and the fine arts; he was a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California. One thing was certain: If our problem was how to continue to put out a magazine we believed in, while avoiding the risk of a forced sale in the event of my death, Norton Simon might have the answer.

A few days later, Herb Mayes arranged a meeting. I found Norton Simon soft-spoken, reflective. We talked less about publishing problems than about ideas. He followed world affairs closely and had a deep concern about the response of the individual to the stresses of his society. He said he liked the *Saturday Review* and asked if Mr. Cominsky and I wanted to pursue the possibility of *SR*'s affiliation with the McCall Corporation under terms that would maintain *SR* as an autonomous publishing entity. In fact, he said, the McCall Corporation would have no interest in such an affiliation unless we could give assurances of continuity of management.

Then came two meetings with the operating head and President of *Mc-*

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Call's, Arthur Langlie, who had served as Governor of Washington for sixteen years before coming to his present post in 1957. Governor Langlie spoke about the company, its philosophy and methods of dealing with the public and its employees, its facilities, its prospects and problems. He had a knack for throwing a good descriptive loop around a complex idea. I especially liked his emphasis on constructive change. His views on *SR* were most gratifying.

We also had a meeting at the offices of *SR*, where other members of our management had a chance to meet Mr. Simon. I have no way of knowing what kind of impression we made on him; I do know he made a fine impression on us. The general outlines of a deal began to take shape.

Herb Mayes and I then went to Los Angeles to meet Mr. Simon and his associates on their home grounds. Mr. Simon was the head of Hunt Foods and Industries, which owned a controlling interest in the McCall enterprises. Working with him in close proximity were a half-dozen alert, creative young people. I had been somewhat apprehensive about the possibility that some members of the intimate staff might be opposed to having their chief take on additional responsibilities. It quickly became apparent to me that they were all pulling together in favor of the new association with *SR*.

That evening, we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Simon in their home. Mrs. Simon has multiple artistic interests, clearly reflected in the home and the pattern of family living. She reads selectively and intensively, with strong interests in art, education, and belles-lettres. I was heartened by her intimate knowledge of *SR*'s editorial development over the years and her own identification with some of the projects *SR* had undertaken.

The next morning, Herb Mayes and I flew back to New York and reflected on the rapid progress made toward the solution of our problem since our talk only a few weeks earlier. At the office, I gave a running report to the staff on the Los Angeles expedition. A few days later I left for India on a government mission. Mr. Cominsky and our lawyers took over the negotiations.

I rather welcomed the idea of being out of the country. It would give me a chance for uncrowded, sequential thought outside the pressure-cooking atmosphere of the office. Before the arrangements for affiliation with the McCall Corporation were consummated, I wanted to be able to anticipate all my later second thoughts and come to terms with them. It was a grim experience. By the end of my trip, I could qualify as an expert on the deep silences at night in far-flung places like London, Karachi, Bombay, New Delhi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Vientiane. I came by that intimate knowledge honestly — staying awake and thinking about *Saturday Review*, its past and its future, its staff and its readers. I tried to guess what Amy Loveman's advice would have been. I wondered whether Mr. DeGolyer, who was a born maverick and prized independence above all things, would tell us to take the plunge. Finally, I wasn't sure how I would function in the new structure. All but four years of my professional life had been spent on *Saturday Review*. In a sense, we grew up together. Any change, however essential and favorable, was bound to tear me in half.

When I returned to New York last week, a proposed contract was ready. It called for what in legal terminology was known as a "pooling-of-interests" transaction, rather than a purchase. The main provisions:

1. *SR* would exchange all its stock for approximately 10 per cent of McCall stock.

2. The *SR* group would maintain a participative stock interest in the McCall Corporation.

3. *Saturday Review* would not become a division of the McCall Corporation, but would be continued as an autonomous corporation, with a Board of Directors of its own.

4. *Saturday Review* would have two seats on the McCall Corporation Board of Directors.

5. The McCall Corporation would make available to *SR* such additional facilities and resources as would apply constructively to *SR*'s growth potential.

6. Present *SR* management was to be retained under a long-term contract.

7. The editor was to continue to fix and carry out editorial policy, also under a long-term contract.

IT WAS a good contract; I would have been myopic to have expected anything better. In fact, I felt fortunate to have been abroad during the home stretch of the negotiations; I might have gotten in the way.

Even so, the last three days before the actual signing were the toughest of my life. I had just been around the world but I could think of no longer or more impassable distance than was represented by the dotted-line space at the bottom of a stock-transfer statement. Two things helped. One was the fact that Jack Cominsky, without whose energetic enthusiasm even our presses would refuse to roll, vigorously supported the change. The other was the positive atmosphere in the office once the full nature of the new arrangement was made known. Harrison Smith, Pat Patterson, Nat Cohn, Irving Kolodin, John Lear, Horace Sutton, John Ciardi, Dick Tobin, Henry Hewes, Rochelle Girson, Hal Bowser, Jim Fixx, Pearl Steinhaus, among others, asked all the relevant questions. Once they got the answers, they looked and acted like people who understood the process of change and the real factors that make for forward thrust. Confidence such as this has within it potent fuel for the psyche; it will carry us a long way. In fact, we have a sense of surge and dramatic opportunity at an important time in the history of ideas. —N. C.

Guinea Talk from a Non-Guinea

By John Nixon, Jr.

GRAY satirist, the mocking bird,
In his outrageous repertoire
Of parodies, now features third

From top a guinea's *pot-r-rack*
Clearly as that neurotic fowl
Himself might screech it on some back

Road when a seldom car surprises
Him and his gravel-pecking harem.
Through such a polka dotted crisis

The mocking bird no doubt, aloof
But ever so *alert*, took notes.
Here, jaunty on his Sabbath roof,

Like a much gayer Wordsworth, he
Transcribes the sound for us: commotion
Remembered in hilarity.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GREATNESS

GREATNESS, I believe, is a word to be reserved for rare occasions. John Ciardi has risen to greatness in his article "Jim Crow Is Treason" [*SR*, Feb. 4].

RALPH A. LUCE, JR., M.D.
Rosemont, Pa.

THE SENIOR CITIZENS

SR HAS DONE IT again with the article "The Desperate World of the Senior Citizen," by Robert and Leona Train Rienow [*SR*, Jan. 28]. It was stark reality, not pap and platitudes, and should be required reading for every member of Congress. . . .

PAUL BRINDEL.
Novato, Calif.

I AM A SENIOR citizen, just having passed my eighty-seventh birthday. I agree that enforced retirement at sixty-five is wasteful, and I think the figure will be revised upward. But there is much work to be done; we can find significant things to do unless we expect to be paid well for it. . . . If you feel cast up on the bank no one is going to come for you. The answer is to slither down into the stream of life and swim!

MARGARET WENTWORTH.
Washington, D. C.

THE ARTICLE on the aged, while timely and frightening, failed to plumb the true source of the oldster's plights. The fault, unfortunately, lies not in an ignoring, neglecting, inimical society, but in themselves that they, as most of us "youngsters," have never found—if they have ever sought—the capacity for self-amusement.

ROBERT S. PICARD, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

MAY I COMMEND the authors of "The Desperate World of the Senior Citizen." Their insight into the problem should certainly help move us to action.

It seems the whole nation has taken steps to prevent juvenile delinquency. But what will these young people have to look forward to after they have grown up to become worthy citizens? After reaching the age of sixty-five, they must one day wonder if it has all been in vain. To whom will they turn for the answer?

MRS. MICHAEL D. ROTH.
Meadville, Pa.

THE ARTICLE on senior citizens does not get too enthusiastic a reception from this senior citizen.

So the chief desideratum of the aged is not money? I am a member of a Senior Citizens Club. I know several senior citizens, men and women, who are lonely—and they are all poor. I know some who are not a bit lonely—and they are all rich. If the poor ones were rich they wouldn't have to be lonely. If the rich ones were poor, lonely they would be.

"Having trouble falling asleep?"

The only thing that compensates for being a senior citizen is good health, your own home, your car, and that checkbook.

SYDNEY HILLYARD.
Los Gatos, Calif.

HEROES AND HORRORS

JUST A COMMENT on James F. Fixx's editorial "Postscript to Disaster" [*SR*, Jan. 28]. No one likes accidental death, but unfortunately it is not as easy as it sounds to protect ourselves from it. Americans as a group have certain characteristics, one of which is a boundless confidence in the future and in ourselves and in our own individual prospect.

It is simply psychologically impossible to keep this confidence, out of which spring many of our "impossible" achievements, if we are to be overconcerned with safety. . . . If Americans are to continue to conquer the future rather than to fear it, we will have to learn to live with the reckless optimism that encourages fast driving and jaywalking, as well as the actions of heroes whose bravery is more wisely spent.

GENE SULLIVAN.
Ridgewood, N. J.

THE EDITORIAL "Postscript to Disaster" was as incisive a statement on accident prevention in today's world as we have seen in the pages of our journals of opinion. We at the National Safety Council could not agree more wholeheartedly with the premise that human waste is not a necessary by-product of technological progress.

The editorial aptly brings forth the twofold problem of applying all the technology at our disposal to the elimination of potential mechanical hazards, and the need to communicate to the public at large the importance of the individual in accident prevention.

Safety must keep pace with the age—must indeed be in the technological vanguard. It should not take a major air disaster to bring this message home. Unanticipated as such disasters are, unexpected as any accident is, there is full and conclusive evidence that they can be prevented. It was a distinct pleasure to see such excellent treatment of this theme.

G. C. STEWART,
Executive Vice President,
National Safety Council.
Chicago, Ill.

SYMBOLS AND SOURCES

I HAVE NO WISH to quarrel with Albert Van Nostrand's judgment of my novel "Season of Fear" [*SR*, Jan. 28], but may I register a mild protest against the title given to the review, "Voyeur on a Blighted Farm"? Such a label certainly oversimplifies my hero, whom I never thought of as being a voyeur (in any case, this description would apply to only three or four scenes), and creates the impression that the novel is more sensational than it is.

Professor Van Nostrand suggests that I am indebted to Eliot's "The Waste Land" for symbols of sterility. Nearly all of the symbols that are interwoven throughout "Season of Fear" come from the Bible. An old book, but still read sometimes in the South.

GUY OWEN,
Department of English,
Stetson University.
DeLand, Fla.

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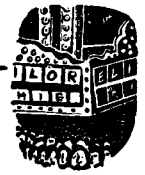

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Women

WHEN Anne Baxter attended the Hollywood premiere of "**Cimarron,**" the story goes, she fled up the aisle before the picture was over, explaining bitterly that most of her part had been eliminated from the film. It isn't hard to see why. Her role as the hard, jealous dance-hall girl brought a spot of life and color to a movie that, for all its land-rush excitement, managed to stay rather drab and languorous. More important, had Miss Baxter's Dixie been permitted full stature, the chances are she would have taken the play away completely from "Cimarron's" nominal heroine, Sabra Cravat (Maria Schell). And so the part was pared down not only to preserve the even tenor of "Cimarron's" way, but also to focus sympathy and attention on the doughty, doughy Sabra. As it turns out, neither was a particularly good idea.

Although memory is a fairly tricky thing to go on, particularly after a full thirty years, I recall Irene Dunne's Sabra in the original version as being a strong, wholly admirable, indomitable woman who boldly yet gracefully assumed responsibility of the Cravat enterprises whenever her foot-loose husband went wandering. I don't think that the alterations this character undergoes in its present incarnation are due solely to the performance of Miss Schell, although I must say I found her characterization more whining than winning. (So much so, in fact, as to produce the impression that old Yancey took to the road less out of a spirit of adventure than to get away from his wife.) But in the Thirties, unless I am very much mistaken, the heroines—the "good" women—had a tendency to be more resourceful, more perceptive, more rocklike than their men. The "bitch" heroine seems to be primarily a product of the postwar years.

In the new "Cimarron," Sabra achieves her position of eminence in Oklahoma society by sheer endurance. To be sure, there are a few scenes in which she wheedles funds from a wealthy friend to enlarge her newspaper, and a sequence in which, reluctantly, she faces up to the notorious Dixie. But these are her most positive acts. The dynamics of the film are out of her hands. Presumably, if Yancey had been around a little more, they would have fallen to him. Presumably too, since Dixie *was* around, they fell to her—until the editors began chopping. As things now stand, "Cimarron" starts on its highest note—a magnificently staged scramble for free land in the new Territory—then slowly unwinds its plot and innumerable subplots across the length of a quarter-century. With nothing to force the story along, with Sabra reduced to a tiresome, nagging termagent and Dixie's natural turbulence kept to a minimum, the film's 146 minutes seem interminable. Anthony Mann directed; Glenn Ford stars as Yancey; and the screenplay is by Arnold Schulman. None is particularly outstanding.

Curiously, although the "bitch" heroine still tends to dominate our screens (*vide* "Best of Everything," "From the Terrace," "Peyton Place," etc.), a new kind of heroine has emerged to make a strong bid for our sympathies. For glamour purposes these days, she is generally identified as a call girl or a kept woman, although, at least in "Never on Sunday" and "The World of Suzie Wong," there was no disguising the fact that she was, purely and simply, a prostitute. It seems as if today's writers—and perhaps today's audiences as well—have little interest in the upright, resourceful, and virtuous women of the Thirties. Unless the lady is a tramp, they don't want to be bothered with her.

THE most recent addition to this procession of glamourized prostitutes is Gina Lollobrigida in "**Go Naked in the World,**" rather freely adapted from the novel by the late Tom Chamales. Gina, looking ravishing in a series of Helen Rose gowns, has apparently sold her favors to just about everyone who is anyone in San Francisco society before meeting Anthony Franciosa, the hot-headed son of steel tycoon Ernest Borgnine. What follows is almost a paraphrase of a soap-opera teaser: Can a busy call girl find love with the handsome heir to one of America's great fortunes? For a time, it looks as if the answer will be in the affirmative—even after Franciosa has learned that his esteemed parent has been a client. But the girl, in the great tradition of screen prostitutes, is pure in heart. Spurning both Franciosa's marriage license and Borgnine's checkbook, she leaps into the sea rather than ruin the life of the man she loves. Stripped of Chamales's Greek incantations, it all seems very much like "Camille" without TB—and, despite some determinedly risqué, desperately literary dialogue, every bit as old-fashioned. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Walton's Symphony No. 2—Forrester, Merriman

FOR Sir William Walton, it has been a long time between symphonies: perhaps too long, from his notable No. 1 of 1935 to the second of 1960, which George Szell introduced with the Cleveland Symphony in its first of two Carnegie Hall concerts in early February. Any composer who commands as much affinity for the symphonic process as Sir William does can hardly be pardoned for shirking his responsibility to the musical world for a full quarter-century.

By contrast with the large, nondescript category of works which are labeled interesting if not very likable, Walton's Symphony No. 2 belongs to the smaller, more distinguished company which can be described as likable, if not very interesting. This is not meant at all to deprecate the strongly, securely constructed first movement, the songful slow movement, or the immensely well-handled Passacaglia with which the work concludes. Rather, it is to put the emphasis on the satisfactions of solutions provided rather than on knotty problems left unresolved. Sir William has accomplished, without waste of a note or smudge on a score line, exactly what he set out to do, and such craft is always worthy of admiration.

Szell made his first appearance of the winter triply distinguished by leading his fine orchestra through a whistle-clean performance of the great No. 102 (B flat) Symphony of Haydn as prelude, and by providing the New York debut of the Hungarian pianist Annie Fischer in the E flat (K. 482) Concerto of Mozart as postlude. There was much to admire in the cultivation, finesse, and artistic elevation of Miss Fischer's performance, but something, also, to ponder in occasional missed notes in both hands. Her right-hand inaccuracies were, likely, products of the momentary situation, but her left hand didn't maintain the secure independence indispensable in Mozart. The good cadenzas were credited to Marius Flothuis, of Holland.

Maureen Forrester's devotion to the beautiful use of her beautiful mezzo voice is so complete that it may seem an act of the will to find fault with it. But her latest appearance in Town Hall left the uncomfortable feeling that she is, at this time, more concerned with mechanism than purpose. In other words, if one is hypnotized by a beautiful sound, this is satisfying singing: but if one regards the end of singing as expression, it is not.

There was some suggestion of this in the opening group arranged by Dorumsgaard from various Spanish sources, but I would not base a case on evidence as circumstantial as this. It was more direct, and relevant, in the succeeding "Liederkreis" (Opus 39) of Schumann. The program was lacking in one detail of identification: perhaps the kind of Freudian slip that betrays purpose, the omitted name being that of the poet Eichendorff. As his words were the starting points for such great expressions of Schumann as "In der Fremde," "Waldesgespräch," "Mondnacht," and "Im Walde," they could hardly be called a minor matter.

BUT Miss Forrester's best efforts—and they are indeed excellent—were reserved for the composer. His praise was proclaimed in a series of fine-sounding phrases, though I found several of the tempi draggy ("Mondnacht" and "Im Walde" especially), the terror and apprehension of "Waldesgesprächt," conveyed more by facial expression and clutched hands than in the ring of the voice. With so much beauty of sound at her command, Miss Forrester is presently realizing only half its capacity for expression. The "viola" songs of Brahms (Otto Joachim was the string player) and Poulenc's "Le Travail du peintre" were also heard. John Newmark's piano playing was much above average.

To her known capacities in the French, Italian, and Spanish literature, Nan Merriman added distinction as a singer in, and of, German at her recital in Judson Hall. This came in the affecting "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen," which failed by a few weeks of being included in the centennial celebration of Mahler's birth, but will nevertheless be filed among the best manifestations on his behalf.

Miss Merriman's pliant sound was acutely adjusted to the tone and temper of such songs as "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht," "Ich hab' ein glühend Messer," and particularly "Die zwei blauen Augen." This floated into space as a suitably dematerialized climax to the accumulated complex of emotion—an inward compression of thought and feeling made articulate by highly sensitized vocal means.

If this was the kind of singing that should be heard by many more than this intimate salon accommodates, the surroundings worked to her advantage—and that of the audience—in the following "Fêtes galantes" of Debussy (Book I), the enchanting "Histoires naturelles" of Ravel, and the fresh delights of Obradors's "Cinco canciónes clasicas." She had able assistance from her accompanist Ralph Linsley, but his expressive gamut is considerably short of hers.

Good news of the operatic week is that Birgit Nilsson's first Isolde of her second Metropolitan season was, altogether, the best, most artistic effort of her New York career thus far. Deplorably, it was tied to the agonizing Tristan of Ramon Vinay, which runs more to declamation these days than vocalization. Fortunately the knowing direction of Joseph Rosenstock, making a "second" debut with the company, by-passed the worst perils, but such imbalance can hardly provide Wagner with his due.

The special way in which this Isolde differed from those for which Nilsson won honors last season is that she knows now that she has mastered this part in this theatre and can concentrate on refinement rather than power. Too, she is the kind of performer who penetrates ever deeper into the world of the woman she portrays, and, as the one of Isolde is infinite rather than finite, it is, and will remain, an ever-fresh challenge to the best of which she is capable.

Rosenstock's contribution hardly could be called arousing, but he misses few significant points of the massive score, and some—such as the heavy string chords that usher in Tristan's entrance in Act I—were made more impellingly than in recent years. He tends to the vocal rather than the symphonic stress, which, in this theatre, is on the whole desirable. Walter Cassel (Kurvenal), Jerome Hines (Marke), and Irene Dalis (Brangaene) were of their typical quality.

A BLUSTERY storm did not deter most of those with tickets from attending the Saturday matinee of "Il Trovatore" in which Leontyne Price and Franco Corelli made their second appearance together. Both measured more consistently to the best they had done before, which, in her case, made for resolutely fine operatic art. Corelli clearly has the capacities that make Italian tenors lovable (to lovers of Italian tenors). He could also endear himself to a wider public if he sang more, bellowed less, and, in general, performed as well as he looks. Mario Sereni took on di Luna in place of Robert Merrill, snowbound in far-off New Rochelle. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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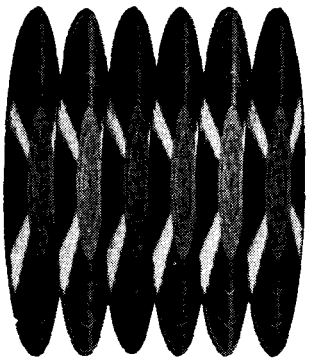

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595 BENJAMIN LEES: Symphony No. 2. HENRY COWELL: Ongaku for Orchestra.

596 BOHUSLAV MARTINU: Estampes. NIKOLAI LOPATNIKOFF: Music for Orchestra, Op. 39.

601 PAUL BEN-HAIM: "To The Chief Musician" Metamorphoses for orchestra. WALLINGFORD RIEGGER: Variations for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 71 (Sidney Harth, Soloist).

602 KLAUS EGGE: Symphony No. 3, Louisville Symphony. ROY HARRIS. "Kentucky Spring."

604 WILLIAM SCHUMAN: Judith, A Choreographic Poem. GIAN-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Benjamin Owen, Soloist).

605 PAUL HINDEMITH: Sinfonietta in E. CLAUDE ALMOND: John Gilbert: A Steamboat Overture. DAVID DIAMOND: Overture: "Timon of Athens."

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There Will Be a Slight Scream of Outrage

IN *Saturday Review*'s weekly album for January 21st, this department issued a sort of off-white paper on the subject of airlines, their schedules, their hostesses, their ground personnel, and other hired mortals who collectively contribute to the theme song of airline travel these days, "There Will Be a Slight Delay."

Doubtless we twanged a public nerve, for rarely in our memory has there been such a swift outpouring of anguished personal experience. For the benefit of the airlines and for the ultimate public good, here are some samples of sentiment from airline travelers, present and former:

FRANKLY, I AM RAPIDLY coming to the conclusion that except on flights of 400 miles or more the train or, in some cases, driving is actually quicker, when you take into consideration all the trouble of getting to and from the airports and the many delays.

I for one plan to use planes less and less for short hops. Any supposed time-saving is an illusion.

H. H. SCOTT.

Maynard, Mass.

IT WOULD BE tedious for me to add further confirming details to your aggregate from your own experiences in air travel, but mine include, also, an Eastern flight from Chicago to Miami which began with a half-hour delay and ended up with eight hours. Meanwhile I had telephoned my family not to set out from Pompano Beach to pick me up at the Miami airport, and discovered that at that terminus the airline was confirming that the flight had started from Chicago! When I did arrive, I learned from my irascible father that he had been obliged to bluster his way past front-desk clerks in order to get his information confirmed that my flight was, to be sure, still grounded in Chicago. This sort of deception is most inexcusable. On a flight down from Chicago via Delta, my little four-year-old niece got airsick. The stewardess scolded me for not having known beforehand that the child would get sick, and threw a pack of Kleenex at me to clean the poor kid, but the stewardess offered neither help nor common human courtesy. A particular gripe was a delay in making a connection from Miami to Omaha at Chicago, in which an Electra had been delayed before take-off in Miami. I was given no attention whatsoever by the Chicago airline with respect to my missed flight, and had to undertake to find out for myself what would be the best connections via what lines. When I did find out that I could get nothing out before 9 or 10 the next morning, the responsible airline offered nothing for my eight-hour stopover till I insisted they put me up for the night and feed me. They did so, reluctantly. The flights are wonderful, but the air-ground liaison is infernal.

W. EDWARD CLARK.

Omaha, Neb.

PERMIT ME TO commend and confirm Horace Sutton's complaint, "There will be a Slight Delay." As one who flew first in 1916 and who has since been devoted to air travel I can only express my increasing dismay, indeed disgust, with airline service, particularly in the United States. Frequently I have sought advance information on a flight, say an hour ahead, been told, generally in a snippety manner, that the flight would depart on time, and arrived at the airport to find that the plane in question had not yet left some stop an hour and a half away. In other words, the person who answered either deliberately lied in order to inveigle me to come out or was uninformed. There is no excuse for either. Moreover, as Mr. Sutton points out, employees at airports have a habit of kidding passengers along from small delay to small delay, obviously hoping to prevent them from taking another line or the train.

In addition, I resent the lack of proper waiting rooms with seats for all passengers and the new habit of herding the victims into line in unheated approaches to await the convenience of the airline.

Officials of American lines, in turn, resent this sort of talk and say they are doing their best. The answer is that this sort of behavior occurs much less often with foreign airlines, even in Asia where the difficulties of operation are obviously greater.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D.C.

ONE CAN RECORD the complaints of others but one's personal agony and discomfort have formed my decision not to use an American airline if a foreign line is at all possible as an alternative.

In this country we have found that if something goes wrong you are left to shift for yourself. Our experience abroad with

Tyrolean Topper

These Things Delight Them

In ours of January 14th, we told of many things that delight us and invited similar expressions from the customers. Here are some:

Marion McLain, Jamaica Plain, Mass.:
Fresh earth with face against it
Pickle-making in the fall
The absence of canned music
Blue shadows on the snow
Duck family holding up traffic crossing Boylston Street
Poets who are not afraid of capitals or punctuation

Charles Urbanowicz, Jersey City:
The flash of bluejays
Thunderclouds in Hawaii
Sunset on the Nile
The Ice Follies
Watching the skaters at Rockefeller Plaza
Palms
Cherry pie
Seagulls
Frigate birds
Ruffles and flourishes
Northern Lights
Southern Cross
The first violets

Sara Surber, Rutherford, N.J.:
Punch from England
Brentano's in New York
The hot dog seller who walks the streets
Being the only passenger on a subway
A pretty Salvation Army girl
Tyrolean hats
Peanuts
Touch football in a field
A rose bush
Old bookstores
A warm January day
Dinner at O'Henry's
New Year's Eve at home

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foreign lines is exactly the contrary. Last year we had a very tight schedule for Paris via Amsterdam by KLM. With only ten minutes to make the connection, our plane arrived twelve minutes late. Upon descending we were given a guide and offered a trip around Amsterdam with this guide and any drinks or food we cared to order at one of the best places in Amsterdam. The guide was assigned to us for the three hours intervening for the next flight. De luxe treatment—and this was a cheap chartered flight! If this took place in the USA we would be hanging around a waiting room instead of being tendered the utmost in care and consideration. American lines in this country do practically nothing to facilitate one's journey when, due to a breakdown or other circumstances, one finds oneself stranded. More than once on foreign lines we have found that even minor delays call for drinks and even meals at their expense. To our amazement, on one occasion when we were making a very early morning flight we were handed carte blanche tickets for breakfast and liquor or drinks although we were to board the plane shortly, as scheduled. Of course these experiences are strictly personal but our decision to use only foreign lines is based on them.

How right you are about hostesses! The flight and its services at times are strictly reserved for themselves and their coworkers in the cockpit. The hostesses are very often so busy catering to fellow employees flying on vacation that they really find little time for servicing passengers.

MURRAY GOLDENSTEIN.
New York, N.Y.

MY HEARTFELT THANKS for your article . . . . As a frustrated and helpless victim of the misinformation and poor service . . . I feel I now have a champion. Most of us who fly a lot could compile a similar logbook. Yet widespread as the practices you mention are, no one else has had the courage to speak up for the passenger. I hope you will continue to so do in the knowledge you have a grateful and appreciative audience. If there is some government agency to which one can report instances of shoddy service or misrepresentation I would be interested . . . .

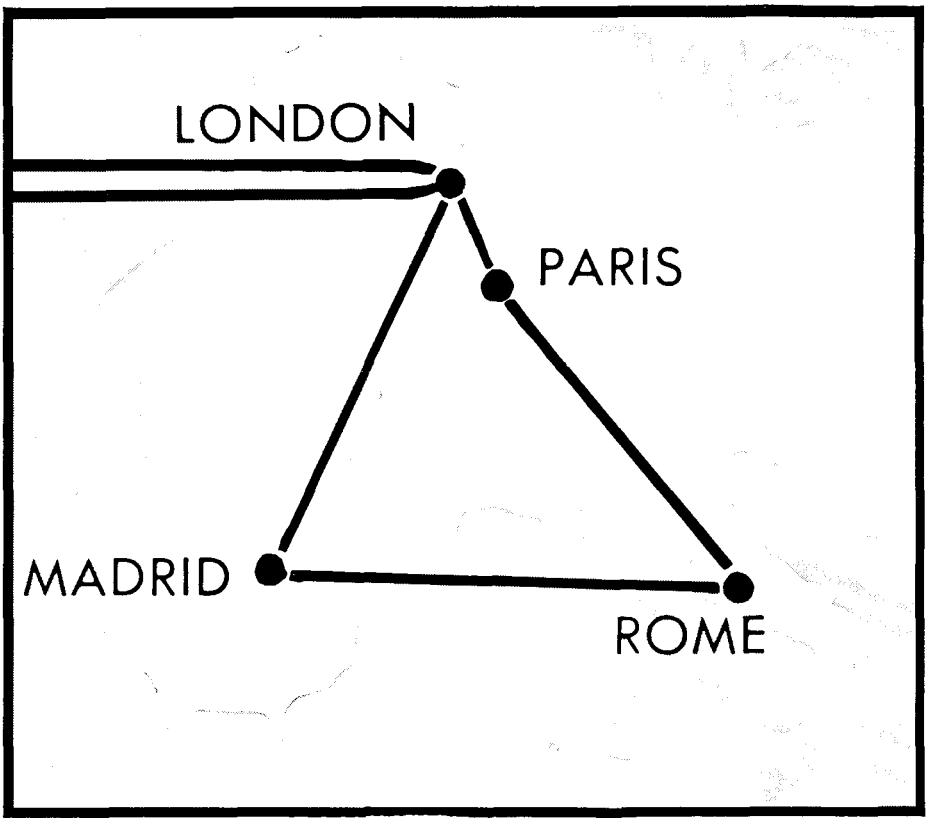
LEON SAUNDERS.
Rosemont, Pa.

YOU CONCLUDE YOUR corrosive account of current airways behavior with the question: "Anybody here remember the days when the passenger came first?"

I do.

In the late Thirties—1938 or 1939—I boarded a United airliner in Cheyenne, bound for Chicago. When we came down in Omaha to refuel, the stewardess regretfully informed me, and the few other passengers, that the weather was bad east of Omaha and that we would have to complete our journey by rail. We were taken to the Cornhusker Hotel—Omaha's best—by bus, escorted to rooms, and told to make ourselves comfortable until train time. An hour later the stewardess returned with a railroad ticket and a Pullman

(*Continued on page 43*)



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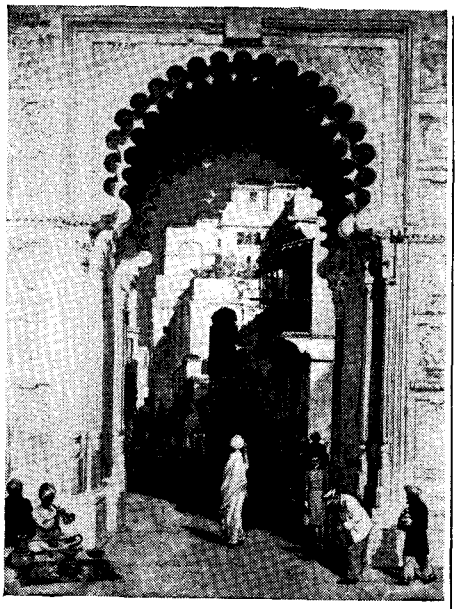

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A Small Place in Brittany

By Neville Braybrooke

A GRAY STONE Calvary divides the two roads that lead into Saint Jacut de la Mer. Behind it stands a small electric powerhouse. In the ditches along its wire fencing hens scratch in the sandy earth. Plumes of salt-coarsened grass weave along the edge of the dunes, a perpetual reminder of the high tides each month. Once after six weeks of torrential rain this peninsula was cut off from the mainland and dead sheep floated in among the tops of the drowned apple trees. Once the cap of a miller was discovered resting on a tuft of green seaweed; his cries for help had become swallowed in the quicksands near the mouth of the estuary. Once, long ago, Saint Christophe came to Brittany with the Child Jesus . . .

His *Pardon* is celebrated on the last Sunday of July. For the occasion the fishing boats are decked with garlands and blessed in the harbor. In the evening there is a procession. Through the narrow streets the peasant women carry lighted candles shielded by wings of white vellum. Sprigs of green decorate shrines on the window ledges before which rows of tiny flames support themselves in pools of hot wax. As the statue of the Virgin is carried past on the shoulders of two girls, rockets burst in the sky and showers of purple and vermillion stars illumine her immobile face.

The model of a fishing smack is laid at her feet by two altar boys, and *Monsieur le Recteur* begins speaking into the microphone. Saint Christophe, he tell his people, is the patron of fishermen; he is also the patron of travelers, he adds looking toward the groups of visitors who stand slightly apart from the rest. Saint Christophe can be relied upon at all times of stress—whether at sea or on land. The beautiful Lady whose Child he brought to safety on the other shore was no less his guiding star than she is theirs. "*Priez pour nous, très Sainte Vierge et Saint Christophe,*" he implores. "Gives us what we lack, and take away the surfeit for those who need it."

Little has changed since the last war, and the peninsula remains comparatively unknown. Americans speeding from Plancoet to Dinard seldom take the left fork in the road, and the faded names of Jolliffe and Burbury on deck-chairs and ping-pong paddles recall the English community that used to spend part of each year at the Abbaye (full *pension*, with excellent fare, is less than 22 new francs a day at the height of the summer). On the *Plage de l'Abbaye* a fort, built by a boy who was later awarded the Military Cross, has survived two world wars; it is so well camouflaged in the cliff face that few still find it. Old-timers who are now shopkeepers remember the days when they watched goggled motorcyclists from the Southampton boat race up the main street like devils; a third-lass ticket from London cost less than a pound then. Madame Tousser's bar, once known as the "English Club," in which bills were settled at the end of each season, is today calley *L'Apéro;* a

—*H. S.*

Breton villagers—rockets in the sky, salt on the grass.

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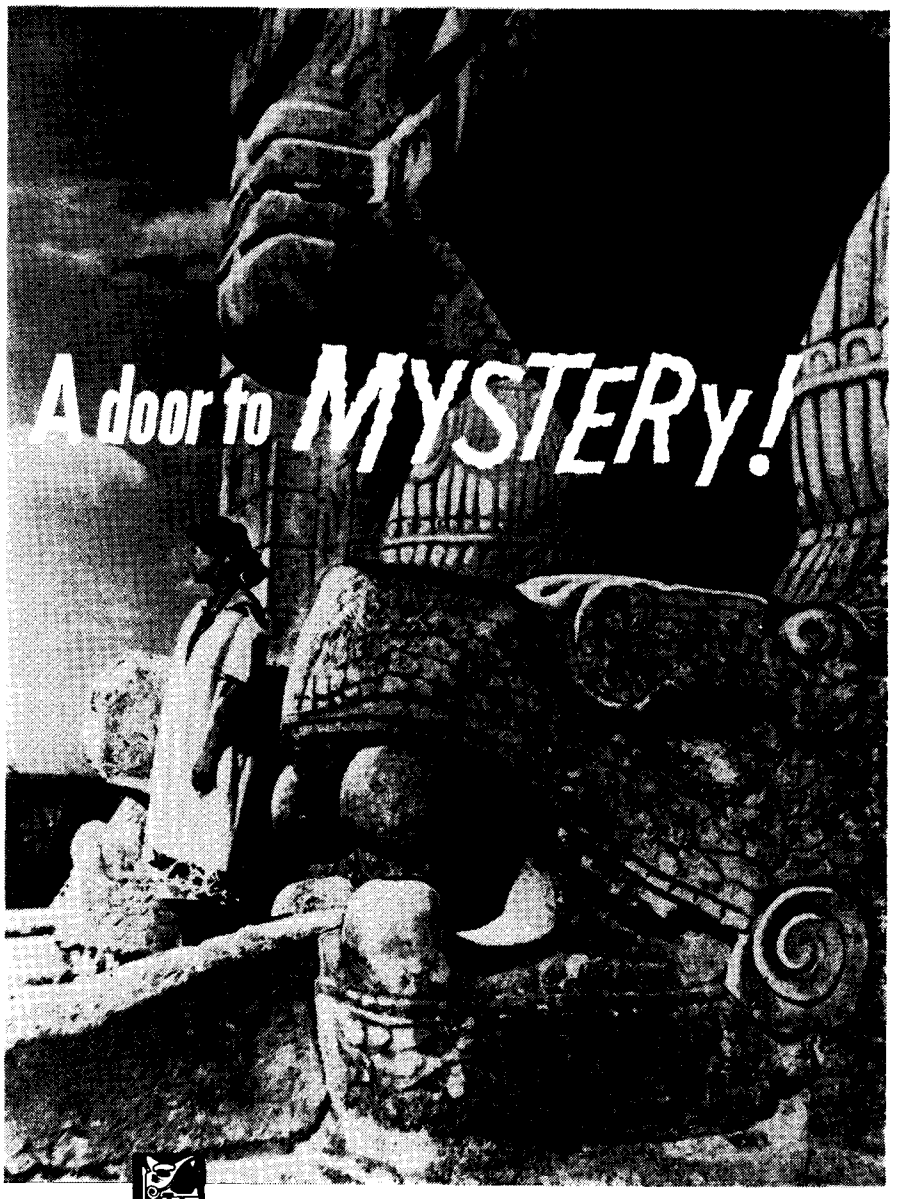
photograph of President de Gaulle has replaced that of King Edward VII.

A newcomer to the bar life of the village is a wounded gull with a broken wing; he was picked up on the rocks by some fishermen and brought to the café next to the mayor's house; there, between the red and white tables of the garden, they have made him an island home of sticks and stones. He is savage with those who trespass too close, but responds affectionately to his mistress's call of *petit homme*. To some visitors he is known as Chekhov.

An adopted gull, some new villas, and a powerhouse—these are among the few additions since the end of the war. The golden cockerel with one foot on a German helmet (which was buried during the Occupation) has been reinstated on the memorial to those who died for France, and around the pillbox on the Pointe de Chevet a field of gorse has been cleared for campers and water been laid on. For the pleasures of Saint Jacut remain simple holiday pleasures—walking, camping, fishing; and it is for these that the same French families, in ever-increasing numbers, return summer after summer.

At low tide whole families, followed by their dogs, set out to walk across the sea's bed to the Ile des Ebihens, with its lobster rocks and gently shelving beaches. It takes a brisk twenty minutes, the white powdery sugar of the shore's edge giving way to hard corrugated stretches of sand; sudden swirls in the firm ridges show the strength of the currents, and iron poles show in fathoms the high-water mark of the retreating tide. To the west, protected by rocky islets, lie two oyster beds; each has its own sorting tables, and on wooden-stake fences thick with seaweed can be read the words—*'C'est défendu. . . .'* The rest has been washed away. It is a reminder of the notice board farther up the estuary that used to give warning of the quicksands, but which was sucked down into the mud and never replaced.

It is perhaps in this seeming indifference to safety that the real clue to Saint Jacut's charm lies. Unlike Saint Cast across the bay, it has never become a pleasure resort; it has no casino, no bank, and there are no municipal rules about bathing. Safety lies in the spoken word—in the warnings passed between villager and visitor about the treacherous mud flats at the Guild; in the story handed down from family to family about the miller who crossed the estuary too high; and in the hymns sung in summer processions about lost mariners drowned in the Atlantic. For even during Saint Christophe's *Pardon* there remains the bitter but poetic truth that the garlands that deck the local fleet may return on the tide as wreaths.



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Dear Comrade...

...Here I Am in New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last year, largely through arrangements made with American Express, six hundred Russian citizens visited New York. The letter below was written not by one of them but by Michael Pearman, a peregrinating restaurateur whose journeys have taken him across the Soviet Union, and whose times between keep him in a pub on Manhattan's East 48th Street. He has written previously for trade journals, but this is his first work of fiction.*

THE PLANE over the Atlantic was just as good and comfortable as our Ilyushin 18, but we were naturally very nervous, having read in *Pravda* how awful conditions were at the New York airport and how the customs men opened every bag. We had been told a Mr. Carey would meet us, but we had to go through customs and immigration alone, and not a soul speaks Russian. For some reason Americans travel with more than one suit case, and there seemed to be a great deal of confusion. The New York airport isn't finished so they haven't put up the lace curtains or statues to Eisenhower or Nixon as yet. Then up came Mr. Carey—in uniform—and took us away at once and made us get into a big black car just like a Ziv. They obviously didn't want us to wander around and see anything they didn't want us to see—it was all done so fast.

A lot of cars had one person in them—government officials, Serge tells me—and we drove through a place called Queens with a lot of new red brick apartment houses which look just like the outskirts of Moscow. At last we arrived at the hotel— the very same hotel where our dear Chairman stayed on his first visit to New York. It's called the Waldorf and looks just like the Ukraine Hotel. The lobby is just as big but is filled with chairs and sofas, all occupied by people who, Serge says, have no homes of their own so sit about the hotel all day. No one spoke Russian at the reception desk and in the confusion the hotel clerk forgot to take away my passport! Serge was very frightened about getting into the lift as, you remember, it broke down when our Chairman stayed here, but this time it went quite all right—driven by a young girl in uniform. We had been told that in a capitalist country one must tip. I don't know what kind of coin I gave the man with my bag, but he said, "My God." You see, the peasants here are still very religious. I have a room to myself, very clean, and my own bathroom, with hot water. Soap must be very precious here because they wrap each little piece up in paper. Still, I expect we get special treatment as they try to impress foreigners. There is also a television in my room—I must say the screen is bigger than ours but the cabinet is an ugly plain affair with no fancy woodcarving on it at all. I have looked everywhere for the mike but so far haven't been able to find one, although Serge found a strange metal thing hanging from the ceiling, which has the word "Sprinkler" embossed on it, and I suppose that's the microphone.

There is no organization here like Intourist and we couldn't find Mr. Carey anywhere, but after a while we found someone who spoke German. He for sure doesn't come from the People's Democracy of East Germany, because he is most unhelpful. He didn't know anything about the ballet or opera, but he did lead us to a woman who got us tickets for "My Fair Lady," which I hadn't been able to get seats for in Moscow. As you know, it's all about a poor working class girl who is picked up by a capitalist who when he is through with her, turns her out on the streets again. (The Americans certainly aren't very cultured for a lot of them don't

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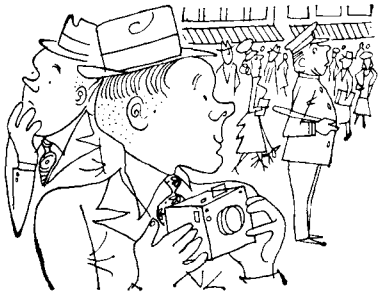
even check their hat and coats in the theatre.) Afterward we walked up and down Broadway, which is their Gorki Street. Thousands of young people walking about just staring. Serge says it's because New York has no Park of Culture and Rest and they have no homes to go to where they can be alone. Everyone stares at us—I suppose they admire my new GUM suit and pale brown shoes—but so far no one has come up to me offering to buy my tie, nor whispered to me that they would like to buy rubles.

One day we saw a sign saying "Maisonette Russe," and only after we had sat down did we realize we were in a positive hotbed of Czarist intrigue. They brought us vodka, not in a cut glass decanter, but in individual plain glasses with big lumps of ice and then what *they* called Borscht—red it was with no cabbage or mutton fat and with only one tiny potato! When we got our Kiev cutlets there were no potatoes on the plate at all. Serge tells me there is a potato famine on in America. They served the tea in cups!

Downstairs in the hotel they still won't help us to see a tractor factory or go through an automobile plant, but today we did go on their subway, and now I know why they wouldn't let our dear Chairman go on it. Dear Comrade, it's so ugly and dirty. No murals or chandeliers or pretty colored marble work. And so many people speaking Hungarian and German and Yiddish. Serge says that's what the Americans do with refugees—make them ride on the subway. However, we got to the local GUM—which is a store called MACY and not run by the State at all but by some private capitalists, who do all they can to make the working class spend their hard-earned money instead of having it taken out of their wages and invested in Soviet bonds. Serge tells me all the people buying in MACY are government employees, and people from the District Attorney's office carry a special card with D.A. on it and get 4 per cent off.

I took the camera out and so far no one has stopped me from photographing anything I want. I did notice a policeman watching me once, though, as I was taking a picture of the head-

(*Continued on page* 42)



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WILL YOU COME TO EUROPE AND NOT SEE IT... AGAIN?

Oh, yes, you did visit us once before—and more than once, perhaps.

You quick-tripped our capitals
when the tourist tide was at its crest.

You did the palaces and buildings of state,
toured historic halls and gaped
at greatness on the walls of our museums,
dined and stayed in big city restaurants and hotels
designed for you,
the American Tourist.

(How many miles of hard city pavement did you cover as you "saw" Europe craning your neck all the while to see above the crowd?)

Come now.

Wouldn't you laugh loud (but friendly, as we do now)
if someone from our side of the Atlantic
said he had seen the U.S.A.
by visiting
New York
Chicago
San Francisco and L.A.?
And got the feel of your country simply by standing
in a block-long line for a ticket to the Radio City Music Hall?

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When you were last in Europe,
how many Europeans did you talk to, shake hands with . . ,
other than those who served you?

How many people did you really get to *know*,
how many new names,
new places
away from the track beaten so smooth by the
feet of a million more?

Tell us.
Did you ever stand in front of the Mona Lisa
in silence
uninterrupted by elbows, voices?

Did you ever take your pick of the best tables in a restaurant,
or choose the room you wanted,
or say when *you*
wanted to do
whatever *you* had in mind?

Did you ever get into your own little car,
or on a bus,
train or plane,
and go looking for Europe in Europe?

Did you ever find a tiny town on your own private map
where the stream runs through
and the people smiled at you
as you walked through their village,
clicking on cobblestones that have waited centuries
for you to come home?

Did you ever have a family open the door wide
(knowing there weren't a dozen more behind you)
and invite you to stay awhile and see
their place, their home,
them?

Next time, do it. Promise yourself this:
Don't be tied to the tourist season—come any time.
Europe is always in Season!
Come see us as we really are—
at home.
And see us, too, away from the big cities,
where the air runs free,
where people are waiting to help you see
and feel, know, understand—
and put away into your memory the living sense of
having been somewhere,
while you carry away with you
a heart-full of invitations to come back!

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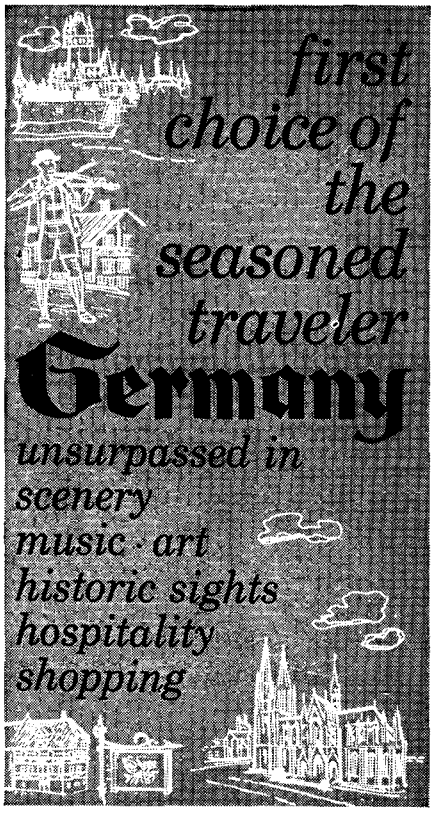

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quarters of Local 89, and heard him whisper "for Christ's sake," but he was a Catholic, I suppose. The policemen seem to be chewing all the time, Serge says it's because they aren't allowed enough time off to sit down and eat properly.

We saw one of our cars on the street, a Moskovitch, and a big crowd around it, but the police didn't make the people move on the way they do at home when they break up the rude inquisitive delinquents who gather and gasp at the foreign cars parked outside the National and Metropole Hotels in Moscow. I didn't understand why the people laughed and smiled as they peered at the car, but Serge says they are obviously amazed at the finish and design of it. I must say I, too, was amazed to notice that for export the Moskovitch has *two* windshield wipers *and* a spare tire.

We are really being treated very well even though, as Serge says, the maids in the hotel take away his soap before it's finished.

Yours from Amerika,
Vladimir.
—Michael Pearman.

Trapping the Tourist—1

Paris shops that specialize in tourist goods are advising travelers that they can have their regular five bottles of duty-free spirits shipped home as unaccompanied baggage upon payment of a shipping charge of $7. For the same express rate, the stores are saying, the customer can also include five bottles of wine. According to the shops, the U. S. Government imposes a small duty of about forty cents a bottle on wine brought in over and above the first five duty-free bottles. The $7 shipping charge is supposed to include delivery direct to one's apartment.

New York residents who are falling for this misinformation find they must report in person at the New York State Liquor Authority, where they are instructed to go to a bank next door, pay $1 for a money order. The Authority then issues a "plenary permit." The returned tourist next is sent to the Department of Taxation and Finance, where he is required to pay $1.91 for a "Beverage Tax Release." All these forms are then mailed to a customs broker. The broker then sends a bill for $5 for excess duty and internal revenue tax, plus another $3.25 for home delivery.

Best advice: No matter what they tell you, buy *only* five bottles of spirits or wine, bring it home with you, beware of foreign shopkeepers who interpret U. S. customs regulations.

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Booked for Travel

Continued from page 35

reservation, told me the bus would be waiting to take me to the station, said she and three other stewardesses stranded there were going to take in a movie, and asked if I wanted to come along. I did. It was a double feature, and afterward I had just time to pick up my suitcase, say a lingering goodbye to my hostess, and catch my train.

The hotel room and the railroad ticket were standard service in those days whenever weather interfered with flying. I'm not sure about the movie; I should like to believe that was a bit special.

TED OLSON.
Washington, D.C.

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree with you. . . . The passenger generally comes last.

THOMAS CHILTON.
Ladenberg, Pa.

THANK YOU so much . . . . I have thought of all these things which you mentioned many, many times and did nothing about the matter. My blood pressure always rises to dangerous heights when I ask a counter clerk about the arrival time of an already late plane and am blindly told that the flight is on time! When I meekly point out that the arrival time has passed, the treatment is as you described it. Frosty impertinence!

JAMES F. WOOLDRIDGE.
Jackson, Miss.

THE SCENE WAS Idlewild, on a rainy winter afternoon. My wife was due from Miami on National's jet Flight No. 4, scheduled to arrive at 3:50 P.M. Because of possible delays on account of the weather, I called National at 2 P.M. to see if the plane was on time. I was told it was. So I journeyed the twelve miles to Idlewild to pick her up.

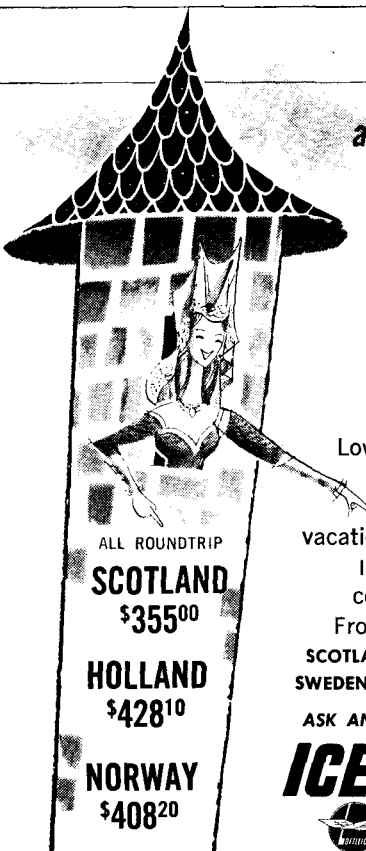
The arrival desk at National still said Flight No. 4 was "On Time" when I got there at 3 P.M. I had a cup of coffee, read some of the papers, and waited. At 3:30 P.M., the arrival desk changed the notice to say that Flight No. 4 was now due to arrive at 4:30 P.M.

At 4:15 P.M., the arrival blackboard was again changed. Flight No. 4 was now due to arrive at 5:30 P.M. The girl at the desk said it was because of the weather, traffic delays, etc.

At 5 P.M. the arrival schedule was changed again. All passengers on Flight No. 4 had been transferred to Flight 104 instead, a piston-engine plane. I was told this was because of the weather—the jets couldn't get into Idlewild in the storm, but the prop planes could. Flight 104 was now due to arrive at 6:30 P.M.

At 6:30 P.M. the flight schedule was again changed. Flight 104 was now coming in at 7 P.M. It actually touched down at 7:25 P.M. on that day.

My wife had left Miami round 4 or 4:30. At 2 o'clock I had been told her plane was "On Time." At 3 o'clock I learned that she was still "on time." At



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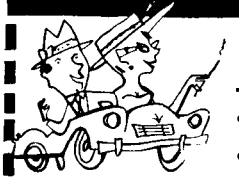

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3:30 she was coming in at 4:30. At 4:15 she was due at 5:30 P.M. *All during this time her plane had not even left Miami!*

With that kind of service, is it any wonder that on her next trip to Florida, I am determined that my wife goes by train?

LEO MISHKIN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

WHAT I SHOULD like to suggest is that you must pick the wrong places to be delayed in. Some of the most fascinating encounters I have ever had came at airports. For instance, a young Dutch family at Schiphol who were emigrating to the New World, with the kids in seaside attire complete with buckets and shovels. Or the woman I talked to in the airport in Barranquilla who was returning to a post up river after two weeks of seaside fleshpots.

You say you waited 127 minutes in the highlands of Peru—we once waited sixteen hours in Peru, which enabled us to cement a friendship with one of the most charming, hospitable—and numerous—families we have ever met; we almost missed our plane when it finally was announced because we had to kiss every one of these new-found friends goodbye and shed the customary Latin tears at parting.

So perhaps if you could overcome your (typically American—as we were often reminded during our eight months in Europe last year) impatience with delays, and just sit back and relax and take advantage of the opportunities they provide, you too could enjoy air travel!

SALLY H. DIEKE.

Baltimore, Md.

• • •

TO find impatience with poor performance is not an exclusive American attitude, nor is speaking out against it. The delays are one thing, and when they are mechanical they are frustrating but understandable. The method of dealing with passengers by ground personnel, however, is not merely frustrating; it is downright reprehensible. In-flight service is spotty. In-flight food on domestic U. S. carriers—when will they jettison that tired piece of filet?—is downright awful. Competition between U.S. carriers is totally based on speed when all travel times are within minutes of each other, and when one washout, one delay, one weather problem, one mechanical, one traffic tie-up, will explode all the newspaper-ad boastings, the U. S. carrier that turns to service, to graciousness, to efficient telephone personnel, to a swift, workable intra-company information system, to pleasant flight personnel and edible food, is the airline that will win. Meanwhile, the wistful glance backward at trains and automobiles by some of these correspondents is an interesting indication if not a trend.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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TV AND RADIO

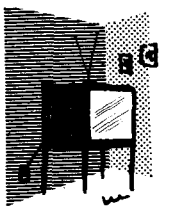
Let Them Be Live

PRESIDENT Kennedy's next two press conferences will be videotaped by the television networks and not carried live. I hope this does not indicate an abandonment of the live technique so impressively demonstrated in the President's first two formal encounters with the press. Perhaps Mr. Kennedy and his advisers are weighing the pros and cons of the respective methods. Perhaps the networks find it costly to pre-empt sponsored programs. Certainly there are problems involved for all participants in this historic development. Nevertheless, the first live conferences were so successful that they have inevitably set new standards for all future Presidential press conferences. It will be possible, of course, for the tapes to be played on the air in their entirety immediately after a canned conference, but the chances that this actually will be done are small.

Edited down for news program formats, much valuable material will unquestionably be lost. The technique of the news program is to go for the hard news. Whatever fails to meet headline requirements tends to be eliminated. Yet, curiously, it wasn't the hard news that proved to be the essential attractive essence of the live conferences. The President's initial announcement of the release by the Russians of our imprisoned RB-47 fliers came with comparatively small impact on the air. Lacking the advance signal of the television newscaster, the cue for significance, the identifying sweep of the front-page banner headline that spells importance, Mr. Kennedy's quiet statement underplayed the story. The same was true of all the President's direct announcements in both sessions. They seemed, in the on-the-air context, to be preliminaries to the real thing. This was the President's interaction with the newsmen, his fielding of their questions, his lightning-fast assessment of subtleties, his politic evasions, his ready answers.

In terms of entertainment, this kind of a press conference is first-rate drama. There is a unity of time, place, and action. There is a hero—and an ordeal. What the audience asks is not "What is the news?" but will he fail, fumble, or keep his balance from question to question? The President, fortunately for the drama, met the heroic requirements. He triumphed commendably in the two trials. When he left the stage at the end of each encounter, he left with one's sympathy. A subconscious slip (as when he inadvertently said "The Soviet" when he meant to say "Cuba"); the eruption of a broad grin (as when May Craig trilogized "parents, clergymen, and J. Edgar Hoover" in a query on juvenile delinquency and mass media violence—such human touches were caught full force by the viewers as evolving parts of a meaningful whole. The best question of both sessions probably got into few edited versions. This was a lady reporter's: "What have you met as President that you didn't anticipate?" With refreshing candor and recognizable truth, Mr. Kennedy answered that it was the unexpected gap between making paper blueprints and getting them translated into action.

It is important that the office of the President have the maximum respect of the people. The live press conference helps achieve this. It dramatizes the vast range of competence which a contemporary Chief Executive must



have, the dedication he must give to his task. It is important that Mr. Kennedy have the maximum respect, and his efficiency, his grasp of details evident on the air cannot help but earn this for him. It is important, too, for the networks to have maximum respect. This they will gain if they make the sacrifices necessary to establish the live conference as a regular institution. It is important that the viewers have respect for themselves and their ways of government. Such respect for a republic which enables its citizens to confront their Chief Executive in direct, uncensored interchange is considerably enhanced after viewing a live press conference.

Shakespeare's Henry IV counsels Prince Hal, his tavern-haunting son, to keep his "presence, like a robe pontifical, Ne'er seen but wondered at. . . ." Mr. Kennedy should not be afraid of "being daily swallow'd by men's eyes." The first befits a monarch; the second a President of the United States.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

K

Among other things, K is a Roman numeral for 250; in *chemistry*, it is the symbol for potassium; in *mathematics*, a symbol for constant; in *meteorology*, a symbol for cumulus. In *assaying*, it stands for carat (also spelled karat).

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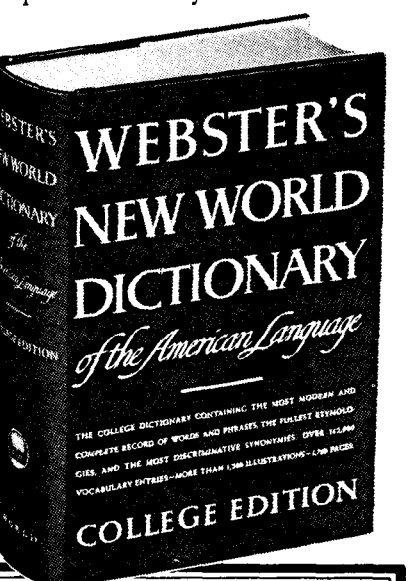

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Report from Laos

Continued from page 14

in the government offices. The existing officials, finding their posts occupied and having no immediate prospect of throwing the rascals out, would generally withdraw and await a more propitious moment for a counter-coup or re-investiture. The king would be notified of the change and in due course would accord recognition.

Recognition by the United States was also essential as a practical matter; ever since 1955 the United States has substantially underwritten the government of Laos. Indeed, the United States has directly paid the salaries of the entire Laos army most of the time since 1955, in addition to training officers and furnishing uniforms and weapons. It was charged that this was a violation of the clause in the Geneva Agreements of 1954 prohibiting shipments of military equipment into Laos, or military intervention in general. The U.S. reply was that it had been legitimately requested by the Laos Government to assist it in its internal security problem, which was not inconsistent with the Geneva Agreements.

Be that as it may, the United States was the main source of support for the government of Laos, through the various coups and changes since 1955. Altogether, the U.S. has spent $325,000,000 in that enterprise, all but approximately 20 per cent of which has gone into military spending. On the nonmilitary side, the U.S. program initiated or supported special projects in the fields of public health, education, resource and industrial development, agricultural improvement, and public works. Not all the projects have had high visibility: some were of a long-range nature in which potential benefits might not be apparent for many years to come.

Inevitably, a substantial portion of the money allocated to Laos was spent by the Laos Government itself. American officials in the area today make no bones about their dissatisfaction with the way these sums were handled by the Laos Government or its personnel. Indeed, accusations of wholesale corruption and dishonesty in the use of American funds have figured largely in some of the government coups. One effect, of course, was to weaken the base of public support for our program. If what the U.S. was doing was predominantly identified with failure or corruption, even indirectly, our presence in Laos was bound to be resented.

In terms of integrity and stability, it is possible that none of the many governments that existed in Laos during the past five years had more to commend it than the government of Prime Minister Souvanna Phouma. Souvanna was a moderate who believed in the fullest measure of Laos independence at the earliest feasible date. He was a neutral in this sense. He was opposed to Communist inroads, whether on the national or political level. He successfully resisted pressure on his government to recognize Communist China. At the same time, he was rather independent in his dealings with the United States.

British and French officials in and near Laos welcomed the neutralist stance of Souvanna Phouma. They believed it was far and away the best the West could expect under the circumstances and that we were lucky to have a government opposed to Communist incursions even though it meant we ourselves might be stung occasionally by the policy of independence. Another fact that weighed heavily in the thinking of the British and French was that they wanted to avoid a situation in which Laos might become another Korea. They were convinced that Communist China would not intervene against the moderately pro-Western government of Souvanna Phouma, even though Souvanna was not kindly disposed to Communism in general or the People's Republic of China in particular. But they felt the Chinese could not tolerate, on security grounds alone, a blatantly pro-Western and anti-Chinese government in Laos.

THE U. S. was caught in a crossfire of conflicting pressures. South Vietnam and Thailand were pushing us in exactly the opposite direction from the British and French. The South Vietnamese and the Thais wanted no ambiguity about the complexion or nature of the Laos Government. They wanted the most powerful anti-Communist government they could get. Since Thailand was the hub of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which figures so largely in American global strategy, the U. S. had to be careful about antagonizing its regional friends.

This conflict of interests came to a head late last summer after several months of political crisis in Laos. Laos General Phoumi Nosavan, son-in-law of the Prime Minister of Thailand, put in a direct bid for U. S. support. He promised decisive action in coping with the Pathet Lao in the north. Whether or not he got the assurances he was looking for from the Americans, he moved with force against the Souvanna Phouma government. The civil war was on.

Both General Phoumi Nosavan and Souvanna turned to the United States for help. Neither could have carried on the fight for very long without us. The United States decided to help both. In fact, the U. S. was in the curious position of furnishing the payroll for both armies. We would send the money to a central paymaster each payday and the civil war would be suspended in the particular location while emissaries from both Souvanna and Phoumi collected their respective allotments.

Then, for a period of ten days last October, we paid neither side. When we resumed, the bulk of the payments went to Phoumi Nosavan, Souvanna struggled to hold his government together against the combination of our dwindling support, the defections of some of his ministers, and the dramatic emergence of Captain Kong Le as a leader of the anti-Phoumi Novasan forces. This time Souvanna made it clear that if we wouldn't help him save his government, he would turn to the Soviet Union. Significantly, he didn't say he would turn to Communist China, whose armed presence in Laos under any circumstances he didn't want.

Whether or not the U. S. thought Souvanna was bluffing, he didn't get the help he sought. Souvanna made good his ultimatum. He called upon the Soviet Union for help. Soon thereafter the help arrived—at first kerosene, then guns. The arms were flown into Vientiane in clearly marked Russian planes. The Russians saw no reason to hide what they were doing. They were sending help to a government the U. S. itself had regarded as the legitimate governing body in Laos. The United States had formerly justified its military aid to the Souvanna government, despite the 1954 Geneva Agreements prohibiting arms shipments, on the grounds that it was meeting the proper request of a legitimate government. Now the Soviet Union blandly gave the same reason, almost word for word.

Meanwhile, the British and French felt that our failure to support Souvanna had opened the door to the Russians, who didn't hesitate to come in. Again our Western allies stressed their position, which is that the interests of the West would best be served by an indipendent, strong, neutralist government in Laos. They didn't seem to feel that Phoumi had enough popular support to govern effectively.

In any event, the civil war broke wide open. The fighting in Vientiane that took place last December was only one of a series of somewhat disconnected military actions. When Captain Kong Le tried to capture Vientiane, he met resistance from some ex-Souvanna forces and soldiers now under General Phoumi Nosavan. To say the least, the situation was confusing. All factions wore American uniforms. Hence the

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need for the white and red arm bands. All this went into the making of a wild and chaotic week or so in Vientiane. One hundred people were killed.

In due course, Captain Kong Le's forces retreated from Vientiane and apparently fanned out in the countryside north of the city. There are no front lines in the common sense of the term. In fact, the country is not divided north and south between two well-coordinated fighting forces in battle array. Some of the battles that figure in the news might not involve more than eighty or ninety men on both sides. Pockets of guerillas account for a large part of the total action.

Hard news is difficult to come by. I attended a Laos Government press briefing session. The officer in charge told of a major intervention by troops from North Vietnam. When asked if there was definite proof of such intervention, he replied that government forces had come upon thousands of chopsticks and the carcasses of dead dogs. Since the Lao don't eat with chopsticks and since they eschew dogs as food, the evidence of North Vietnam intervention was clear.

Regardless of the somewhat meandering quality of both the official news and the war itself, one thing is clear enough. Most of the main factors that could lead to a major world war are bunched together in Laos; some of these factors are getting beyond control.

THIS brings us to the sixth and final fact about Laos, which is that there are now no specific means for terminating hostilities, as the term is generally understood.

Many key American officials now in the area take a commonsensical approach to the Laos situation. Privately, they agree with the British that the very best we can expect—if we are lucky enough to get it—is the kind of neutralist government that we had when Souvanna was in power. This time, however, it would not be reasonable to expect that the U. S. could have even the modest amount of influence it once had with Souvanna.

I was encouraged, in talking to these American officials, to find a present determination to do everything possible to limit the conflict. There is genuine realizaton of the danger that Laos could become another Korea, presenting military difficulties for the United States that would make Korea seem like a mild undertaking by comparison. And there is the gravest apprehension about the possible involvement of Communist China.

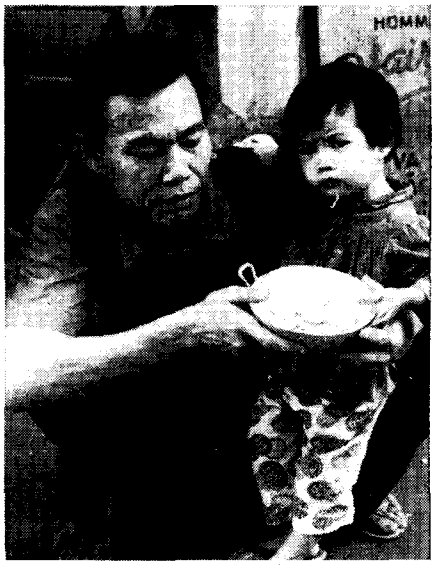
So far, Communist China has seen fit not to jump into the Laos crisis. The British interpretation of China's response to the varying situation in Laos so far has been confirmed by the events.

One combustible situation affecting Communist China hasn't yet hit the headlines but might do so at any moment. What makes this particular situation all the more precarious is that it also involves Nationalist China.

At the end of China's Civil War, part of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army mysteriously disappeared. Some time later it became known that the men had taken refuge in Burma. There were some difficulties with the Burmese Government at the time; according to some of the reports, Burma insisted that most of the troops evacuate. Half the force of 12,000 men (many with families) left for Formosa; the others remained and dug in.

There were some vague reports a few weeks ago that fighting had broken out between Burmese forces and the remnants of the Chinese Nationalists. Then I happened to learn that several wounded Nationalist soldiers escaped over the border to Laos, where they turned up at the Tom Dooley hospital. They reported violent fighting in Burma involving several thousand men. When asked how the Chinese Nationalists were being supplied, they replied that much of it had been coming in regularly by airlift via the southeastern route.

Obviously, not enough is yet known about the nature and scope of the fighting between the Burmese and the Chinese Nationalists to assess its explosive significance. However, if the fact of an airlift is true, the hazardous nature of such a project is clear enough, both because of the purpose it serves and the difficulty of threading an air needle to avoid flying over Chinese territory.



Most of the people seemed "numb or detached; very few knew the sequence of events leading to the present situation."

One specific fact of hope in the general situation is the clear evidence that the U.S. now is attempting to apply the brakes in Laos. Brigadier General Andrew J. Boyle, new head of the American military mission to Laos, has stressed the fact that we are strictly limiting the kind and quantity of military equipment now being furnished to Laos Government forces. The one thing we want to avoid, he emphasized, is getting into an escalator arms competition with the Russians that would lead to each side stepping up the potency and numbers of weapons. Certainly there is no intention to introduce small tactical nuclear weapons, much less large ones.

If the supply competition with the Russians can be brought under control—and it may well be the only place that affords any handle, however slippery—then there is a glimmer of possibility that some military stabilization may be effected. It is inevitable that the U.N. or some international commission, or both, would have to figure prominently in such an interim solution.

Obviously, an interim solution isn't going to be good enough, as the Geneva Agreements of 1954 proved. The major nations, including the U.S., didn't feel that their vital security interests in the area were adequately served by those agreements and proceeded to take unilatral measures. This illuminates the fundamental contradiction in our foreign policy. Our security interests are interrelated and world-wide but our peacemaking measures are piecemeal and regional. We put more into NATO and SEATO than we do into the United Nations, yet both NATO and SEATO have been unable to provide regional security precisely because there is as yet no real foundation for world security. We find ourselves whipsawed from one crisis zone to the other in the world, straining our resources for each one, but not addressing ourselves adequately to the central need for a world organization that alone can deal with the causes.

Finally, our policy toward Laos hasn't sufficiently taken into account the fact that the people of Laos happen to own their own country. The big problem is how to give it back to them. The Laotians may be illiterate and backward, they may be living in the third century, but this is their right. In any sane world, which is to say, a world under law, the people of Laos could go their own way without making us or anyone else nervous about military or regional security. World law may be the most difficult achievement in human history but it happens to be the price of freedom and peace.

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Book of the Week

Continued from page 21

forcement officers whose job it was to expropriate the kulaks. I know of no better account in fiction of this period of "enforced civil war." It is an account that also has the ring of truth about it. And Sholokhov thought fit to kill off two of his main characters: David and Nagulnov, the enforcement officers. It was this act of poetic justice that angered certain Soviet critics and delayed publication of the novel. Considerable pressure was brought on Sholokhov to change this ending and make it more optimistic. Once before the author had written, "I am accused of apparently justifying rebellion. . . . But is it so? Without thickening the colors, I have depicted the austere reality preceding the rebellion." Fortunately for "Harvest on the Don," Sholokhov stuck to his view of "austere reality."

OUTRE IN NEW ENGLAND: Peter De Vries, tireless chronicler and acknowledged conscience of sophisticated suburbia, sticks to his last in his latest. Although the setting of **"Through the Fields of Clover"** (Little, Brown, $3.95) is not the Decency, Conn., we've come to know and shudder at, we find ourselves in a similar blot on the New England landscape, Hickory, Mass. But only the names have been changed. The *dramatis personae*, and pitiful *personae* they are, remain the same.

Ben and Alma Marvel are celebrating their fortieth wedding anniversary (having reached this ruby state despite

Alma's nickname, which is Moo Moo). Has their marriage been "successful"? Depends on what you mean. If you're the kind who judges a marriage by its issue, let's take a look at the four Marvel offspring:

1. Cotton. One marriage, one divorce (following death of child drowned in stream running through ultra-modern home). Unemployed, but "working" on a play. Homosexual (cautioned by his Moo Moo: "I don't want you sleeping with every Tom, Dick and Harry.").

2. Evelyn. Two marriages, one divorce. Arrangement with present spouse, Johnny Glimmergarden: he sews, washes her undies, etc., while she performs the usual man's jobs around the house.

3. Bushrod. Two marriages, one divorce. Militantly liberal, rages when presumed victim of anti-Semitism turns out to be a Swede (Yumpin Yimminy, no Yew!).

4. Elsie. Three marriages (including TV clown Harry Mercury), two divorces. Considers sexual intercourse an unnatural act.

Sound just like One Man's Family, don't they? And since the Marvels are so outrageously *outré*, when they get together all sorts of interesting things happen. The trouble is, *everybody* in the book is far-out, aggressively far-out, and thus pretty much alike. What results is a terrible jumble of people and events, which even the publisher isn't quite clear about. According to the dust jacket, they've got Elsie confused with Clara, her sister-in-law, or Bushrod's second wife, although when the party's over, Clara has decided to divorce Bushrod, who has been militantly liberal with the Marvel's Negro maid, Ruby (no relation to the Marvel's Ruby Anniversary); and Elsie's daughter by Harry, Lee, who has been on the verge of an affair with her college roommate Betty, falls in love with one of Harry's writers, a brooding half-Indian named Prufrock (no relation to Chaucer, another of Harry's writers), who himself has been flirting with Cotton, Lee's uncle, or Clara's brother-in-law, depending.

Peter De Vries is one of our few funny comic novelists. His faults (some bad jokes, some old jokes) would pass unnoticed in the work of a lesser writer and his intellectual and verbal equipment are those of a major satirist. But one wonders, as one wanders "Through the Fields of Clover" and its cast of conniving characters, are De Vries's targets worthy of his talents?

—GEORGE KIRGO.

ALL FOR THE UNION: "You don't get to be big without pulling a couple of fast ones. That goes for anybody. The president of a bank or the president of a union. A big man is a fast man." That's the way Billy Lloyd talked—the president of USTW (and it doesn't matter what the letters stood for, except that it was a big union)—to the public-relations man who tried to get Lloyd's story on tapes. "That don't mean you can't be a straight shooter at the same time." Billy Lloyd regarded himself as a straight shooter, though he admitted he was "no flower garden."

Benjamin Appel's lean, hard-boiled novel **"A Big Man, A Fast Man"** (Morrow, $3.50) is written with a gimmick—that trick of having a labor leader talk, between drinks, to the tapes—and the tapes read something like a mystery story, for two leaders of the union had died, a bit mysteriously, just before Billy Lloyd took office. Mr. Appel has proved in a dozen novels that he knows the lingo and the minds of the tough guys, particularly of the tough guys in what some people call the labor racket.

Billy Lloyd didn't call it a racket. He'd grown up in the coal country, and "mining people learn how to live with death like it's a cousin." His father died in the mine, and Billy used to tell about his father's funeral when organizing steel in McKeesport and Youngstown. It was corny, he knew that; but he thought his father was a good enough union man to have liked it. Billy fought corn with corn, and hoodlums with hoodlums, all for the union. Before he himself rose to power he'd learned plenty about crookedness in his own union, but he didn't think the answer was to talk to Congressional committees and put union leaders in jail. What about the solid citizens who played footsie with the union crooks, he'd ask; why shouldn't they go to jail first?

As a novel, "A Big Man, A Fast Man" has its limitations: Billy Lloyd is the only three-dimensional character in the book; the others are convenient types; the women, even the Communist college girl who falls in love with Billy on the picket-line, are decidedly banal. But as a picture of the psychology of the union movement in America, with memories of John Mitchel and the

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 917

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 917 will be found in the next issue.

FASBCEOA GF EPH

OLCMEF EDKKGQK

CE HQL NHCR.

BCMXODMFE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 916

Spring makes everything young again except man. —RICHTER.

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miners in the background; the Depression as the solid foundation of the union explosion; the mixture all along the line of idealism and greed, and the wavering ambiguities of today (Harry Holmgren, a good union man, tried in fire on the picket-lines, doesn't see why a union official shouldn't have as good a time as any businessman at a convention), the story is at once entertaining and instructive. It will tell you more about why the teamsters keep Jimmy Hoffa in power than a dozen Congressional reports, or books based on them.

Mr. Appel himself doesn't quite know—and perhaps that is a good sign—how to sign off. "Why does it always have to be a different America when we are young?" he makes his public-relations man ask at the very end of the book, which is about the first sentimental soft spot in the story.

—Lewis Gannett.

ALL-PURPOSE ROBOTS: Ernst Juenger has some trenchant thoughts about men and machines in his **"The Glass Bees"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, hardbound $3.75, paperback, $1.65), but they are couched in such long-winded prose as to make them just barely worth deciphering.

Take, for instance, a random sample: "Human perfection and technical perfection are incompatible. If we strive for one, we must sacrifice the other: there is, in any case, a parting of the ways. Whoever realizes this will do cleaner work one way or the other. Technical perfection strives toward the calculable, human perfection toward the incalculable. Perfect mechanisms—around which, therefore, stands an uncanny but fascinating halo of brilliance—evoke both fear and a Titanic pride which will be humbled not by insight but only by catastrophe. The fear and enthusiasm we experience at the sight of perfect mechanisms are in exact contrast to the happiness we feel at the sight of a perfect work of art. We sense an attack on our integrity, on our wholeness. That arms and legs are lost or harmed is not yet the greatest danger." And so on.

The central idea is, certainly, a provocative one; it concerns a man of towering genius who has invented automations for almost every conceivable purpose. Starting with tiny turtles that have the power to select, weigh, and count, he moves on to robot actors and actresses that are, in many cases, better than the live article, and he winds up with glass bees of such fierce efficiency that they drain dry the flowers from which they draw the nectar. But this is only the background, a take-off point for essays on the state of man, of civilization, and of the world in general. Nobody could find a serious quarrel with the thinking, and there may be those who will find no trouble with the writing, but there were times in the course of the 149 pages, translated by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Mayer, when this reader found himself fighting a losing battle against word-hypnosis, or total unconsciousness.

—Nathaniel Benchley.

Your Literary I. Q.

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

P. S.

Authors frequently give their works subtitles, or add parentheses, descriptive phrases, or what you will (as it says below). Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, has chosen a dozen such and asks you to assign the titular postscripts to the correct titles. Answers (plus names of authors) on page 73.

1. "Lord Jim"	( ) a Foundling
2. "Frankenstein"	( ) a Pure Woman Faithfully presented
3. "Of Time and the River"	( ) a Romance
4. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"	( ) a Novel Without a Hero
5. "The Green Mirror"	( ) a Quiet Story
6. "Cakes and Ale"	( ) a Legend of Man's Hunger in His Youth
7. "Vanity Fair"	( ) or Virtue Rewarded
8. "Erewhon"	( ) or What You Will
9. "Tom Jones"	( ) or The Modern Prometheus
10. "Twelfth Night"	( ) or The Aunt Hill
11. "Eight Cousins"	( ) or Over the Range
12. "Pamela"	( ) or The Skeleton in the Cupboard

Books in the News

Continued from page 19

there are no footnotes at all. Thus, a student is quoted as saying that when the Communists came to power, they "just threw out" all university students who were "sons of the bourgeoisie and merchants." This simply is not true. Such students were kept on doubtless for the good, hardheaded reason that they were initially quite useful to the Peking regime. The book contains numerous similar flaws.

Nevertheless, if you know what you are looking for, there is a big vein of gold running through "The Anthill." Rarely does one encounter so many apparently valid flashes of insight into the nature of the Chinese Communist movement and its rise to power as appear in two long interviews with former Party members. (Typically, however, one of these ex-Communists is pretty shaky on the subject of his party's history.) Nor does one often read so telling an argument against the wild-eyed enthusiasts who refuse to call a spade a spade merely because it is a Communist spade.

BUT the over-all picture of Red China that emerges from "The Anthill" seldom, it seems to me, ever quite comes into focus despite its abundance of detail. I have suggested some difficulties connected with interviewing that may account for part of this situation. There is at least one possible other reason, which is also connected with interviewing.

Suzanne Labin is a brilliant commentator on European and Russian political developments. Chinese political developments, however, are something else altogether. And one feels in this case that as the interviewer she may have imposed something of a European-Russian framework upon a uniquely Chinese situation. As a result, one learns that the human condition in Communist China is unremittingly grim, which it most certainly is. But one learns considerably less, really, about how a small body of Communist leaders in Peking manage day after day and year after year to manipulate and mobilize close to 700 million Chinese.

Yet it is this latter aspect of the human condition in Communist China that we need most urgently to know if we are ever to cope successfully with the problem of Red China. A great many Chinese refugees know the answer. However, like most people, they do not always assume that you want an answer just because you ask a question.

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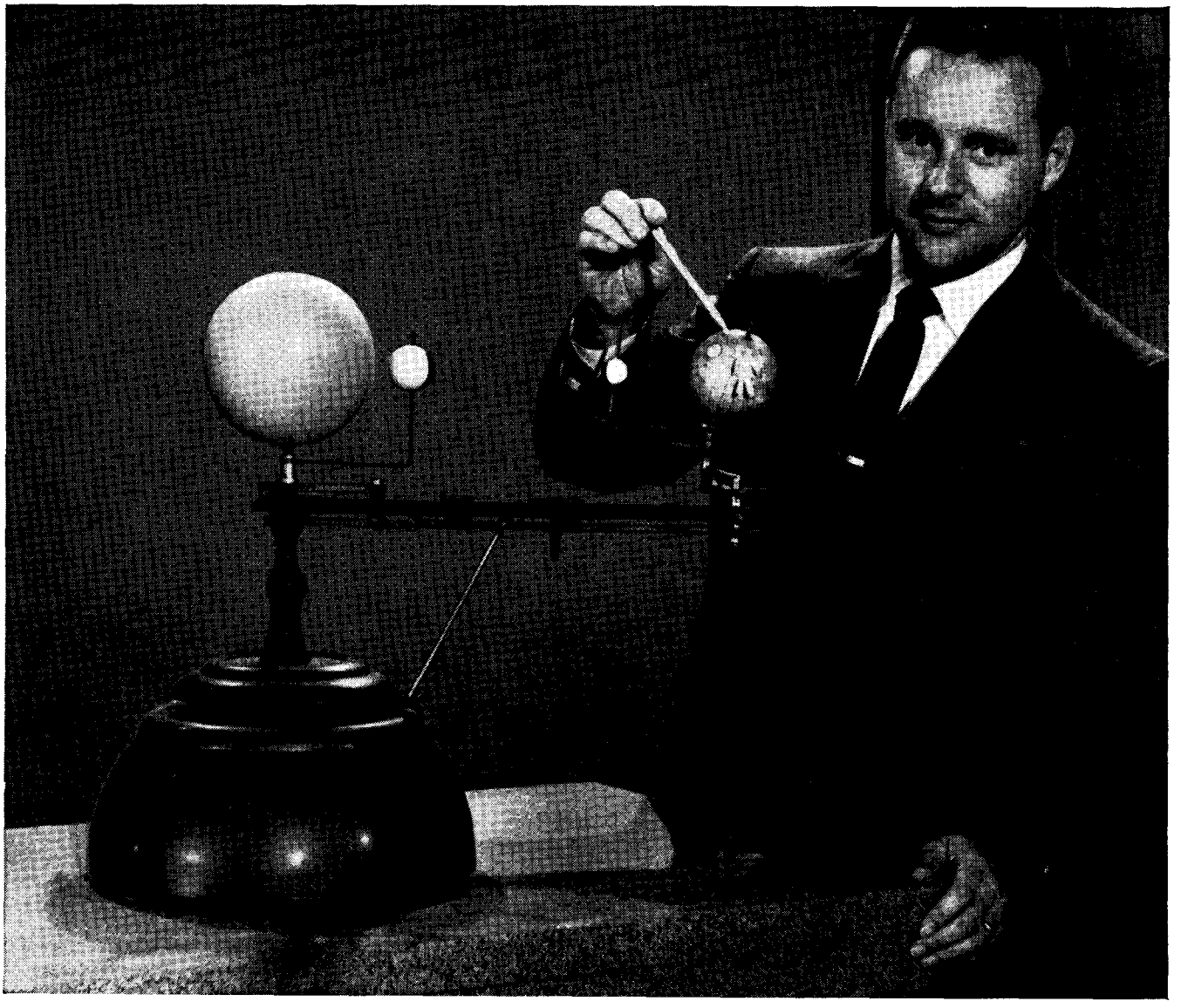

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JOHN SCANLON

SR/EDUCATION

FEBRUARY 18, 1961

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement.

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The Need for Responsible Criticism

SCHOOLS have always been targets for criticism. They have been attacked from the pulpit, in the press, and over a million dinner tables where children report the day's events and grandparents respond with accounts of how much better things were in the old days when all children learned to spell and no one worried about Johnny's adjustment to his peer group.

Since World War II the criticism has grown in volume and become more strident. College presidents, academic scholars, admirals, and professional writers have joined in taking a sharp look at all our educational institutions. Still it has been less effective than it should have been, partly because of weaknesses in the criticism itself and partly because the custodians of many of the schools have been reluctant to listen to, understand, and profit from it. Some educators in high places have chosen either to disregard the critics or to question their motives and brand them "enemies of the schools."

This is tragic because any institution profits from continuing critical examination, from without and from within. Without it, complacency develops, progress stops, and the *status quo* hardens into orthodoxy. Criticism is the first essential step toward reform because, until the errors are exposed, the weaknesses identified, and the maladies diagnosed, reform is impossible.

A critic of the schools and colleges is no more an enemy of education than a literary critic is an enemy of literature or a music critic an enemy of music. The critic is a foe of what he regards as bad literature, bad music, or bad education, not the art or institution itself. To be effective, criticism must be accurately aimed but it need not always be "constructive." The harsh critic, who has no program of his own, and can see nothing good in the existing institution, can still play a useful role by illuminating the soft spots that exist in anything as vast and complex as the American educational establishment. Such critics are the gadflies, and gadflies are always self-appointed. No one asked Socrates, Voltaire, Shaw, and Mencken to deflate the pompous, satirize the stuffy, or expose the errors that they saw around them. They did it because of deep conviction or perhaps because they were the kind of people who take pleasure in sticking pins in balloons. Such a gadfly is not a constructive critic, and he can be very annoying to the victim of his attack; but he performs a useful service.

After the gadfly has done his work there is need for a new kind of critic —one who accepts greater responsibility for leadership. All great educational leaders have been first of all critics of the schools, but they did not stop with criticism. A century ago President Eliot of Harvard was critical of the classical curriculum and of the faculty that resisted the inroads of the new sciences. Pestalozzi, Horace Mann, John Dewey, and

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the early leaders of Progressive Education were harsh critics of the schools they saw around them.

The critic who aspires to become a leader must take time to search deeply into the meaning and purpose of education, to visit schools throughout the nation, and to talk with teachers, parents, and educational leaders before drawing his conclusions. He must come to understand the complexities of educational institutions and then must accurately diagnose the problems and make recommendations for improvement.

In the years since World War II, the American schools have had their full share of gadflies. Some have been effective but some have been ill-informed and have overgeneralized from the exceptional case while others have lashed out recklessly without first identifying the proper target. Some have used the sledgehammer when a more delicate probing instrument might have been more effective.

We still need criticism. We shall always need it. But if education is to prosper the great need today is for better informed and more responsible criticism—for critics who are willing to accept responsibility, not necessarily for the administration of the schools, but for their intellectual leadership.

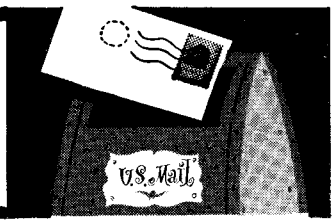
Because we believe that all criticism should be analyzed, interpreted, and evaluated, future issues of the Education Supplement will give attention in articles and in our Movers and Shapers column to all influential educational critics including the gadflies. —P. W.

Independent Study

Teachers must face up to the fact that gifted students often can learn as much by independent research outside the classroom as by participation in a group discussion keyed to the mental abilities of less gifted youngsters. Some successful courses for the academically talented have met as infrequently as once a week. By freeing themselves as well as their students from the routine of daily class attendance, teachers of the talented may secure some of the additional time they need for preparation and evaluation of written assignments.

Social Studies for the Academically Talented Student. National Education Association and the National Council for the Social Studies.

Letters to the Editor



CRYSTAL BALL?

As a long-time reader of *SR*, I am impressed. Your new Educational Supplement has already run profiles of three of President Kennedy's six-man Task Force on Education. You must have a very good crystal ball, or is our new President a reader of *SR*?

Dean Mundy.
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

WHY WE DISAGREE

Mortimer Smith's article, "Why We Disagree" [*SR*, Jan. 21], is repugnant, ambiguous, and in fact oblivious to the needs of an industrial nation. Are we, in the face of increasing moral degeneration, unemployment, and world tension, to teach simply English, mathematics, science, history, and foreign language? Mr. Smith and his colleagues who support the CBE fail to recognize the complexities that pervade the world today. Our schools must not become museums simply to preserve a bygone era but indeed must prepare the student to meet the diverse challenges thrust upon him by a dynamic and cataclysmic world.

Karl S. Walker, Principal,
Davidson Junior High School.
Southgate, Mich.

If Mortimer Smith could step down from Mount Olympus and read the warnings of the Labor Department's manpower chief, he would learn that while he is advocating still stiffer dosages of his so-called basic education for youth, some 2,000,000 of these young people are unemployed at a time when the nation faces a shortage of 5,000,000 skilled workers.

It is Mr. Smith's indifference to the facts of contemporary life, to say nothing of his indifference to factual reporting, that inflames professional educators. Surprisingly, he admits that we educators are essential to the nation's schools, and he teases us with an olive branch; but upon examination we find the same old thistle that responsible schoolmen have learned to ignore.

Charles H. Wilson,
Superintendent of Schools.
Highland Park, Ill.

Mortimer Smith's brilliant essay brutally but honestly exposes the bankruptcy of "professional" educational thinking. That Mr. Smith is in the minority in education circles is ironic proof that something is drastically wrong. It seems incredible that one should actually have to defend the proposition that the intellectual training of the young is the primary function of our schools.

David M. Cohen.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Surely we do not need to make a choice, in these United States in this twentieth century, between "Basic Education" and education for sound citizenship, health, art, and human relations. We might as well take a choice between our right and left arms! Surely any right-minded man, if he knew how, would choose to retain *both*.

Anne Highsmith Dale.
San Jose, Calif.

I applaud Dr. Smith's wish to resolve those "profound differences of viewpoint in education." This teacher would like to see the academicians and the educationists take their "profound differences" to some far-off place—even get lost—while we teachers *teach*.

Joe M. Tockman.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

CHANGE

Flexner, Rickover, Conant, Gardner, and the many other architects of the new school are united on only one point—that schools must be changed. As a secondary teacher in a large system, I can agree that change in schools, as elsewhere, may be a sign of growth and life. I become uneasy, however, when these supra-educational commentators excise the school from its political, economic, geographic, historical, and social setting and tinker with it in a theoretical vacuum.

Certainly, schools must grow and change and adjust to changes in the school environment. Perhaps they have not done so as rapidly as might be wished, although the reasons are more complex than the critics admit. Assuming that everyone in education and on its vital periphery can agree on what to do, how to do it, and how to pay for it, who is going to change the personalities of parents and children so that all of this will become productive?

W. E. Watson.
Los Angeles, Calif.

GOALS OF EDUCATION

It seems rather strange to me that recent authors on education fumble so with the definition of goals. The Gardner report [*SR*, Dec. 17] points to "equality of opportunity." Certainly this is a cherished goal of humanity, but it can hardly be considered a guiding principle on what, or how, to teach.

Admiral Rickover's principal goal appears to be survival in the contest with Communism. Again, this is a noble goal and an important one in these troubled times, but, I submit, it is too narrow, and greatly confounded by the problem that it is defensive in nature.

Dr. Conant appears to avoid the problem of defining goals entirely, referring

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only to education as what goes on in schools.

Surely definition of goals upon which we can agree is not so difficult. If we examine the views of Plato, a student of history's greatest teacher and himself a great teacher, we find the ultimate goal of all education is *wisdom*—wisdom through knowledge of self, of others, and of one's surroundings.

H. W. Bruins.

Barrington, Ill.

Is it possible that we have for too long considered the higher ramifications of science and the humanities to be the *entitlement* of those who by motivation, inclination, and ability might well be excellent machine craftsmen or more adequate plumbers? Have we not as well made a grievous error in allowing our population to be largely persuaded that there is something shameful in the undertaking of apprenticeship for such trades? Must our nation feel itself derelict and guilty for not providing two Ph.D.s in every garage?

James A. Howard.

Eagle Nest, N. M.

If you could insert a note in your next edition asking our new President and Congress to read your editorial on "The Goals of Education" [*SR*, Dec. 17], I would be very happy.

V. Ouroussoff.

Cambridge, Mass.

SETTING STANDARDS

Harold Taylor is wrong, I think, when he asserts "increased and standardized activities by national accrediting bodies are [not] the way to go about setting standards [of education]," and proposes giving the schools the responsibility for setting such standards *[SR, Dec. 17]*. This would mean delegating the task to those who are in large part responsible for the existence of inferior standards. However, by requiring that every student pass a standardized examination in his major field, or examinations in the several areas of the major subject, before receiving an undergraduate certificate or degree, much inequality in the level of training would be removed. Incidental to increasing the competence of the student, such a procedure would better prepare the student for graduate school. To be successful, a standardized examination would have to be sufficiently difficult so that teachers would have to teach their subjects with at least a minimum of competence. First-rate teachers would, as always, teach beyond the limits set by the examination; second-rate teachers (and students) would have to improve.

David Taber.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A PARENT'S BLUEPRINT

The line I like best in Mrs. Garrett's blueprint [SR, Dec. 17] is this: "No lines will be drawn between the college-bound and the job-bound student" because at elementary and secondary levels I think we want the school to give our children the basic skills and disciplines that will help them keep the process of education alive the rest of their lives.

Wilma L. Bouman.

Holland, Mich.

Despite my strong agreement with one of Mrs. Garrett's themes ("We have already had too much lay-educator controversy"), I am afraid her essay only serves to underscore a major reason for controversy. We can all argue with passion the "true purpose" of the schools, of science, of art, literature, or any other enterprise of man. I believe it is vital that such discussions take place. Few of us are prepared, however, to tell the physicist *how* he should conduct his experiments or to detail for the artist the techniques and materials he *must* employ to achieve his goals. Unfortunately, when it comes to the learning process, everyone is an expert.

David D. Komisar, Chairman,
Department of Psychology,
University of Hartford.

Hartford, Conn.

It is too bad that *SR* would use such an article when it has such little positive value.

C. W. Posey,
Executive Secretary,
Oregon Education Association.

Portland, Ore.

Before rushing for a sheet of writing paper, I had to read Mildred B. Garrett's "A Parent's Blueprint" twice. It seemed just too sensible to be true. Her clearly voiced essay is one of the most exciting educational pieces that this "fully certified" teacher has read in years.

Lloyd Rodnick.

Detroit, Mich.

PROGRESS?

Yes, indeed, things are pretty "dramatic" in the schools of Paducah, Kentucky, as implied in your "Movers and Shapers of Education" [*SR*, Nov. 17, 1960]. Here are just three of the more dramatic things we have done:

1. We recently built a $20,000 field house for our athletes.
2. Last year we added two more coaches to the high school athletic staff. Now we have seven, the largest in our history. This is real drama.
3. We regretted that we didn't have enough money to add a teacher in our foreign language department. We were very concerned about this so we combined a third-year Spanish class with a second-year class to make it possible for as many as fifteen (out of 800) to take third-year Spanish.

La Nelle Boyles.

Paducah, Ky.

CONANT REPORT

How typically American [Conant Report, SR, Oct. 15], to decree that henceforth all high schools with a graduating class of 100 or more are good, and all those with less than 100 are bad. It would be interesting to investigate the backgrounds of some of America's present (or past) great men to see if they all came from the proper-size school.

David C. Davis.

Copenhagen, Denmark

SUMMERHILL

I think you missed the point of "Summerhill," by A. S. Neill [*SR*, Jan. 21], and I am sorry for the many who might be dissuaded from the fresh and exciting experience of reading this honest book.

Of course one does not agree with every idea or approach, but the general philosophy of love and approval as the root of human relations should at least be mentioned.

Elizabeth Geer.

Lebanon, N.J.

FARE FOR SCHOOL BOARDS?

I am not sure at what audience your Education Supplement is aimed, but I do know it is excellent fare for school board members whose interest in education extends beyond keeping soot out of the school's boiler. Each month I take it to board meetings to share with my colleagues after I have profited from it myself.

Edith G. Neisser.

Highland Park, Ill.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Hate to do this, fellows, but it's the only way we can get teachers."

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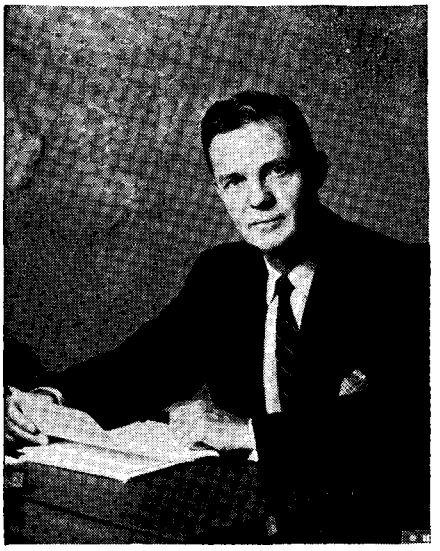
HIGHER EDUCATION IS A NATIONAL PROBLEM

In this article, United States Senator Joseph S. Clark, Democrat, of Pennsylvania, states the case for increased federal aid to higher education. In a future issue we hope to publish an equally vigorous statement of the case against increased federal aid.



—*Chase, Ltd.*

Senator Joseph S. Clark — a vigorous exponent of federal aid.

By JOSEPH S. CLARK

REASONABLE men cannot study American higher education in any depth without concluding that drastic steps must be taken immediately to improve our colleges and universities. These steps must include provision for a much larger and better-trained corps of professors and instructors, a very large expansion of physical facilities, and provision for the admission into college and the retention through graduate school of all high school graduates who have the intellectual capacity and the character necessary to assimilate college and graduate work.

While money alone will not solve these problems it is obvious that they are not going to be solved without a lot more money than is now available. Where is the money to come from? Some will come from the annual gifts of graduates and friends of the colleges, some from bequests of the wealthy, some from tuition paid by students, some from corporate giving, some from private foundations, and some from state taxation. But in a decade in which college enrollments will double, all this will not be nearly enough. So what have we left? Only the Federal Government.

Government is the agency which, Lincoln said, exists to do for people that which they cannot do or do as well for themselves. The national government is the usual means by which a free people tackle a problem which is public in its character and national in its scope. We use our Federal Government to wage war, to conduct diplomacy, to guide the national economy in a score of areas. We use it to operate a nation-wide system of social security, to construct great public works, and to support our industry and commerce in many different fields. It operates our post offices and our national parks. It helps build houses and clear slums. It helps build hospitals and engages in extensive welfare operations. Without it, most of the progress we have made in this country during the twentieth century would have been quite impossible.

Yet whenever the suggestion arises that we use our Federal Government to tackle a new problem—any new problem—a cry of horror arises. When federal action is proposed to help solve the crisis in higher education, the outcry comes from many sides, including such strange allies as the United States Chamber of Commerce and certain of the more lush groves of academe.

This stereotyped reaction deserves some basic attention. Why are we Americans, perhaps alone among the civilized peoples of the earth, so reluctant to use this great instrument which we control and which lies at our disposal?

SURELY democratic government is a tool to be used by the people to solve their collective problems and to improve their collective lot. Yet a multitude of influential Americans regard their national government with suspicion and hostility. One would think, to hear the talk, that to turn to Washington in a time of need would be more like surrendering to a foreign power than utilizing one's own resources. The "conventional wisdom" in America still agrees with Jefferson that "that government is best which governs least." If chaos results and problems are swept under the rug, never mind; we are the same free people who drove the minions of George III into the Atlantic.

This inbred and deep-seated distrust of government may have had sound historical roots in the eighteenth century, but it is dangerous indeed in the twentieth. For it is only our national government that can mobilize and direct the resources of our society when they must be mobilized. And we should all ponder whether the United States as an unmobilized society can long compete with the determined, mobilized, aggressive society that confronts us today from the other side of the iron curtain.

This distrust of government, which has always been present in American thought, goes back to our unfortunate experiences with King George III. It was strengthened by the physical distance between the frontier and Washington, D. C. But the distrust did not break out into open warfare until the days of Franklin Roosevelt. Being unable to prevent the enactment, or later to repeal, many of the specific provisions of the New Deal, its powerful opponents set out to discredit government itself. In the publications they controlled, the fine old term "public servant" disappeared from the lexicon and the derogatory word "bureaucrat" took its place. "Citizens" became "taxpayers"—usually depicted by cartoonists as clad only in a barrel. The word "taxes" was rarely seen without the prefixed adjective "confiscatory" or "crippling" or the synonym "burden." Public spending was referred to always as a "cost," never as a benefit, and normally with the prefix "wasteful."

We have recovered a bit from the worst of the anti-government crusade. Today thoughtful and sensitive men,

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such as Walter Lippmann and Adlai Stevenson and Senator Fulbright, suggest that the fiscal starvation of public services such as education is a matter for national shame rather than national pride. Yet the conventional wisdom has not been greatly modified. I speak with assurance because the propaganda output flows across a Senator's desk by the ream.

To support the thesis that the Federal Government is essentially evil and should be dismantled, a whole school of economics has grown up. We are told that the oppressive weight of federal taxation is destroying enterprise and stifling investment, that the federal debt is climbing out of control, and that the soundness of the dollar is threatened. We are told that the Federal Government is costly and inefficient and therefore the states should do the job—when every objective test shows that federal employees are better selected, better trained, and better supervised on the average than state employees, and that the federal tax system is more equitable and more efficient than state tax systems.

Since the facts lead us toward the Federal Government, let us be calm. Let us keep our heads and repeat together: "The Federal Government is not our enemy, it is our friend. It is not an alien power, it is the creature of the American people. It will do what they want it to. It is not a monster that can ignore their will."

I will not dwell at length on the objection that federal aid will lead to federal control of the colleges and universities. I will say only that, in my opinion, it is a myth. Surely we are wise enough to legislate and to administer so as to prevent a result we don't desire. To those who oppose federal assistance I ask: What is your alternative? Is it not clear that the only real alternative is a second-class system of higher education?

Let us turn to the question of *how* federal aid can best be provided for higher education. The absence of any widely accepted plan, up to this very moment, is to a great extent the fault of those engaged in higher education. They have made the mistake of leaving legislating to the legislators. But government programs do not ordinarily spring full-grown from the brows of Senators or Congressmen. A public need must be established. So must public awareness of that need and public support for its satisfaction. Leadership must come from people who are determined and informed. Politicians should be out in front of the people, I agree. We have a duty of leadership, but we cannot afford to get too far ahead of the people we lead, for, if we do, there is a great risk we shall be shot down from behind on election day.

I wonder whether existing organizations in the field of higher education are set up to do the needed job of working out a proper plan for federal aid—in concert with the new Administration—and then lobbying vigorously for it? In the past, they have been immobilized to some extent by internal divisions on the basic questions, first, of whether federal aid in any form is desirable and, second, of who, if it is desirable, should get it.

Let us remember that most educators are not monks who take a vow of poverty, both for themselves and for the institutions they serve. They, too, are American citizens with the right, indeed the duty, to petition for redress of grievances and to indicate to their elected representatives how they would like those grievances redressed.

Perhaps the leadership of a new Administration, committed to lifting a nation's head out of the sand, will make the difference. Surely Abraham Ribicoff, the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, will give higher education priority attention.

To those who finally tackle this problem in earnest, I offer a few timid suggestions:

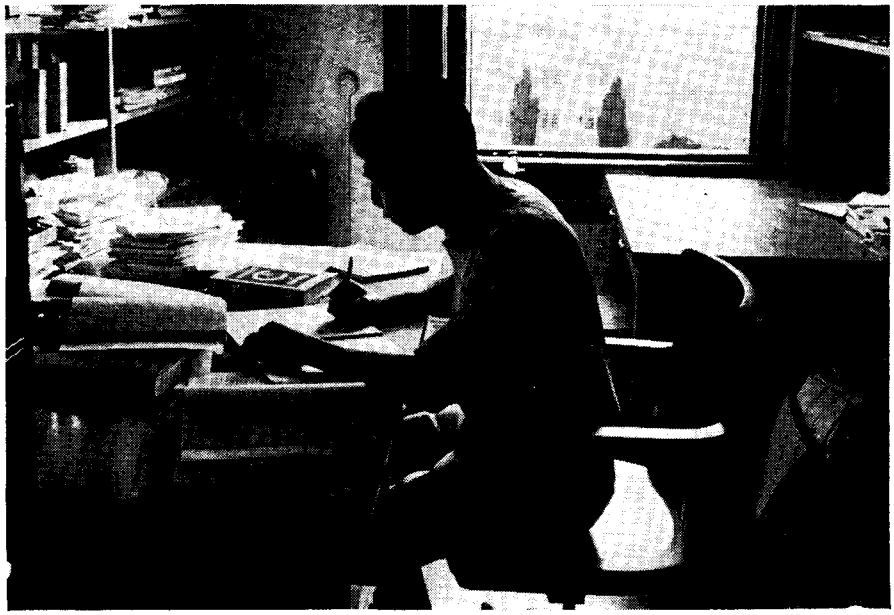
First: The proposal for a semi-autonomous "educational foundation" patterned after that in Great Britain, with wide latitude for distributing federal money, deserves careful and detailed exploration. So does the view that allocations by such a foundation should include both operating and facilities monies paid directly to recipient institutions. Faculty salaries should, in my judgment, have the highest priority, academic facilities the next. When these problems are reasonably well solved it will be time to turn our attention to further scholarships and loans to students. There isn't much to be gained in substituting a slightly brighter boy or girl for one who now wins admission to college if, when the bright student arrives on the campus, there is no place for him to sit or lie down, no books or laboratories available, and not enough professors really qualified to teach him what he needs to know.

Second: The hardest thinking must be done in the field of who gets how much aid. The situation in Pennsylvania is a good illustration of the difficulty.

My state has 109 different institutions of higher education, but those 109 include no public community college, no public liberal arts college, and only one state university—Penn State. State aid goes principally to Penn State, which is also a land-grant college receiving federal aid, and to three private universities, Temple, the University of Pittsburgh, and the University of Pennsylvania, which is a reasonably well-endowed Ivy League institution with Federal Government research contracts in substantial amounts.

The fourteen teachers colleges, however, are supported entirely by the state. Tuitions and faculty salaries are low, curriculum necessarily limited. Between these extremes are ninety-one private institutions that defy classification. Some are rich; most are poor. Some are widely renowned; others are so small that they cannot support a

(*Continued on page 72*)



—*Homer Page.*

"Who gets how much aid?"

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WAYFARING SCHOLARS

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

ORIGINALLY a *Universitas* was merely a collection of students—a place where students from all regions and countries could gather. The early universities of Bologna and Paris, Oxford and Heidelberg, were just such places: they attracted students from the whole of Europe. And not only was the student body cosmopolitan; it was migratory as well. The wayfaring scholar who went from university to university, from professor to professor, is a familiar figure from the era of the late Middle Ages; we do not sufficiently realize that the type persisted into modern times. Even after the rise of modern nationalism erected barriers to the easy movement from country to country, the wandering student persisted—whole "nations" studying at Paris; Göttingen attracting hundreds of young men from the Scandinavian North; Geneva a center for Protestants throughout Europe, Paris truly an international university.

Americans inherited a small part of this cosmopolitanism, but the American student was under almost insuperable handicaps. America was two or three months distant from the Old World; it wholly lacked the lively intellectual and academic life associated with ancient universities in Continental cities; the American college was more like an academy than like a true university. There were moral and psychological difficulties, too. America was democratic, equalitarian, and republican, and it was thought dangerous to expose American youth to the aristocratic manners of the Old World. American students were young (many entered college at fourteen or fifteen) and innocent, and it was risky to expose them to the dissipations and corruptions associated with Old World universities. Both of these objections were explicit in Jefferson's famous letter to John Bannister about the education of Americans abroad:

> Let us view the disadvantages of sending a youth to Europe. To enumerate them all would require a volume. . . . If he goes to England he learns drinking, horseracing, and boxing. These are the peculiarities of English education. The following circumstances are common to education in that and the other countries of Europe. He acquires a fondness for European luxury and dissipation and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country; he is fascinated with the privileges of the European aristocrats, and sees with abhorrence the lovely equality which the poor enjoys with the rich in his own country; he contracts a partiality for aristocracy or monarchy; he forms foreign friendships which will never be useful to him; . . . he is led by the strongest of all the human passions into a spirit for female intrigue destructive of his own and others' happiness; . . . he returns to his own country a foreigner, unacquainted with the practice of domestic economy necessary to preserve him from ruin. . . .

Only gradually did this attitude change. Even during the colonial period a few enterprising young men had studied medicine at Edinburgh or London, or read law at one of the Temples. But the habit, or practice, of foreign study and travel for cultural rather than for professional purposes did not develop until after the second war with Britain. We can date it, with some precision, from that enraptured moment when young George Ticknor and Edward Everett and George Bancroft came upon Madame de Stael's wonderful book on Germany and read her lyrical description of Göttingen University, and advanced upon that famous university. Soon the American student—always a young man of course—was a familiar figure at Oxford and Cambridge, Göttingen, and Dresden, in the ateliers of Florence and Rome, the salons of Paris, the conservatories of Munich, the hospitals of London. Because so many of those who studied abroad were highly literate, and wrote accounts of their experiences, we tend to exaggerate their numbers; these actually were insignificant.

It is indeed only quite recently that the trickle of American students to Europe has turned into a swollen stream. Nor is the quantitative change the only one. The presence of large numbers of girls is new, too; in the days of the Lady of the Aroostock and of Daisy Miller that was not to be thought of. So, too, is the sponsorship and organization of this international student movement by colleges and universities in the United States and abroad.

In a broad way we can distinguish three kinds of foreign study—or cultural activity. One is systematic, comprehensive, and serious: the government-sponsored Fulbright programs; the elaborate fellowship programs of our universities; the arrangements for foreign study under the auspices of such colleges and universities as Smith or Stanford. The purpose of this kind of foreign study is primarily academic. It is a convenient method of scholarly training—to take the prospective teacher of French literature to France, the student of Renaissance art to Florence, the embryo specialist to that university or that professor who has most to teach him. On a somewhat less elevated level cultural considerations are important, and considerations, too, of international understanding: thus the various "experiments in living" for young people; thus the happy notion of boarding college students with French or German or Italian families for a year; thus, too, the establishment of permanent centers of study in foreign cities. This kind of serious academic program merges almost imperceptibly into the second category, which is for the most part brief, casual, and individualistic: the three-week flight to Paris during the Easter vacation; the summer study at the Louvre or at Edinburgh; the organized tour of musical or artistic centers. Because these can be provided for during summer vacation, and because they are relatively inexpensive, they are quantitatively more important than any other; how valuable they are is another matter very difficult to determine. At the very least they associate foreign countries and peoples with pleasure, excitement, adventure and thus, presumably, prepare the way for understanding.

THERE is a third program directed not primarily to American but to foreign students, but involving Americans in many and important ways. That is the program for teaching or training European—or Asiatic—students and scholars, such as the Salzburg Seminar in American studies, the Johns Hopkins center at Bologna, the international university at Bruges, and so forth. Those who have been associated with these enterprises generally find that they learn as much as they teach,

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and that their value is not to be judged entirely by what they do for students, but rather by what the American participants learn about the cultures and institutions of their host countries.

What is the total effect of this immense enterprise of European study? It is as difficult to answer that question as it is to answer the even more urgent question of the total effect of study at home. We are dealing here with intangibles, and with intangibles whose influences may well be felt more decisively in twenty or thirty years than now. We no longer need to entertain those fears that disturbed Jefferson. Nor need we fear the cultural schizophrenia that appeared to alarm an earlier generation—that alienation from America and nonacceptance by Europe which figure so largely in the novels of Henry James. The American abroad is no longer an innocent—perhaps he never was—nor is he a colonial. If acquaintance with the beauties of Paris or Florence, the neatness and orderliness of Geneva or Berne, the pleasantness of Copenhagen or Amsterdam make for discontent, it is just the discontent we want to inspire. Alas, for the most part these things have no perceptible influence: the figure of the American G.I.—or the American student—in Salzburg or Frankfurt or Rome longing for the moment he could set foot once more in Omaha or Atlanta is familiar enough. Familiar, too, is the student idling away his days at cafés in Munich or along the Boul Mich and returning home with the triumphant conclusion that foreign study is a waste of time, that you can really do much better at old State.

WILL foreign study and travel, systematic or casual, make for understanding, and thus for the restoration of that cosmopolitan community which obtained in the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth centuries? Certainly there is no assurance that it will do this. Not every American billetted abroad fell in love with the country where he found himself, or returned home to support the Marshall Plan, and not every Rhodes scholar has been a passionate Anglophile. We should remember, too, that the nineteenth-century Englishman—if upper class—was a great traveler, but not notoriously cosmopolitan in taste or sympathies, and that the twentieth-century Germans were famous travelers, but did not forego the luxury of thinking all cultures and peoples inferior to the German.

Alas, there is no guarantee that foreign study will turn those who participate in it into internationalists, or into citizens of the world. Yet all who have studied or taught abroad, or whose children have studied abroad, know that there is almost always a quickening of sympathies and a deepening of understanding in that experience. Americans are very parochial; intellectually and psychologically; they are inclined to think that nowhere outside America is there true democracy, true liberty, true social equality, and they read every day in advertisements that only in America do girls wear silk stockings, or mothers love their babies, or men engage in private enterprises. It is of some value that young people see for themselves that there are other civilizations; that other countries too have a high standard of living; that socialized medicine does not necessarily bring about a drastic deterioration of public health; that it is possible to maintain universities without football or basketball teams; that great cities can be both clean and quiet and that there are other solutions to population besides the skyscraper; that government control of radio and television is not inevitably accompanied by the loss of liberty; and so forth.

"He's probably only a Jaspers existentialist. Let's keep moving."

THIS is the least that can be expected from foreign study. Much more may come of it: a mastery of a foreign language; familiarity with foreign literatures; close and abiding friendships; a real understanding of political and economic institutions of other countries; the sense of identification that comes from participation in the life of a community. Almost all of this is to the good, and almost all of it is necessary if those who direct the policies of the United States in the next generation are to understand and fulfill the international responsibilities that will come to them.

IT IS clear that we are only at the beginning of what will be, in time, a vast enterprise. Cheap flights organized just for students (Harvard College alone sponsored eight flights to Europe last summer), cheap one-class liners designed for student needs, the growing habit of combining vacation with study, the increasing demands made upon Americans for work around the world—all of these promise to enlarge the stream of foreign travel to flood proportions. So far there is little appreciation of the potentiality of this resource for international understanding. Some American colleges and universities have made themselves responsible for foreign study and work; a few—very few—European universities have bothered to cooperate. Organizations like the Institute for International Education, the English-Speaking Union, the American-Scandinavian Foundation and a few others make invaluable contributions to the organization of student exchanges. If this activity is to increase, and to be fruitful, it might be helpful if some branch of the State Department, UNESCO, or one of the major foundations would study it systematically and comprehensively, call attention to its strengths, its weaknesses, its potentialities, and make clear how it can contribute to the re-creation of the great community of learning.

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—*Council on Student Travel.*

On shipboard enroute to Europe, students give themselves an informal refresher course in a foreign language.

THE WORLD IS THEIR CAMPUS

By JAMES F. FIXX

FOR AN increasing number of Americans, the traditional sights and sounds of college and university—ivied Gothic walls, the rumble of a tower bell, the murmurous hush of a library—are no longer the only ones. These, while likely always to be with us, are more and more frequently being accompanied today by education's bold new sights and sounds: salt spray against a ship's bow, the whine of a jet, the bustle at dockside or air terminal in a foreign land. At a rate that is growing astonishingly, America's students are packing their bags and, for a month, a summer, or a year, making the world their campus.

While student travel is of course nothing new, the magnitude of the present boom unquestionably is. Never before have so many people gone so many places in pursuit of education. Figures just compiled by the State Department's passport division show that 90,130 student passports were issued and renewed in 1960, a substantial 27 per cent gain over 1959's figure of 70,733, which in itself was a 17 per cent gain over 1958's total of 60,635. And the increase becomes almost incredible when compared with the figure for a decade ago: a comparative trickle of only 29,546. While not all the students applying for passports intended to travel for a specifically academic purpose, State Department files show that roughly half indicated that their goal was primarily educational.

Nor is the growing phenomenon of student travel confined to Americans. A recent UNESCO survey—admittedly not complete—shows that in the 1958-59 academic year some 200,000 students were enrolled at universities in countries other than their own. UNESCO estimates that the actual number may well be closer to 400,000, and goes on to say, "If account is then taken of the many persons going abroad to attend meetings, to engage in vacation activities of an educational nature, and to participate in programs of international nongovernmental organizations, it is possible that the figure of 400,000 should be trebled."

Whatever the exact totals, the overall picture is an impressive one. In 1958-59 (the latest year for which world-wide figures are available) France sent 17,000 full-time students abroad; West Germany, 16,000; the United Kingdom and the USSR, 11,000 each; Switzerland, 6,000; Egypt, 5,000; and Japan, 4,000. None of these, however, came close to the United States, whose globe-trotting students numbered over 47,000 and were enrolled in universities from Oxford to Bologna, from the Ryukyus to Jerusalem, from Mexico City to Montreal, Rome, and Paris.

But, like the wandering scholars of an earlier era, not all of today's students abroad are enrolled in full-time courses of study. Indeed, a major element in

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the swelling tide of educational travel is the annual summertime exodus of students from our shores. From June to September, more and more young Americans are roaming the world or settling down for a month or two of study abroad. The programs available range from casual sightseeing to serious intellectual enterprises, and if many students still seem to prefer a lark to learning, a growing number take travel seriously and want it to pay significant educational dividends. The student who enrolls in a course in French civilization at the Sorbonne, or in genetics at the University of Pavia, is not likely to be primarily interested in fun and games—though he may, and frequently does, find those too.

The dividends of summer travel come in the form of broadened intellectual horizons and often in the form of credits toward a degree. Moreover, educators and administrators agree that the person who has been abroad gains a whole cluster of intangible values that are almost certain to make him a better student when he returns to his campus in the United States. Teachers, too, gain similar benefits from travel, and more and more of them are taking advantage of inexpensive tours and a summer's leisure to study abroad. A spokesman for the New York City Board of Education said recently, "We look with favor on travel for our teachers." Like many other cities, New York makes it possible for its teachers to spend sabbatical leaves in traveling; educational leaders recognize that a traveled teacher is likely to be a more effective teacher.

THOUGH some students have always gone abroad in the summer, the big surge in educational travel during vacation time began just after World War II. It was in the immediate postwar years that students, who had long been deprived of the opportunity to travel, started once again to scurry over the globe in quest of educational enrichment. In 1947, for example, so many students wanted to go abroad that not enough ships could be found. As a result, a number of religious and educational organizations, assisted by the State Department, pressed into transatlantic service several converted troopships. Today, of course, many students fly when going abroad for summer study.

While accurate figures are virtually impossible to arrive at, there are a number of reliable indications of the strength of the summer study boom. The Council on Student Travel, an organization that coordinates travel programs for some seventy institutions, conducted a survey not long ago in an effort to predict the future enrollment in summer educational travel programs. The result, based on questionnaires completed by educational and religious organizations, showed that in five years an 84 per cent increase can be expected, in ten years a 191 per cent increase.

FOR the student anticipating a summer of educational travel, the possibilities are almost without limit. Within the two broad categories of sightseeing and serious study, there are literally thousands of opportunities, and a few inquiries to organizations like the Council on Student Travel, the National Student Association, and commercial travel agencies will bring to the prospective voyager's door a Niagara of brightly illustrated booklets, pamphlets, and folders. From such varied and enticing riches, how can one possibly choose? It will help, first of all, to recognize that summer travel can be roughly divided into certain distinct groups:

Study, special interest, and sightseeing tours—These tours, while frequently sponsored by colleges and universities, do not always carry credit toward a degree. Rather, many are for the student who wants to survey a specific aspect of life abroad, covering as much as possible in the time available. One such tour, sponsored by American Youth Hostels, is a summer-long trip by bicycle and train through England, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, and France; approximate cost is $895. Another tour, offering two to four credit hours for qualified students, is a six-week trip through Europe under the guidance of two faculty members from Capital University in Columbus, Ohio; cost is about $1,298. A vast number of similar tours are also available through commercial specialists such as SITA (Students International Travel Association).

Service, hospitality programs, seminars, and work camps—More and more American students are discovering that an ideal way to see Europe off the beaten track is to enroll in work camp and other service programs. The special advantages of such programs are that the visitor makes a contribution to the life of a foreign community and meets young people from other countries. One of the best-known programs is sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, which this summer will send about 100 volunteers from the United States to some fifty camps in eighteen countries. There, American students will help construct roads, schools, and playgrounds, and will work side by side with students from other countries in repairing damage caused by floods, avalanches, and earthquakes. In most such camps, volunteers work without salary but receive free room and board. Travel and other incidental expenses are about $550 for the American Friends Service Committee programs, slightly higher for most others.

The growing interest in other parts of the world has also produced a large number of programs in which the American traveler lives with a family in a foreign country. The Experiment in International Living, for example, arranges such visits in some twenty-five countries on five continents at a cost of less than $1,000 per student. The student spends a month with a family, then tours the country for another month.

A variety of seminars are available. As an example, one sponsored by Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio, offers a six-week session in an area that has been studied under a visiting professor during the previous academic year.

Summer schools and trainee programs—Typical of these are the programs administered by the Institute of International Education: British summer schools at the University of Birmingham, Edinburgh, London, and Oxford; and an Austrian summer session at the University of Vienna. The IIE (1 East 67th Street, New York 21) also administers educational exchange programs involving more than 5,000 persons each year and acts as a clearinghouse for information on all phases of international education.

Trainee programs for students with special interests are sponsored by the National 4-H Club and other organizations to develop specific knowledge and skills.

THE widening scope of educational travel, and the addition of new specialized programs every year, mean that virtually every student can find a trip to match his interests and his budget. But the very multiplicity of programs, while undeniably an advantage, creates a problem of selection. Of particular assistance in charting one's way to a successful summer's travel and study are "Work, Study, Travel Abroad," a valuable primer available at $1 from the United States National Student Association, 20 West 38th Street, New York 18; and "Students Abroad," available free from the Council on Student Travel, 179 Broadway, New York 7.

Many students are also learning of educational travel opportunities from representatives on their own campuses as more and more colleges and universities give official blessing and support to student travel. For example, Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, will send some fifteen students to Africa next summer to work in underdeveloped areas. The program,

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New Tools for Teaching

By JAMES CASS

THE original, the basic, the indispensible audio-visual device for every classroom is the teacher. No one has yet developed an aid to learning that is nearly as flexible, as dependable, as versatile—and probably no one ever will. Imagine designing a single gadget that moves, talks, thinks, and remembers what each student does in the classroom; that is able to teach mathematics, or foreign languages, or history; that can stimulate eager students, encourage the plodders, monitor the cafeteria, confer with parents, and coach the track team on the side. Technology can't do it.

Of course, almost every tool of learning is either audio, or visual, or both. Books and blackboards, lectures and recitations, used sight and sound long before electronic devices staked out an exclusive claim to the title "audio-visual." But modern technology, even though it has not developed new means for educating, has developed new vehicles for traveling the ancient paths of learning. In an era of a swiftly growing student population that must be taught a better understanding of a rapidly expanding body of knowledge, all helpers should be welcomed. Language labs, teaching machines, recorders, projectors, television, electronic classrooms, and a varied array of other aids are proving their value. Some recent developments in the field are reported below.

OVERHEAD PROJECTORS have long contributed to classroom learning, but, like their companions, the film, slide, and opaque projectors, they have suffered from serious limitations of convenience, flexibility, and cost. Now all three problems have been solved by a new, three-step, visual communications system that allows the teacher to prepare materials for projection in a matter of seconds, at a cost of less than twenty cents each.

Developed by the Thermo-Fax Division of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, the three-step system allows the teacher to prepare materials for projection at modest cost, add new materials at the last minute—or during class—if necessary, and change or add to the material while it is on the projector. For instance, a composition teacher can prepare a student theme for projection so that the entire class is able to read it simultaneously. The teacher can then correct the theme with a grease pencil while it is on the projector, with the corrections appearing on the screen as they are made.

The three-step system consists of any overhead projector, a Thermo-Fax copying machine like those used in many offices today, and special projection transparencies. The material to be projected must be transferred to transparencies, which look like thin sheets of coated plastic. In the past, transparencies had to be prepared in advance at considerable cost. Now they can be prepared simply by running them through the copying machine with the material to be projected. In a matter of seconds the transparency emerges from the copier, ready for projection—and it can be made in color.

TEACHING MACHINES present the individual student with a carefully "programmed" course of study that he can pursue by himself. They give him new information in graded sequence, test his comprehension of what he has learned, and tell him immediately whether his answer is correct. The machines themselves vary from simple boxes to complicated machines, and they range in price from about $50 to $5,000. Although so far they have been used largely on an experimental basis in schools, the Grolier Society has announced a new teaching machine, called Min-Max, for use in the home. Self-tutoring programs available for the Min-Max include Spelling, Elementary Algebra, Hebrew, Russian, Introductory Statistics, Basic Electricity and Fundamentals of Electricity.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS are getting a new lease on life with the expanding use of television in the classroom and the increasing emphasis on quality instruction in academic subjects. Complete courses of study are becoming available on film, with some of the great scholars of the day as instructors. One of the largest producers boasts "coverage of every part of the school curriculum from quantum physics to driver education." Following are typical samples from two producers:

►Cenco Educational Films is producing several series on science and mathematics for elementary and secondary schools. These include:

A series of five 15-minute films on "Discovering Solids" for high school geometry classes.

Thirteen "Science for Children" films designed for children from kindergarten through the sixth grade.

A seven-film series on "Nuclear Radiation" for high school physics classes.

►Encyclopaedia Britannica Films offers a wide range of films in many subject areas. Some samples:

An introductory humanities series on dramatic literature from ancient Greek classics to contemporary theatre.

Full courses of 162 films in physics and 160 films in chemistry.

A French language program for junior and senior high schools giving basic instructional material for a two-year beginning course.

A fifteen-film physical science series for the middle grades which illustrates basic scientific concepts with familiar visual evidence from the physical world.

EIGHT-MILLIMETER SOUND FILM in color promises to reduce the cost of audio-visual communication by one-half, according to the Eastman Kodak Company. Lightweight, inexpensive projectors, film that can be stored and shipped more easily and cheaply, and improved production methods, forecast major savings without sacrificing quality. New 8mm sound projectors already available provide satisfactory service for classroom groups up to forty, with major savings coming from lower film cost.

THE ELECTRONIC CLASSROOM links individual students with a number of recording machines, each of which can play a different pre-recorded lesson. They may be tape, wire, or other recording devices, connected with lightweight earpieces for each student. One system consists of a bank of two, three, or more standard Dictaphones with pre-recorded lessons. One machine may carry a single lesson for the entire class, the various machines may contain lessons prepared at different levels for students progressing at varying speeds, or lessons in different subjects. Students tune in on the appropriate "channel" while the teacher moves about the classroom giving individual help. Faster, more accurate learning has been stimulated in a wide variety of subject areas—from Latin to shorthand.

"Television Teaching Today" is the

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title of a new UNESCO publication that describes the classroom uses to which TV is put in nations around the world. Author Henry H. Cassirer, a member of the Secretariat of UNESCO, has captured a picture of this rapidly expanding medium at a crucial point in its development. Fifty nations already have television and others soon will. This volume is an attempt to make available to everyone, the accumulated experience of the past decade.

The U. S. has gained the most experience with television in the classroom and more than half of the volume is devoted to its development and use in this country. Part II rounds out the picture in Canada, France, Italy, Japan, the USSR, and the United Kingdom.

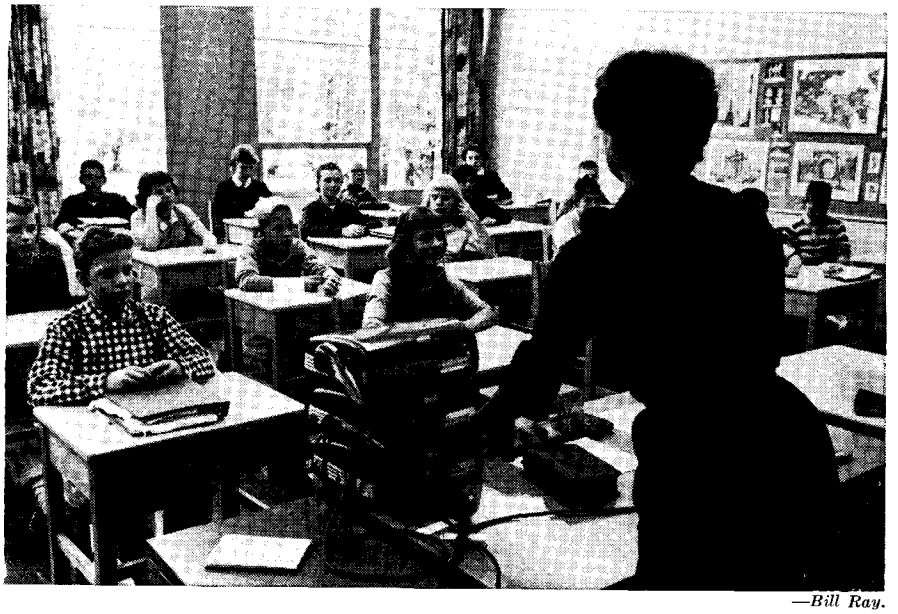
Special urgency attaches to television teaching today when emerging nations face insuperable problems in educating whole populations quickly and with few trained teachers. Recent experiments show that an airborne relay plane can beam signals from a single station over an area of 100,000 square miles. And tomorrow earth satellites may relay television signals across whole continents. We will yet conquer the threat of human ignorance if the wonders of technology can be wedded successfully to sound educational practice.

"Television Teaching today" (available in the U. S. from Columbia University Press, 267 pp., paperback $3, cloth $4) is an attempt to show both technicians and educators how a successful marriage can be brought about. At the same time, it gives the general reader the broadest view available of ETV around the world.

"TUTOR TEXTS" are a new kind of learning - machine - between - book - covers, published by Doubleday for the student or for the intellectually curious do-it-yourself addict. Based on the principles of programmed learning employed in teaching machines, they introduce the reader on page one to a few paragraphs of elementary information about the subject. At the bottom of the page he is asked to choose one of two or three statements that are designed to test his comprehension of what he has just read. Each statement

(*Continued on page 75*)

1 —*Encyclopaedia Britannica Films.*



2 —*Bill Ray.*

3 —*Dictaphone Corporation.*

1. Picture taken from science film demonstrating wave motion as coiled spring topples bowling pin at far end of the alley.

2. Language laboratory at Memphis State University.

3. Dictaphone Electronic classroom at Long Lots Junior High School in Westport, Connecticut.

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THE ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

By PAUL WOODRING

—Barclay Bagley, Nebraska Education News.

"The little red schoolhouse is not really red . . . but it's little."

MILLIONS of adults now breathing the stale air of cities remember the one-room country school with nostalgic affection. They remember the brightly colored leaves that blew across the schoolyard in the fall, the snow that banked against the door in the winter, and the wild flowers that bloomed in the spring. They remember the big stove in the middle of the room where they warmed their hands and feet after a long walk across frozen fields.

They may have forgotten the bad ventilation, the drafty floors, the inadequate light, and the fact that the teacher often was distinguished more for her patience, hard work, and good intentions than for her scholarship or teaching skills. Perhaps it is just as well, for those who remember these defects have exaggerated them—they have overlooked the fact that the one-room school of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries changed us from a predominantly illiterate nation of frontiersmen to one in which each child, rural as well as urban, had a chance to get an education.

At its worst, the one-teacher school was a great deal better than no school at all. At its best, when the children were lucky enough to get a good teacher—one who had read widely of great literature, who knew about the stars and planets and continents, the ice age, and the origin of the fossils that children picked up in the stone quarry on the way to school—it was a very good school indeed. It was a true community.

In this atomic age, when man is reaching for the stars, 400,000 American children still attend one-room schools in which a single teacher teaches all subjects to children in six, seven, or eight different grades. At last count there were 23,696 such schools in operation. They are widely, but unevenly, distributed across the nation: Nebraska, Wisconsin, and North and South Dakota have over 2,000 each; Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, and West Virginia, have over 1,000 each; Maine has 230, New York 79 and Massachusetts 14. Connecticut is the only state in the nation to have closed the last one.

The number has dropped sharply in recent years. At the end of World War I, when men and women not yet fifty years old were learning the three Rs, there were nearly 200,000 such schools attended by 5,000,000 children. Consolidation has reduced the number and will continue to do so, but the one-room school will not disappear completely for a long time. In isolated areas where roads are bad, in mountain valleys cut off by snow-filled passes, and on offshore islands, one-room schools will continue to operate so long as there are people who prefer to live far from the congestion of cities, and parents who would rather have their children walk a mile or two through the fields than ride forty miles on a school bus.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE is not really red—more often it is white or of unpainted wood. The majority (84 per cent) are of frame construction, 15 per cent are of masonry, and a few are log cabins. But it is little; typical dimensions are twenty-four by thirty feet. In some cases the one-teacher school is not really a one-room building but has a storeroom, workroom, or general activity room, in addition to the classroom.

No one has ever called the one-room school a "Costly Palace." Many of the buildings in use today are old—their average age is forty-three years. One out of five was built before 1900 and a few still in use in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine were built in the 1820s and 1830s. About 25 per cent have been built since 1930.

Today 96.7 per cent of these schools have electric lights—a boon brought by rural electrification in the 1930s. About

For the statistics used in this article the editors have borrowed freely from the NEA Research Division Monograph 1960-M1, titled "One-Teacher Schools Today," copyright by the National Education Association. Opinions expressed are those of the editors of the Education Supplement.

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one-third have indoor toilets and running water. The other two-thirds have only the plumbing systems known to our ancestors but the water in the well is now checked for purity by the county health commissioner.

About half the schools are heated by furnaces, the others by stoves burning oil, gas, wood, or coal. Windows often are badly arranged, ventilation is inadequate, and floors are hard to keep clean. It would be interesting to see what kind of a one-teacher school could be designed by an imaginative architect to be built with no more money than is spent on a single classroom in a city, but most of the schools now in use appear to have been designed by a local school board or carpenter more interested in tradition and economy than in the learning process or the comfort of children.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLTEACHER of the twentieth century bears little resemblance to either Ichabod Crane or the Hoosier schoolmaster. A study made in Nebraska in 1915 revealed that the typical rural teacher of that day was a twenty-one-year-old girl. She had only a summer term of normal school preparation beyond high school and she received a salary of $445 for the year's work. She hoped to marry within a year or two and had no intention of teaching after that. Unlike the girl who married the Virginian in Owen Wister's novel of that name (who had come to Wyoming from Bennington, Vt., in pursuit of adventure and a husband), the Nebraska teacher of 1915 had grown up on a nearby farm.

Until World War II there was little change except that country schoolteachers received more preparation for their work—by 1937 six out of ten had at least two years of college. Since that time the need for more teachers has led to an elimination of the ban on married women and earlier marriage has almost eliminated the unmarried girl as a source of teacher supply.

Only 8.3 per cent of the teachers in one-room schools today are men. The typical teacher is a forty-five-year-old married woman who has two children of her own. Only 14.6 per cent of the women have never been married; 11.4 per cent are widowed or divorced. Half the married women are the wives of farmers, while the husbands of the others usually work in a nearby town.

The typical, or median, teacher began teaching twenty-two years ago but, because of family responsibilities, has taught only eleven of the intervening years. She has had more than two years of college but less than four and she attends summer sessions in a college. She lives 6.2 miles from her school and drives her own car to work.

If she lives in the East, South, or Middlewest, her salary is considerably lower than that of teachers in nearby cities—probably not much above or below $3,000 a year. If she teaches in the Far West her salary is probably close to $5,000 and her education too is more nearly comparable with that of city teachers in the region.

She works hard at her job. The average country school teacher spends nearly nine hours a day at school and an additional two hours at home on school work. But she likes her work. About 86 per cent of these women say that if they could start over again they would choose to be teachers and 85 per cent prefer teaching in a one-teacher school to teaching in a larger school. Why? The answers are not entirely clear but it appears that they like the small classes, the independence and freedom from close supervision, and the opportunity to teach several grades instead of one. It is probable, too, that they understand and like country children better than city children.

Sixty-eight per cent of the women, and 82 per cent of the men now teaching in country schools say they will probably teach until retirement age. The day of the itinerant teacher, and of the teacher who uses teaching as a steppingstone to other careers, appears to have passed.

—*Barclay Bayley.*

"Pupils' desks are no longer fastened to the floor."

THE CLASSROOM is rarely crowded and double sessions are unknown. The average school has only seventeen pupils; 21 per cent have fewer than ten children and only 9.2 per cent have more than thirty. Usually there are six grades (many seventh- and eighth-graders now are transported to a consolidated junior high school) but 23 per cent of the schools have seven grades and 21 per cent have eight grades.

Although the classroom is largely self-contained, the teacher gets some assistance from specialists who visit occasionally from a county or state office. Regular health examinations are reported by 57 per cent of the teachers, two-thirds report that a special teacher is available for the handicapped child, and 21.5 per cent get occasional assistance from a special music teacher. Guidance is usually the teacher's job but 12.6 per cent report the availability of a guidance or counseling service, and a smaller number get help for remedial reading and speech therapy.

The pupils' desks are no longer fastened to the floor but now can be moved around to make possible a variety of instructional groups. There are enough desks for everyone and they are of many sizes or adjustable to provide for children ranging from six-year-olds to teen-agers.

Nearly all one-room schools today are equipped with an encyclopedia, a globe, large wall maps, a work table, a bulletin board, and a small library. Although the library is small, there may be as many books per pupil as in a larger school and they are easily available. The child does not have to go down the hall to the library to get

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a book—it's right over there in the corner. About half the schools have a record player, a radio, and a duplicating machine, and a third have a projector for slides or film strips. Only 2 per cent have television sets—something they could use to great advantage in areas covered by educational television.

THE CHILDREN attending one-teacher schools are predominantly from farm homes and the majority of the schools are located in the open country. But a large minority—only slightly fewer than half—are located in small communities of from 50 to 150 or more population. Many of the children in these communities are the sons and daughters of storekeepers, laborers, professional men, or postal employees rather than of farmers.

Wheels have replaced legs in the country just as they have in the city. Today only 31 per cent of country children attending one-room schools regularly walk to school. Forty per cent arrive in cars, 20 per cent ride school buses, 5 per cent ride bicycles, and a few ride horses.

Unless he lives near the school the child carries a lunchbox or dinner pail just as his grandfather did. Only 8.8 per cent of the schools have a complete lunch service (a few have added a small room for a fully equipped electric kitchen) and about 18 per cent serve a partial lunch such as hot soup, to which the child adds the sandwiches, cookies, and fruit that his mother packed for him.

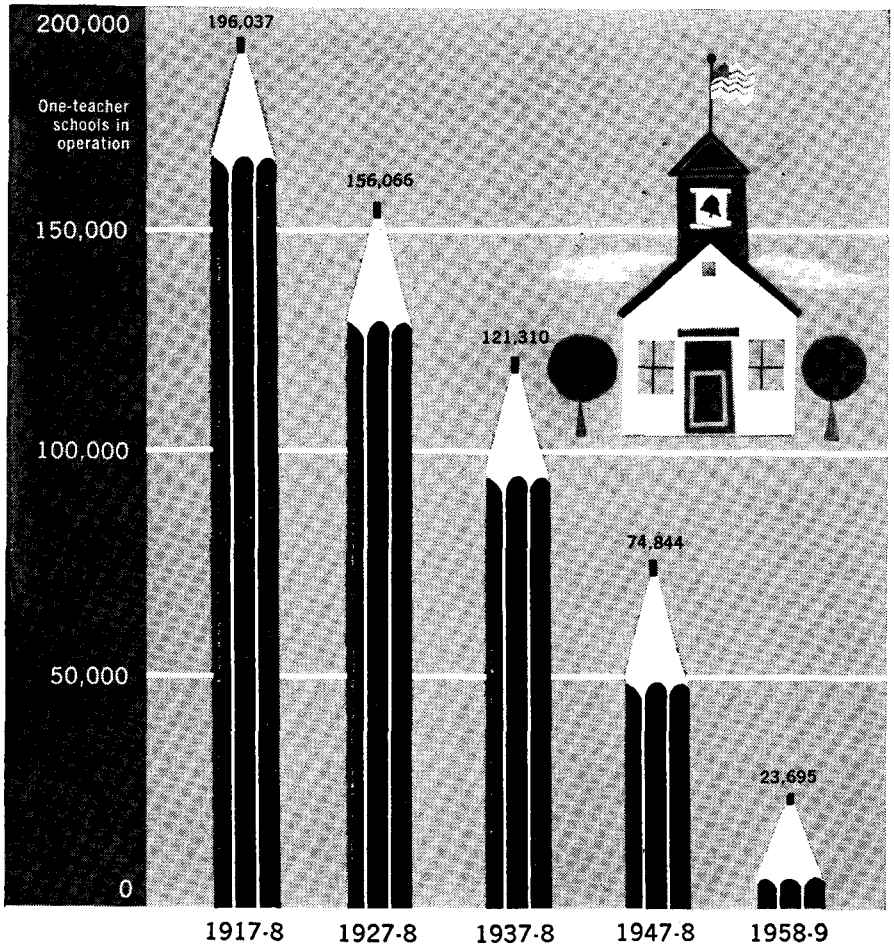
Quality of education is difficult to assess in the one-room school just as it is in a city school. It undoubtedly depends in large part on the effectiveness of the teacher, although even the best teacher finds it difficult to teach all subjects to children in six or eight different grades, especially when equipment is poor. But most of the teachers surveyed for the NEA report believe that the children are getting a sound education in their schools. Seven per cent say that the program is better than that of most larger schools, 59 per cent think it is at least as good, 31 per cent think it is fair but not equal to that of larger schools, and only 2.5 per cent say it is definitely inferior. Several teachers mention the value of small classes and individual attention, and one in Missouri says, "It is my sincere belief that the children in this little school are doing much better than the ones I taught in the crowded large schools."

UNLIKE CITY-BRED EDUCATORS, most of whom are convinced that a small school must inevitably be a bad school and that consolidation is the only solution, many of the rural teachers doubt the wisdom of consolidation. A few believe that the opposition to consolidation comes from those who want to keep taxes low, but teachers in several states sympathize with the parents' objection to having small children leave home early in the morning for a long bus ride and return late in the evening. Several of those teaching in mountainous states feel that the roads are too dangerous for bus transportation in winter and that bridges are unsafe. A teacher in Kansas says, "Consolidation often creates overcrowded conditions, requires long rides on buses over rough roads, and parents live too far from school to take part in PTA activities [after consolidation]."

The vigorous opposition to consolidation of schools in many rural communities grows out of a sociological fact that city people rarely understand—the fact that the school is a focus of local interest and a center for community action. Parents fear that when the school is gone there will no longer be a community, or that they will be absorbed into a larger community of which they do not feel a part. Despite the opposition there is little doubt that the number of one-room schools will continue to decline and that, in many places, consolidation will lead to better education.

In the consolidated school, books and other equipment can be shared, better supervision of beginning teachers is possible, each teacher is responsible for fewer grades (although often for more children), and team teaching becomes possible. Where distances are not too great, and transportation not too difficult, these advantages, when fully employed, no doubt outweigh those of the one-room school. But where the facts of geography and the difficulties and dangers of transportation make consolidation unwise we shall continue to have one-room schools for a long time. The task facing educators is to make them better by providing better buildings and equipment, teachers at least as competent as those in the best city schools, and a program adapted to the special problems of the one-teacher school.

Decline of the One-Room School



Source: N.E.A. Research monograph 1960-M1

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While School Keeps

THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION is mounting a frontal attack on one of education's most pernicious problems: the lack of current school statistics. Other areas of national activity have already beaten this problem. If you need to know how many chickens were slaughtered and marketed two months ago, a phone call to the Department of Agriculture will get the figures. If you are curious about how many foreign cars were imported from Germany last September, the Department of Commerce is eager to tell you—and a little extra effort will turn up figures for last month. Potato prices in Idaho, bank loans in Jacksonville, plumbers' wages in Jersey City, all are reported every month or every week by federal agencies. But if you need to know how the nation spends its educational dollars, hot-off-the-press figures are available—for the school year beginning in September 1957. If you want to know how many high school students are studying French or German, the USOE is happy to give you the figures—for the fall of 1958. The President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School had this to say on the subject:

> We have been struck above all else by the astounding lack of accurate, consistent, and up-to-date facts, and by how little this Nation knows about its enormously vital and expensive educational enterprise in contrast to how much it knows, in great detail, about agriculture, industry, labor, banking, and other areas.

The fault, however, lies not with the long-suffering Office of Education, but with the nation's unwillingness to support and to pay for the infinitely complicated job of collecting comparable data from fifty states and 40,000 school districts.

Traditionally, the individual states have collected figures on their own schools, in their own way, at their own convenience. Understaffed and overworked state departments of education have too often been unequal to the task of fast, accurate, and complete data collection and processing. As a result, educational planning, research, and advisory work have suffered.

In recent years the Office of Education, by dint of persistent prodding and gentle persuasion, has managed to introduce more uniformity in the data collected by the individual states. Growing public awareness of the need has focused more attention on the problem, and events have highlighted the importance of fast, accurate statistics on the nation's greatest, nonmilitary enterprise.

Now, the Office of Education is working closely with the states in developing plans for improved data collecting and processing. Title X of the National Defense Education Act authorizes federal payments up to $50,000 a year to each state for this purpose, to be matched dollar for dollar by state funds. Forty-three states received contributions of more than $1,000,000 in the fiscal year 1960 and more than $1.55 million has been appropriated to forty-eight states for 1961. States are using the funds for studies of their individual needs, for modern data collection and processing machines, and for larger staffs in state education agencies.

At a planning meeting of more than 100 representatives of forty-seven state departments of education and twenty-two local school districts last summer, Deputy U.S. Education Commissioner Wayne O. Reed predicted that the basic job of developing a new system of information gathering "can probably be done in five years if we have a vigorous program of large-scale projects in every state." Those who must use educational statistics—and the much larger public that will benefit from improved educational data—should take heart from the fact that changes are on the way.

THE PEACE CORPS PLAN to enlist American youth for post-college service in underdeveloped nations, proposed by President Kennedy during the campaign, continues to attract increasing support. Many educators and laymen are convinced that the program offers a unique opportunity to demonstrate our concern for the emerging nations of Asia and Africa.

Wesleyan University, meanwhile, has developed a peace corps program for its own undergraduates and graduates, called "Wesleyan Men Abroad." Next summer the first contingent of about fifteen students will go to underdeveloped areas of Africa to help build roads, schools, and hospitals—and to study local customs and language. Later participants are expected to go to Africa, and perhaps Asia, as teachers and technical representatives. After graduation, students will be encouraged to take two-year assignments in underdeveloped areas as public school teachers.

After selection on the basis of aptitude and interest, students will be prepared for their work in study seminars. Evidence developed in a recent study of Americans living abroad, "The Overseas Americans," by Cleveland, Mangone, and Adams (McGraw-Hill, 354 pp., $5.95), indicates that the most important factors in the success of the "Wesleyan Men Abroad" program, as well as the national peace corps plan, will be the thoughtful selection of participants who can adapt to the alien culture in which they will work, and their careful preparation for the jobs they will perform.

MUSIC HATH BENEFITS as well as charms for the academically talented student, whether or not he has musical talent, according to a new report of the National Education Association's Project on the Academically Talented. In "Music for the Academically Talented Student in the Secondary School" (NEA, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C., 128 pp. $1.50), author William C. Hartshorn claims that "music can be as mind-stretching as a course in physics or mathematics."

The report divides superior students into three general groups: those with musical talent and experience, those for whom making music is a minor activity, and those with no special talent or desire to perform musically. Those in the first group are encouraged to pursue their interest and to adhere to high standards of performance. The second group, for whom music is a minor activity, need not abandon music-making, says the report, but they will probably benefit more from listening and related studies that are "intellectually oriented." The nonmusically inclined, according to the report, should be helped to learn to understand and enjoy music through listening, analyzing, reading, and reacting to music performed by others. Apparently, this

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Sterling M. McMurrin

New U.S. Commissioner of Education

Sterling M. McMurrin—philosopher.

By DORSEY BAYNHAM

THE United States Office of Education, established nearly a century ago, has traditionally been headed by a public school administrator or a professor of education. The first Commissioner, Henry Barnard, was secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Commissioners of Common Schools, a post whose modern counterpart is state superintendent. The most recent Commissioner, Lawrence G. Derthick, was superintendent of schools in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Sterling Moss McMurrin, the new Commissioner, comes to the job with an entirely different background. For the past twelve years he has been a professor of philosophy at the University of Utah. He is not entirely lacking in administrative experience, having served as dean of the College of Letters and Science at the University from 1954 to 1960 and as academic vice president for the past six months, but despite his administrative responsibilities he has continued to teach. Recently he confessed that his principal hobby is reading books on the history of philosophy.

Like many other appointees of President Kennedy, Commissioner McMurrin is relatively young. He was born in 1914 in Woods Cross, Utah, a suburb of Salt Lake City. In 1931 he was graduated from the Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, where his parents now live, and in the fall of that year entered the University of California. He received his bachelor's degree from the University of Utah in 1936, his master's degree from the same institution a year later, and his Ph.D. from the University of Southern California in 1944. (The topic of his doctoral dissertation was "Positivism and the Logical Meaning of Normative Value Judgments.")

Commissioner McMurrin's academic qualifications are impressive. He started to teach philosophy at the University of Southern California in 1946, and after two years joined the faculty of the University of Utah as a full professor. Since then, he has not only combined teaching and administrative duties, but also has served as a visiting scholar at Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary (1952-53), as a Ford fellow in Philosophy at Princeton in 1953, and as visiting professor of philosophy at the University of Southern California in the summer of 1953. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, past president of the Mountain-Plains Philosophical Conference, member of the American Philosophical Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science, past president of the Utah Conference on Higher Education, and a member of the executive board of the Pacific Northwest Conference on Higher Education. Since 1955, he has been a lecturer and seminar moderator at the Aspen, Colorado, Institute of Humanistic Studies, and has participated in seminars and conferences sponsored by the New York Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion, and the New York Institute on Ethics. In 1958-59, he went to Iran on a mission for the U.S. State Department, and served as special advisor for the chancellor of the University of Teheran.

Despite these duties, the new Commissioner has somehow found time to write. He was co-editor of "Contemporary Philosophy," published in 1954, co-author of "A History of Philosophy," published in 1955, and has written numerous articles—mostly on philosophy and religion—for scholarly journals. He has in preparation the manuscript for a new book on the history of philosophy.

A Mormon by birth, Dr. McMurrin has shown in his writings a deep interest in the relationships between religion and philosophy. He is a member of the editorial board of *Philosophy East and West* and of *Western Humanities Review*. He was married to Natalie Barbara Cotterel in 1938; they have five children.

Observers of the U.S. educational scene agree that Commissioner McMurrin will find his new job complex, difficult, and frustrating.

Ever since it was established, the U.S. Office of Education has played the role of a maiden aunt. In the official government family, it has been shifted from the home of one relative to another. In 1869 it was attached to the Department of the Interior. The Federal Security Agency made room for it in 1939, and in 1953 it became a part of the newly created Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Today, its 1,000-member staff works in offices spread out in four different buildings in the nation's Capital. Next year it will move to four floors of a new building, which it will share with a lusty infant, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. There it will have to stake out strong claims to avoid being shouldered out.

NO glamour agency, OE's function is solely one of service—to the states, to local communities, and to other government agencies—and any change in its daily routine is usually dictated by emergency. Then, given the means to perform, it can shine.

The Office of Education hews to the traditional American line that public schools are best operated under local control. In the words of its own handbook, it "seeks to provide national leadership without domination, and assistance without interference." Its leadership and assistance have taken the form of research and surveys and the dissemination of facts, together with the administration of financial programs set up by the federal government to aid education.

The office had its genesis in an idea conceived by Henry Barnard for a federal education agency that would gather and publish reliable facts about the nation's schools. Today, its organizational structure is composed of nine units: three branches (legislative and program development, publications services, and administrative management) and six divisions (statistics and research services, school assistance in federally affected areas, vocational assistance, higher education, international education and state and local school systems).

Chiefs of these nine units, plus five

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other special assistants, confer with the Commissioner weekly. Aided by them, his function is threefold:

1. To draw up recommendations for education policy at the national level which can be relayed to the President and the Congress through the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

2. To execute the policy which has been adopted.

3. To keep a steady thumb on the pulse of education across the country.

As the job is set up today, the Commissioner is the titular head of American education but he doesn't have the power that this title suggests. He is also one of the principal targets for critics of education. In the public view, he is responsible for knowing not only why Johnny can't read but also why the nation is faced with a shortage of teachers, scientists, and other professional people.

He must be a man of stature in education but he is as expendable as a ward committeeman.

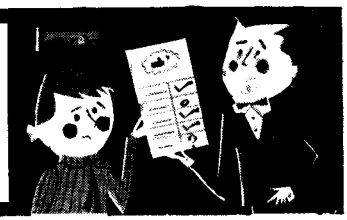
His work ties him to his desk twelve to fourteen hours a day, frequently six days a week, and sends him annually thousands of miles across the country and abroad to consult and be consulted on educational problems. Increasingly his responsibilities are described as crucial to national survival in both peace and war. Yet his $20,000 yearly salary is $5,000 less than Cabinet salaries. It is less than half the salary of Chicago's superintendent of schools and $16,000 less than New York's chief state school officer.

These anomalies produce a stop-look-and-listen response when new candidates are tapped for the job. In the week before President Kennedy's inaugural, for example, the new appointments had worked down to the lower echelons of most government departments and agencies. But at the Office of Education, queries met only other queries and even rumors were hard to come by. The one certainty was that someone would have to be found for the job soon, because Commissioner Lawrence G. Derthick had announced that on January 20 he was going to depart for a top position with the National Education Association.

Commissioner Derthick received his share of criticism from the outside but he won the universal respect and affection of OE's staff—from elevator girls to special consultants. A staff member said recently: "He had the knack of always bringing out the best in all of us." His regime will be remembered primarily for the launching and administering of the huge National Defense Education Act program, which in fiscal year 1960, under Title III alone,

(*Continued on page* 74)

Report Card



(Contributions to this column are welcome)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS . . . A five-year-old girl in Higley, Arizona, paused at the front door just before she left for her first day in kindergarten and told her mother: "At last I'm going to learn all about life."

. . . ARE SOMETIMES REWARDED. A Denver father was disturbed to learn, at a meeting with the kindergarten teacher, that his five-year-old daughter was the only one in the class who didn't know how to tie her shoelaces. Anxiously, he asked her about it. "I don't tie my shoes," she replied brightly, "because the little boys tie them for me."

INCLUDING SALES TAX ON ERASERS. The National Council of Teachers of English said in a recent report that "the estimated annual cost of instruction in remedial English in American colleges today is $10,111,320.29."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN. A press release from the University of Michigan quotes the following from a mother's response in April, 1867, to her sophomore son's SOS for cash: "It seems that my labors to impress upon your infant mind the necessity of hoisting signals of distress before you are 'hull down' have been abortive. If I understand your letter you have gone under to the amount of $12. The present available funds of the family are reduced to $22, or thereabouts, $20 of which we send you, hoping the cow will 'come in' in a day or two and relieve us from further embarrassment. It may be two weeks before we can send you any more, so if you are contemplating matrimony—as I expect that will be your next extravagance—please to hold on."

WINNIE ILLE PU. A. A. Milne's classic story, "Winnie the Pooh," has achieved the ultimate distinction of any literary work—it has been translated into Latin (Dutton, $3.00). Although most reviewers have acclaimed the Latin version, a few have taken refuge in the old cliché that "this book suffers somewhat from the translation." In our judgment, this is a canard. Where else in literature (English or Latin) can one find a sentence with the roll and sweep and resonance of the opening sentence of Alexander Lenard's translation? "*Ecce Eduardus Ursus scalis nunc tump-tump-tump occipite gradus pulsante post Christophorum Robinum descendens.*"

DREAM HORSE. C. W. Post College of Long Island University recently received a gift of $10,000 from a man who won $140,000 in the Irish Sweepstakes on an American horse named Midsummer Night II.

'EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST . . .' In the near future, some students at the University of Minnesota may have to cross the Mississippi River in order to get from class to class. The university's main campus, located in Minneapolis on the east bank of the river, already enrolls 24,000 students, but is growing so fast that expansion room had to be found somewhere and the closest available space was on the west bank of the river. So, within two years, three new buildings will rise on the west bank. A double-deck bridge will span the river to link the two parts of the campus.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? Students at a high school in Newark, England, have asked their teacher to give them homework because they are bored with the same old programs on television.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? A new million-dollar library has been dedicated at Portland State College in Oregon. It has no name. To those who inquire, President Branford P. Miller explains: "It's dedicated to those who use it."

ALL THIS AND A DOLLAR, TOO! School children in the Washington area who rode floats in the Inaugural Parade received a dollar apiece in order to make them eligible for workmen's compensation in case of accidents.

NO COMMENT. During a recent basketball game between the Universities of Wyoming and Oregon, the public address system came up with this announcement: "We have, turned in to lost and found from the student stands, a ladies' skirt and sweater."

—JOHN SCANLON.

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A Library on Education for Twenty-five Dollars

Paperback publishing has expanded the circulation of books in virtually every field, including education. Now everyone can enjoy his own library on the basic problems and issues in education. The twenty books listed below cover a wide range of issues and viewpoints. Some are new, some old; all are worth reading and pondering.

Nature and Purpose

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION. *By Alfred North Whitehead. Mentor. 50 cents.* In these addresses, delivered between 1912 and 1928, an internationally famous philosopher, mathematician, and educator presents the view that "Students are alive, and the purpose of education is to stimulate and guide their self-development. . . . The whole book is a protest against dead knowledge, that is to say, against inert ideas."

THE AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL TODAY. *By James Bryant Conant. McGraw-Hill. $1.* An eminent scientist, university president, and statesman reports on a two-year study of American high schools and recommends improvements.

DEWEY ON EDUCATION. *Selections with an introduction and notes by Martin S. Dworkin. Teachers College, Columbia. $1.25.* The full text of Dewey's "The Child and the Curriculum" and "My Pedagogic Creed," together with selections from "The School and Society," and Dewey's own criticism of progressive education, "Progressive Education and the Science of Education."

EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS. *By Jacques Maritain. Yale. 95 cents.* A leading Catholic philosopher explores the nature and purpose of education, some "misconceptions" concerning it, and the special tasks imposed on education by the future.

THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY. *By John Henry Cardinal Newman. Introduction by George N. Shuster. Image. $1.25.* Discourses on the nature and purpose of higher education by the Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland. First published about 100 years ago, Cardinal Newman's concept of higher education has been widely influential both in Europe and America.

CONSTRAINT AND VARIETY IN EDUCATION. *By David Riesman. Anchor. 95 cents.* Three lectures by a brilliant sociologist in which he analyzes the cultural context for our high schools and colleges and the influence it exercises on American education.

LIBERAL EDUCATION. *By Mark Van Doren. Beacon. $1.75.* Probably the best available statement of the meaning and purpose of liberal education by one of the nation's most distinguished literary scholars.

THE SABER-TOOTH CURRICULUM. A Satire on American Education. *By J. Abner Peddiwell. McGraw-Hill. $1.50.* One of the rare books in which the serious business of education is treated both seriously and hilariously.

Teaching

THE ART OF TEACHING. *By Gilbert Highet. Vintage. $1.25.* The views of a classicist and an able teacher who rejects the work of behavioral scientists, statisticians, and experimentalists, and approaches teaching as an art.

TALKS TO TEACHERS. *By William James. Introduction by Paul Woodring. Norton. 95 cents.* A selection of those parts of the author's psychological writings most important to an understanding of the practice of teaching.

TEACHER IN AMERICA. *By Jacques Barzun. Anchor. 95 cents.* A penetrating look at teaching and learning in the nation's classrooms and in the nation itself.

The Great Debate

A CITIZEN'S MANUAL FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. A Guide for School Board Members and Other Laymen. *By Mortimer Smith. Council for Basic Education. $1.* A clear and forceful statement of the point of view of the Council for Basic Education, with a valuable glossary and suggestions to parents on how to judge a school.

THE GREAT DEBATE: OUR SCHOOLS IN CRISIS. *By Winfield C. Scott, Clyde M. Hill, and Hubert W. Burns. Prentice-Hall. $1.95.* An anthology of criticism of the schools, responses to criticism, and proposals for change that appeared in popular magazines between 1955 and 1959.

EDUCATION AND FREEDOM. *By H. G. Rickover. Everyman. $1.45.* A sharply critical attack upon complacency and soft standards in the schools by an admiral who sees education as an essential instrument for national survival.

History and Change

THE COUNTDOWN ON SEGREGATED EDUCATION. *Edited by William W. Brickman and Stanley Lehrer. Society for the Advancement of Education. $2.25.* An authoritative examination of the history of racial segregation here and abroad, with discussions of the legal and social problems involved in desegregating the schools.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE SCHOOL: HORACE MANN ON THE EDUCATION OF FREE MEN. *Edited by Lawrence A. Cremin. Teachers College, Columbia. $1.50.* Selections from a number of Mann's annual reports which were influential during the first half of the nineteenth century in shaping public attitudes and public policy on the schools.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW — TODAY. Report on Educational Experiments Prepared for the New York State Education Department. *By Arthur D. Morse. Doubleday. $1.50.* A description of many of the new experiments that are fast changing the face of American education—by a gifted reporter of the educational scene.

THE SUPREME COURT AND EDUCATION. *Edited by David Fellman. Teachers College, Columbia. $1.50.* Selections from Supreme Court decisions on Church-State relations, racial segregation, and academic freedom.

Economics of Education

MEMO TO A COLLEGE TRUSTEE. *McGraw-Hill. $1.* A provocative proposal by Beardsley Ruml and Donald H. Morrison for recasting "the financial and structural aspects of liberal colleges as they affect and are affected by the curriculum and teaching programs."

PAYING FOR BETTER SCHOOLS. A statement on national policy by the Research and Policy Committee for Economic Development. $2. A group of distinguished business leaders, after extended study, reports that the nation can and must afford better schools, and presents specific suggestions for their support.

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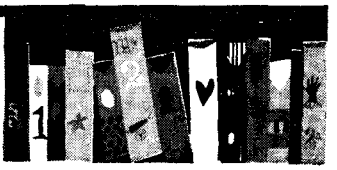
the Editor's Bookshelf



HISTORIANS HAVE GIVEN remarkably little attention to the history of the educational institutions of which they are a part. A typical high school or college textbook in American or European history gives a great deal of space to the church, the state, and other political, social, and military institutions, but relatively little to the schools.

Separate courses in the history of education usually are found in departments of education rather than in departments of history. A generation ago almost every student in a normal school or teachers college was required to complete a course called "History of Education" as one of the requirements for a degree or diploma. The textbook most widely used in these courses was written in 1919 by a Stanford professor of education, Elwood P. Cubberley, and was titled "Public Education in the United States." This text sold over 100,000 copies; it made its author both rich and famous; yet it failed to arouse the enthusiasm of historians or the interest of students. Historians—those few who bothered to read it—complained that Cubberley was not a historian (his earlier career had been that of a school administrator) and had failed to follow the traditions of historical scholarship. Students read it and passed the required examinations but many complained that the book was dull. Polls, in which students have been asked to express their opinions of the value of the various courses required for a teaching certificate, have frequently rated the history of education at the bottom of the list.

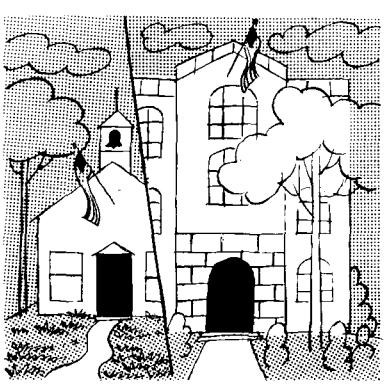
The fault was not all Cubberley's; his book, far from being the worst of its kind, was probably the best available at the time. But it takes more than a textbook to make a college course interesting and important, and often the course in history of education was taught by someone who was neither a historian nor a competent educator. The course was not brought into the mainstream of historical interpretation and not properly related to the total history of our nation's institutions.

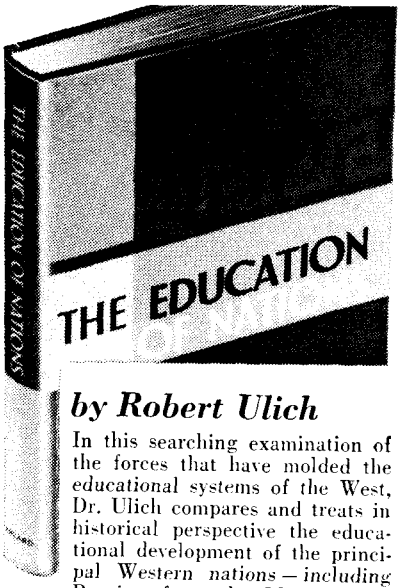
The student saw little relationship between the fragmented anecdotes about the schools of an earlier time and the problems that would face him as a teacher in the twentieth century. He got the general impression that the schools our grandfathers attended were iniquitous institutions presided over by Ichabod Cranes with birch rods who were convinced that the road to the mind is through the seat of the pants. As a result the course in history of education dropped off the list of requirements for teachers and, in most institutions, is now taught only as a graduate-school elective. At the undergraduate level, the history of the schools has been absorbed into a course called "Social Foundations of Education," where it usually gets lost.

Today a few historians are attempting to repair the loss by bringing the history of education back into the history department, where it will be studied, interpreted, and written about by historians. One of these is Bernard Bailyn, Associate Professor of History at Harvard, author of the recently published "**Education in the Forming of American Society,**" (University of North Carolina Press, 147 pp., $3.50). This is not intended to be a definitive history of education but it is an interesting introduction that emphasizes the ways in which traditional European culture adapted itself to the New World environment during our Colonial period. It includes a bibliographical essay that should be of value to future historians of education as well as to those who teach the few remaining courses in history of education for teachers.

Several more comprehensive books on the subject are now available, and a few of them represent sound historical scholarship. The most recent, Robert Ulich's "**The Education of Nations,**" (Harvard University Press, 325 pp. $6.75), will be reviewed in a later issue of the Education Supplement.

—P.W.





by Robert Ulich

In this searching examination of the forces that have molded the educational systems of the West, Dr. Ulich compares and treats in historical perspective the educational development of the principal Western nations—*including* Russia—from the Middle Ages to the present. He proposes principles of action in contacts between the United States and the new nations of Asia and Africa in today's momentous process of cultural transformation. $6.75

The Process of Education

by Jerome S. Bruner. A book that opens exciting new paths for teaching and learning. "Like an industrial diamond, it is a working gem."—FRANK G. JENNINGS, *Saturday Review* 2nd printing. $2.75

Carlos Chávez
Musical Thought

An eminent musician—probably the most significant composer in the history of Mexican art music—sets forth his philosophy of art, even of life, in a fascinating analysis of musical form and content. $4.50

Jorge Guillén
Language and Poetry
SOME POETS OF SPAIN

Foreword by Archibald MacLeish. One of Spain's finest contemporary poets makes a provocative investigation into the language and forms of poetry as demonstrated in the work of his country's greatest writers—from the 13th Century to Federico García Lorca. $5.50

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HARVARD

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BOOK REVIEW

Adult Non-Education

"University Adult Education," by Renee and William Petersen *(Harper. 288 pp. $5.50), urges the universities to clean up the mess in their general-extension courses offered to adults. Frank G. Jennings is an editor-at-large for SR.*

By Frank G. Jennings

WE HAVEN'T yet "cleaned up the mess in the classroom" and here come the Petersens, telling us that we haven't seen anything yet! If you think that the children have been shortchanged, they say, take a shudderingly hard look at what is going on in those night schools where adults foregather.

Suggestive of the slipshod way in which adult education manages its affairs is the fact that it is not even possible to get a clear estimate on how many people are in it. The authors have figures that range from nine to fifty million, but they are mainly interested in a very small sector of that population. What they refer to as university adult education accounts for only about 4 per cent of this number, whatever it is. But they begin by looking at the whole picture. What they see is a surrealists' nightmare.

Under the guise of "democracy," adults are enticed or seduced into classrooms. They are persuaded to express their "felt needs," urged to declare the nature of their "problems." Then, with this as "feedback," courses are custom-made (crafted is a better term) for their predicaments or perplexities. This is bad enough when this "non-education" (the Petersens' term) is committed by social or commercial agencies; when the universities enter the field, the consequences can be disastrous.

The Petersens insist that "the function of university adult education is education (and, legitimately, though usually to a small degree, research); it is not making money or public relations or social service or therapy or recreation." This book demonstrates that it is all of these things too often, excepting only *education*.

The question of whether or not education is a lifelong process is answered affirmatively by some adult educators. They go further, insisting that it is "co-extensive with the life-process." These "teachers" prefer not to be called by so inappropriate a name. They refer to their students as clients, consumers, publics, audiences—anything but students. They prefer not to teach. They "groupify." Some of these "non-educators" insist that a man or woman who is expert in a subject is, by that token, inadequate to the "task of providing a meaningful learning experience." The Petersens quote one such "non-educator" as saying, "It seems to me that anything that can be *taught* to another is relatively inconsequential, and has little or no significant influence on behavior." The authors then go on to say, "Subject-matter competence on the part of the discussion leader (!), if there is one, is thus positively forbidden (if such an authoritarian term may be used) . . ."

IF the dyspeptic critics of public education had a field day over the "frills" in the public schools, they are now invited to a carnival (in the precise meaning of that word) in the field of adult education. Here the basket-weaver and the guitar-player holds sway. Competence of instruction is to be avoided, evaluation of learning is discouraged, credit is awarded, not earned. Midnight oil is for cosmetic purposes only, and academic areas are "redefined and reconceptualized."

The authors cite a reference to the humanities, as an example of this non-educational attitude; in a major report the humanities are described as "everything from having a good time to making a living." They quote another "non-educator" as saying, "A course in sanitary engineering may finally bring the students to an understanding of the glories of Shakespeare, although I must confess that the intermediate steps are hazy in my mind."

What has spawned these attitudes? Certainly the aims of adult education are expressible in legitimate terms. The educator of adults has had a sometimes glorious history. The need for some kind of continuing education is almost self-evident in our kind of society. Merely to keep abreast of his field the modern professional has to go back to alma mater "for retooling" with increased frequency. Simply to learn what else is new in this strange, terrifying, and wonderful world requires some orderly process of instruction. Just to take advantage of the "modern media for mass communication" demands guidelines for the laity.

According to the Petersens, the etiology of the disease has been something like this: beginning with attempts to meet the public's practical "needs," schools, universities, and other service agencies set up programs of information and instruction. Farmers, for instance, have to be acquainted with the consequences for them of new developments in chemistry and engineering. Whole communities need aid in meeting the kinds of problems that only sociologists or, at the very least, social workers can offer. Trade unionists need more than what they can get through "trial and error" in developing efficient organizational procedures, and so does management. And in addition, in a society that is rapidly giving social meaning to "affluence," leisure can breed boredom which leads to alienation and finally to anomy. So, whether it is bridge building or bridge playing, whether it is mahjong or Zen, or the pathology of everyday life, the citizens will come together and seek to fulfill their "felt needs"; besides, there is money in it.

Although the Petersens look with understandably jaundiced eyes on such affairs, they appear to be recounting them only in order to be able to defend what they consider to be the specific function of university adult education. They have the attitude of professionals toward amateurs: It is perfectly all right for you to make ceramic ashtrays, but don't try to sell the junk in my shop.

They agree that the total university extension service will quite properly reach into many areas of community life. They insist only that the university not attempt to do what some other agency can do better, cheaper, and more appropriately. A charm course can be given by a beauty parlor operator. It does not require a human relations expert.

Our educational needs are going to continue to multiply in the years ahead. Adult education in general will be called upon to perform functions that it is not now capable of doing. Adult university education, that tiny 4 per cent, has a special assignment. It must provide avenues and areas in which responsible, mature citizens can gain and evaluate new experiences that are appropriate to our ever-changing society. It can do that better if adult education, as a whole, gets on with some desperately needed housecleaning. The Petersens' book provides a strong new broom.

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New Books

THE EDUCATION OF NATIONS. *By Robert Ulich. Harvard University Press.* 325 *pp.* $6.75. A comparative history of the educational institutions and educational philosophies of many nations.

OLD TEXTBOOKS. *By John A. Nietz. University of Pittsburgh Press.* 364 *pp.* $6. An authoritative and readable account of the textbooks used in American schools from Colonial times to 1900.

EXCELLENCE. *By John W. Gardner. Harper.* 171 *pp.* $3.95. A philosophical examination of the relation of excellence to equality of opportunity in the schools.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH. *By the Committee on National Interest. National Council of Teachers of English.* 140 *pp. Paperback. $5.00.* A report on the state of English teaching today and recommendations for its improvement.

CURRENT ISSUES IN HIGHER EDUCATION—1960. Platform for Higher Education: Guide Lines for the 60s. *Edited by G. Kerry Smith. Association for Higher Education.* 286 *pp. Paperback.* $5. Proceedings of the Fifteenth Annual National Conference on Higher Education.

EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS. *By Willard B. Gatewood, Jr., Duke University Press.* 279 *pp.* $6. Biography of a former state superintendent of schools in North Carolina and president of North Carolina State College.

TALENT AND EDUCATION. Present Status and Future Directions. *Edited by E. Paul Torrance. University of Minnesota Press.* 210 *pp.* $4.50. Papers presented at the 1958 Institute on Gifted Children.

WHEN CHILDREN MOVE FROM SCHOOL TO SCHOOL. *Association for Childhood Educational International. 36 pp. Paperback.* 75¢. Manual for parents and teachers responsible for children who must adjust to a new school environment.

LADDERS TO IMPROVEMENT. Report of a Project for the Improvement of Instruction in Secondary Schools. *Edited by Aaron Brown. Phelps-Stokes Fund.* 249 *pp. Free.* Report on a five-year effort to improve Negro secondary schools in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and North Carolina.

DON'T PUSH ME. *Association for Childhood Education International.* 40 *pp.* 75¢. Plea for classroom policies that neither allow pupils to waste precious time nor subject them to excessive pressure.

THE CREATIVE INDIVIDUAL. A Study of New Perspectives in American Education. *By Harriet E. Peet, assisted by Harriet Sleeper. Ronald Press.* 188 *pp.* $4.50. A veteran teacher surveys the changing education scene.

ANXIETY IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN. A Report of Research. *By Seymour B. Sarason, Kenneth S. Davidson, Frederick F. Lighthall, Richard R. Waite, Britton K. Ruebush. John Wiley and Sons.* 351 *pp.* $7.75. Report on six years of research on anxiety induced in children by tests and the effect it has on test performance.

ACCENT ON LEARNING. An Analytical History of the Fund for Adult Education's Experimental Discussion Project, 1951-1959. *By Glen Burch. Fund for Adult Education.* 134 *pp. Paperback.* Free. Report on an experiment in adult liberal learning through the study-discussion method.

INTERNATIONAL YEARBOOK OF EDUCATION. Vol. XXI, 1959. *A UNESCO publication. Columbia University Press.* 550 *pp. Paperback.* $5.50. Report on educational progress during 1958-59 in seventy-seven countries with comparative statistics and a listing of leading officials in the ministries of education.

STUDY ABROAD, 1960-1961. International Handbook of Fellowships, Scholarships, Educational Exchange. *UNESCO.* 768 *pp. Paperback.* $3. (*Available in the U.S. from Columbia University Press.*) Contains information on some 100,000 individual opportunities for international study and travel in 1960-61 and 1961-62, offered by 1,761 agencies in 115 states and territories.

PREPARATION OF GENERAL SECONDARY SCHOOL CURRICULA. *Columbia University Press.* 367 *pp.* $4. A comparative study of seventy-one nations by UNESCO.

(*Advertisement*)

More Arithmetic For Today's Boys and Girls

by

MAURICE L. HARTUNG

Professor of Education, University of Chicago. Coauthor of The Basic Mathematics Program*

In the general upswing of elementary-school courses of study, arithmetic has until recently been a laggard. I believe most children can and probably should learn more arithmetic than they do.

The stronger our faith in American education, the more important it becomes to reëxamine our goals and methods constantly, in the hope that the efficiency of the educational process can be improved. Traditional ideas and practices in arithmetic, I am convinced, should be examined critically from the point of view of modern mathematics and modern learning theory.

When such an analysis is carried through systematically, we see that the need today is not to teach more topics in arithmetic, or provide more drill, or assign more homework. Instead we need more emphasis on fundamental ideas.

The ability to solve problems is paramount. To achieve this, a pupil must understand mathematical concepts, acquire and be able to recall important items of mathematical information, recognize mathematical relations, and skillfully carry through mathematical processes. Along the way he should also begin to acquire appreciation of mathematics as an intellectual discipline.

Arithmetic *is* mathematics—if we teach it as mathematics, our children can learn more; in fact my observation has been that they *do* learn more arithmetic—and *like* it.

*THE BASIC MATHEMATICS PROGRAM
Hartung • Van Engen • Knowles • Trimble
Numbers We See, Grade 1
Numbers in Action, Grade 2
Seeing Through Arithmetic, Grades 3-6
Seeing Through Mathematics, Grade 7, in preparation

A 16 mm. color-sound film, *Today's Need in Arithmetic: A Mathematical Approach*, is available to schools on loan. Filmed in actual classrooms, the movie runs 13½ minutes. Ask for it for your P.T.A. program, mentioning this ad and giving at least two alternative dates. Write to the nearest Scott, Foresman office.

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While School Keeps

Continued from page 65

is one area in which spectator sports should be encouraged.

IVY-CLAD COLLEGIATE GOTHIC may still typify America's colleges, but a liberal salting of dramatically modern glass, steel, and reinforced concrete structures is giving a new tang to the nation's campuses. A good guess would be that in the years immediately ahead new departures in collegiate architecture will rival the changes in educational method and content. Some typical examples of the new:

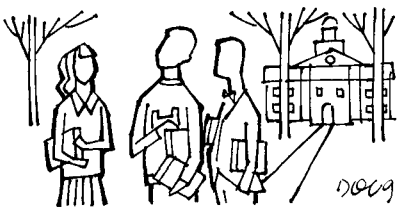
► Temple University's new windowless, medical research building, designed by architects Nolan and Swinburne, will give scientists maximum usable wall space, completely flexible floor space, and absolute control of environment for research purposes.

► The University of Pennsylvania's new Women's Residence, of hand-molded red brick and black steel, designed by Eero Saarinen, features four separate Houses in the same building grouped around a landscaped, glass-enclosed, five-story-high central court containing the social and public rooms.

► The University of Illinois' round Assembly Hall of reinforced concrete, has been made by architects Harrison and Abramovitz to look like a pleated flying saucer hovering just off the ground.

MEN TEACHERS in the nation's high schools outnumbered women in 1958-59 for the first time since the U.S. Office of Education started collecting data on the teaching profession in 1890. Accounting for 52.2 per cent of the total in 1959, the number of men in the schools has been increasing steadily in recent years. They were in the minority with 40.5 per cent in 1890, hit the low point in 1929-30 with only 34.9 per cent, and as late as 1951-52 represented only 45.4 per cent of our high school teaching force. Improved salaries and increasing public recognition of the importance of teaching in the modern world probably account for the change.

In the elementary schools men still comprise little more than 15 per cent of the teaching staff. This fact gives added interest to the National Education Association's latest Teacher Opinion Poll, which found that 71 per cent of all teachers feel that the schools need more men teachers at the high school level, but only 57.4 per cent believe that more male help is needed at the elementary level. Nearly 83 per cent of all elementary school teachers believe that the high schools need more men, but less than 60 per cent feel they need more male help in the grades. Among the high school teachers, 67 per cent see a need for more men in the secondary schools, but only 55. 6 per cent believe that more are needed in the elementary schools.



PUBLIC EDUCATION IS EXPENSIVE, but the South is learning that it is infinitely more costly to close the schools. According to H. McKinley Conway, Jr., Georgia publisher and area appraisal specialist, the first effect of school closings, or even the threat of school closings, is a sharp reduction in the number of new industrial plants moving into the area. The number of new industries locating in Little Rock, he noted, dropped to zero for three years.

Addressing 1,500 teachers and school officials of DeKalb County, Georgia, he estimated that closing the county's public schools would, over a three-year period, cost the county thirty medium-size industrial plants that otherwise would have moved into the area. As a result.

- 9,000 fewer people would move to DeKalb.
- 3,360 fewer homes would be built.
- $18 million less gross income would come into the county.
- $8 million less would be deposited in banks.
- 3,210 fewer automobiles would be registered.
- 6,200 job opportunities would be lost.
- 120 potential new retail stores would not open.
- $11 million potential increase in retail sales would not materialize.

"Those who do not have children in the public schools may think that they are not involved in our present great debate," Mr. Conway told his audience. "Certainly these figures indicate that nothing could be farther from the truth. We are all involved."

It might be added that Northerners who believe this is solely a Southern problem forget the high draft rejection rate in some Southern states, the reaction of U.N. representatives from Africa and Asia to news from New Orleans and the University of Georgia, and the wounds democracy suffers when mob violence replaces the rule of law. Truly, we are all involved.

—JAMES CASS.

Higher Education

Continued from page 55

strong faculty or a broad curriculum. They are Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Catholic, Quaker, and nonsectarian.

Frankly, I haven't the faintest idea how public aid should be distributed among such a complex variety of institutions, although I am presently serving on a Governor's Commission charged with the duty of finding out. All I know is that if Pennsylvania does not substantially increase its state aid to higher education and get substantial additional help from the Federal Government, we are headed straight for trouble.

Third: Federal aid should not be limited to special projects or research, or science, or defense-related subjects. It should be across the board. It should go to the heart of the university, not just to the periphery. In the civilization of the future the natural sciences may well predominate pragmatically, as C. P. Snow has recently suggested, but the social sciences and the humanities are of equal importance, remote though the latter are sometimes thought to be from practical application to the modern world. Assuredly, man does not live by bread alone.

We have not yet solved the problem of the Federal Government and higher education but I hope we have at least answered one question: Is federal aid to higher education necessary? For the clear answer is: yes.

There are other urgent questions ahead. They are the questions of how much, how, to whom, and what for. I am confident that they too can be answered. In fact, we must answer

them, for the purpose of higher education in America is the staffing of freedom. If we cannot staff freedom adequately, history will again take note before the end of this century, as it has before, that an unmobilized society cannot compete successfully with one that is fully mobilized. This is a conclusion which no free American, living in the richest country the world has ever known, in a society founded on Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, can willingly accept.

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Student Travel

Continued from page 59

which has just been announced, is the beginning of a movement to send Wesleyan students and graduates to Africa and eventually to Asia to work as teachers and technical representatives. And students at Oberlin College, in Oberlin, Ohio, have for many years elected one of their number to spend the summer in a newsworthy part of the world and to return with reports in the fall. Activities on other campuses suggest the varied possibilities of educational travel:

► Smith College, in addition to its Junior Year Abroad program, reports that some 275 students engaged in foreign travel last summer, about three times as many as traveled in the United States. Eleven of these enrolled in a college-sponsored course in Florentine art conducted by two Smith art professors. Others went on study tours led by Smith faculty members. This summer twenty-five students (mostly from Smith, but a few from men's colleges) will make a study tour of Africa, stopping at fifteen West African ports in twenty-one days and also visiting East and South Africa.

► Princeton University will use a $6,500 grant from the Carnegie Corporation this summer to enable ten students to work in French business firms. The project grew out of last summer's pilot program in France, in which one student worked on the assembly line at a Renault factory, another worked in a cement plant, and a third worked in a Paris supermarket.

► The University of Michigan and Indiana University, also under a Carnegie Corporation grant, will select forty students from across the nation for a ten-week program of Russian language study. After six weeks of on-campus courses, the students will spend a month in the USSR—where they are pledged to speak only Russian.

► Radcliffe students participate in the International Association of Students in Economics and the Commercial Sciences, which places applicants in businesses abroad during the summer and also finds jobs in the United States for foreign students. Last year six students from Radcliffe went to Denmark, Scotland, Israel, Yugoslavia, and Switzerland. Next summer twice that number are expected to join the program.

It must also be pointed out, however, that educational travel, with all its advantages, nevertheless has limitations. One of these arises from the problem of paying for it; many students simply cannot afford summertime travel, no matter how inexpensive it may be, and there are too few scholarships to go around. Still another, more serious limitation is the ever-present difficulty created by travel restrictions and frontier formalities. In its latest edition of "Study Abroad," a massive compendium of educational opportunities around the world, UNESCO says: "It is not . . . easy to admit that all the frontier formalities and other regulations which many states maintain are either desirable or necessary. . . . There are still numerous cases in which their maintenance is a severe obstacle to educational, scientific, and cultural relations across frontiers."

But whatever the difficulties and obstacles, it is clear that student travel is here to stay—and equally clear that it is a growing aspect of American education. As one member of a U. S. student group in Germany said, "I have to explode about this place. It's the greatest intellectual stimulation we've ever experienced. I think we'll come back better students, better Americans, and better human beings."

Van Wyck Brooks

Continued from page 15

He said that our native tradition was democratic, progressive, humanistic, and that our best writers were always on the side of the people in their effort to achieve freer and richer lives. At the same time he condemned another group of writers—naming T. S. Eliot as their contemporary leader—for declining into conservatism, formalism, and a belief in the omnipresence of evil. It was an argument that Brooks might have advanced thirty years before, except that he could now support his statements with examples chosen from a lifetime of reading.

In their opposition to his beliefs, most of the academic critics lost sight of his achievements or failed to understand what he was trying to do. "Makers and Finders," for example, is usually judged and given low marks as a history of American literature. It is not that essentially, nor is it a history of ideas like Parrington's "Main Currents," or a critical study of separate works. Instead it is a history of the literary life in America, designed to recapture—one might almost say to create—a tradition that can be used by future writers. It is a work unparalleled in our time, but I notice that it is seldom assigned for reading by the future writers now in college, who could profit from all of it. As for the books that preceded or followed "Makers and Finders," they are not so much misjudged in the colleges as simply overlooked.

Brooks's achievements, however, are of a sort we cannot afford to overlook. Set down that he was a pioneer in the study of American literature, which, in his early days, was not a respectable field for scholars. Set down that his method was to read the books themselves—some of them for the first time they had been opened in decades—instead of reading other people's commentaries on the books. Set down that his judgments have been reached independently, often in defiance of fashion. Set down that he studied the past for the sake of the future and as a guide to literary conduct. Set down that his aim has always been to lend courage to American writers, with the aim of producing great leaders among them and the further aim of enhancing American life. Set down, if you will, some of his specific services—such as his share in editing "The Seven Arts," "The Freeman," and "The American Caravan," all devoted to finding new talents—but chiefly set down what he has done and continues to do by example rather than by precept.

The example is that of an author who has followed a single line of development with complete integrity. It is now forty years since Brooks asked that famous question: "Of how many of our modern writers can it be said that their work reveals a continuous growth, or indeed any growth, that they hold their ground tenaciously and preserve their sap from one decade to another?" The answer is that there were no such American writers in 1921, William Dean Howells having died the year before and the new men being too young for a final judgment. If there are a few such writers in the 1960s, that is partly owing to the work that Brooks has done for the literary profession. He also said in that earlier time, "It is certain that the long-fermented mind, the counsellor, the wise old man of letters, the mind that relates past, present and future, is a type our civilization all but utterly fails to produce." Set down that if we look for the type today, the truest example we can find is Van Wyck Brooks.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 4, 1, 7, 5, 3, 12, 10, 2, 11, 8, 6. Authors (keyed on Column One): Conrad, Shelley, Wolfe, Hardy, Walpole, Maugham, Thackeray, Butler, Fielding, Shakespeare, Alcott, Richardson.

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McMurrin

Continued from page 67

disbursed some $82,000,000 for 45,000 projects in the nation's secondary schools. President Kennedy's Task Force on Education recommended that NDEA's entire program be continued and expanded for at least another five years.

Some old-timers at the U.S. Office of Education see the specific interests of individual commissioners as the sparks behind their individual performances. Probably a more exact assessment would show current events—the "emergencies" mentioned above—as the motivating force behind changes and additions to the responsibilities of the commissionership and, hence, of the Office. For example, before the turn of the century and for some years thereafter the Commissioner of Education was concerned with administration of funds for land grant colleges, for promoting library provisions, and for vocational education programs throughout the states and its then territories. (It was during this period that the Office ran its own "navy"—a boat to transport teachers from Seattle to Alaska and back—and built up a herd of reindeer as a means of helping Eskimos to move away from their feast-or-famine economy.)

But throughout World War I and on through most of the Depression, despite involvement with a variety of the Depression's alphabet agencies, the U.S. Office of Education remained "that little bureau over in the Department of Interior," to quote a Midwest Congressman. Looking back over the years, a career OE veteran says: "Our principal function was to get together statistics and facts about education, publish a few booklets, and that was that."

With World War II, the picture began to change. The Office of Education was involved in a variety of important programs for national defense—retraining of scientists and engineers for defense industries, for example, and training people for food production and food conservation.

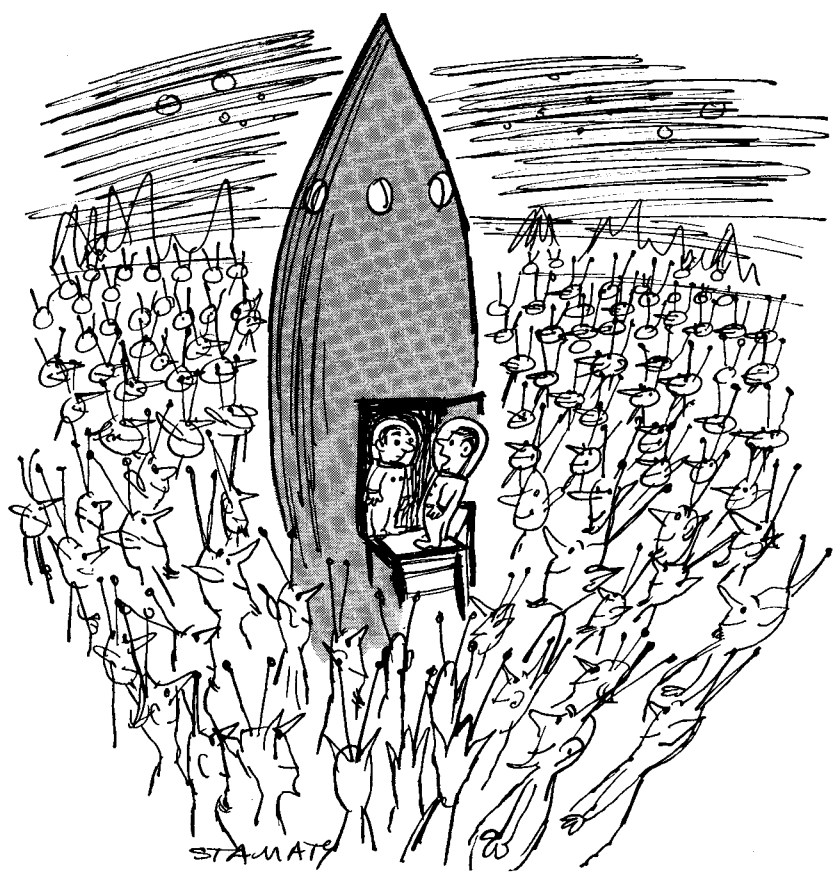
As always, it was up to the Office's top administrator to defend these programs before the Congress. This, Commissioner Studebaker did. In between times, he tried to look ahead to foresee the needs of American education when the war was ended. The staff had numbered 300 persons when Studebaker first arrived in 1936 and he kept it at that number, except for special programs, until 1948. But in his annual report for 1944, Studebaker outlined a plan of growth for the Office in which there would be specialists in many new areas and increased services. His plan was just beginning to take effect in the last year of his administration.

After World War II the Office's publications services were greatly expanded. Today, in addition to handling special projects for the Commissioner, the communications arm of OE performs four functions. Its editorial section publishes articles, research studies, and reports from education specialists and distributes them throughout the country on the average of about one every two days. Its reports section arranges exhibits for most major national conventions, prepares press releases, deals with news media of all kinds, and sponsors special education events like American Education Week. Two nationally known magazines, *School Life* and *Higher Education*, are produced in its periodical section. And, finally, its liaison officer acts as secretary to education advisory officers of national organizations, which meet three times a year with the Commissioner.

Despite its impressive output, the publications division has its share of frustrations. A classic example is its inability, because of lack of appropriations, to publish on time the valuable research materials which the federal government spends thousands and thousands of dollars to gather. These data too often end up in a file cabinet. Less important, but an irritant nevertheless, is the occasional practice of HEW's Secretaries to steal OE's thunder in putting out press releases and reports and holding its own press conferences on education news.

Another busy unit of the Office of Education is its division of school assistance in federally affected areas, established in 1950 and threatened almost yearly thereafter with sudden death by the Congress. Approximately $2 billion has been disbursed during the life of this program for construction and maintenance of schools attended by children whose parents are connected with army camps, arsenals, missile bases, and other government enterprises throughout the country. This program affects over 10 per cent of the nation's school districts that actually operate schools. Many an economy-minded Congressman from a federally affected area, who professes to see federal control in a general program of federal support to schools, has found it possible to accept funds under this program with the greatest equanimity.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the U.S. Office of Education has gained in status in the past few years. This reflects in equal degree the increasing importance given to education generally in this country. There is no reason to believe the situation will not continue, but the American people are



"They all want to migrate to earth to alleviate their exploding population."

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inured today to hearing education ranked with armaments as an instrument of international policy, and whether they thoroughly understand or genuinely accept the fact is a matter of conjecture.

From this standpoint, any review of the office of the U.S. Commissioner of Education must take on a sober tone. From this standpoint, the OE is underrated, understaffed, and underpowered. Educational functions and responsibilities are spread out in a complex of government and nongovernment organizations, with an equal number of policies and ways to implement them.

Many nations of the world have a Minister of Education. At international conferences they are represented by educators. The United States, too frequently, is represented not by educators but by persons who have little concern with education at all. We have attachés for practically every other field—for labor, for commerce, for agriculture—but not for education.

THE size of the task, if we are to hold a position of leadership in the free world, can be grasped in one document alone—the joint recommendations recently worked out by the United States, Britain, and Nigeria for educational aid to the Nigerians. A major aim is to increase the output of Nigerian high schools from 12,000 to 30,000 students immediately. Another is to expand higher education from two colleges to four universities. Joint costs —with the United States carrying most of the load—would run to approximately $280,000,000 a year for ten years and enough teachers to man 7,000 classrooms.

How can we send thousands of teachers to Nigeria and other underdeveloped countries when we are desperately short of teachers ourselves? And what single agency and what authorization can synchronize these various needs?

This is one of the many problems that will confront the new Commissioner of Education.

His search for an answer may be spurred by another set of statistics: some 220,000,000 Red Chinese are in the process of getting an education—about 40,000,000 more than the total population of the United States.

But half the world's children are not in school at all. The race to provide educational leadership to the emerging new nations will be run by ourselves and the Communists. What happens to the world's children in the next decade could have a decisive effect on the future of the human race, and the United States Commissioner of Education may well play an important role in helping to decide the outcome.

Tools for Teaching

Continued from page 61

directs him to turn to another page in a different part of the book. Depending on whether or not he has chosen the correct statement, the reader is told that he is right, given a few paragraphs of more advanced information and again tested on it, or he is told that he is wrong, shown what he failed to grasp in the material he read, and is told to go back and try again.

For the reader who is accustomed to seek information in textbooks or reference materials, the process followed in programmed learning sounds cumbersome and inefficient. Experience proves, however, that it is both fun and informative. Four Tutor Texts have been issued to date: "Adventures in Algebra," "Introduction to Electronics," "The Arithmetic of Computers," and "The Elements of Bridge." They are priced at $3.95 each.

AN EDUCATIONAL MEDIA COUNCIL has been formed by thirteen national organizations, with headquarters at Michigan State University, to bring some order out of the vast chaos now enveloping audio-visual materials. First major project for the new Council is a badly needed national directory of the thousands of films, TV kinescopes and video-tapes, filmstrips, slide sets, picture sets, tapes, and recordings that are scattered all over the country. The new Council also hopes to stimulate discussion, engage in research, and disseminate information about instructional materials.

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE EDUCATION ACT, Title VII, provides funds for research and experimentation on "new educational media." According to the U. S. Office of Education, 139 grants, totalling $7,000,000 have been made to date—most of them designed to explore the application of audio-visual learning to new fields, or to test the comparative effectiveness of older techniques.

NEW TOOLS for learning have not always been welcome in the classroom. Sometimes they have been rejected because they were costly, time consuming, and ill-adapted to the objectives sought. Sometimes resistance has developed merely because they represented change in the time-honored *status quo*. Today manufacturers are working closely with educators to develop more flexible, better designed, and less expensive machines and materials. Today, too, we can no longer afford to be satisfied with traditional methods whenever more effective means of communication are available.

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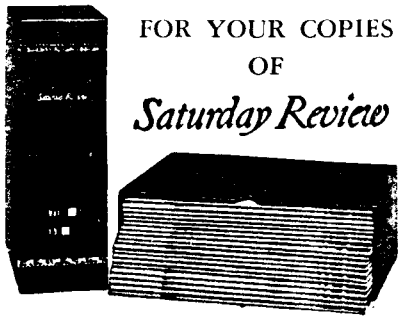

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTH OF BRAZILIA at 4,000 feet lies our Shangri-La, and perhaps yours. A new creative center is being established here by a non-profit organization. Remote but quite accessible. Minimum investment $6,000. Write Mr. McCarthy, Centrum, 674 Crenshaw, Los Angeles 5.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1404

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

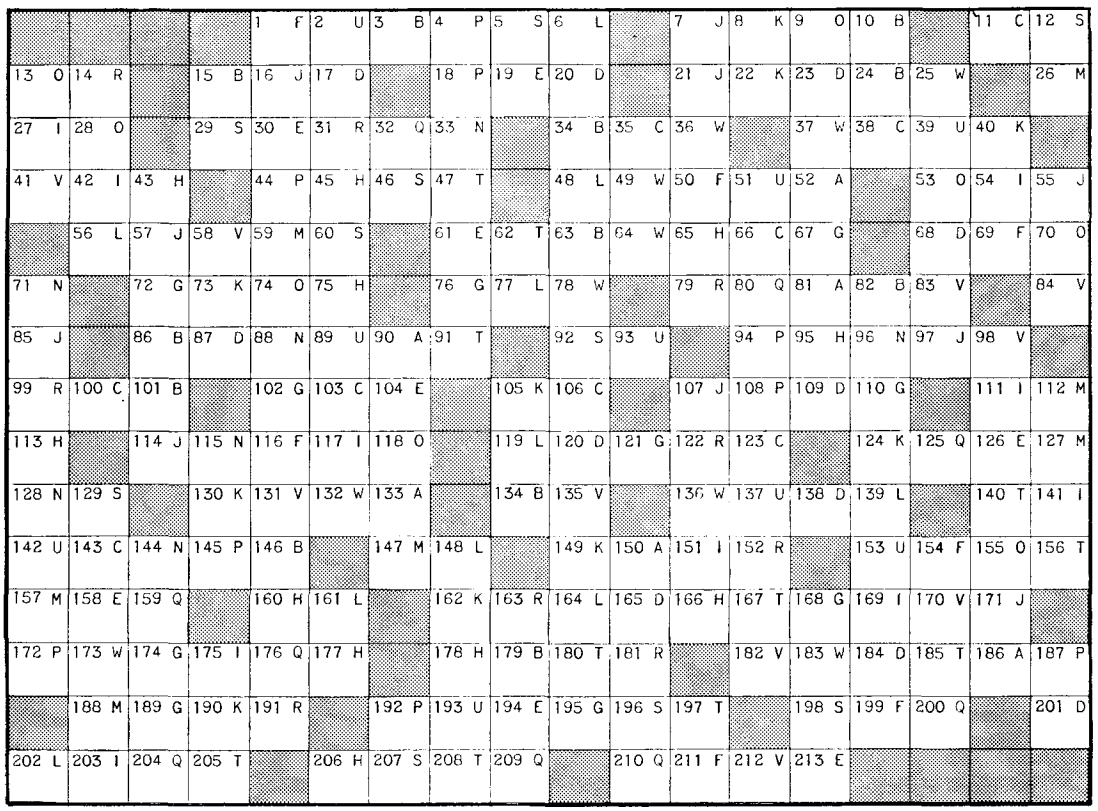
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Long-haired pet dog; darling, used either in endearment or contempt.	81 150 133 52 90 186
B. As revealed by an original look (3 wds.).	34 10 63 179 3 146 101 82 24 134 86 15
C. Harshness, severity, or violence of behavior.	38 103 100 143 11 35 106 123 66
D. First President of all China (1859-1916; full name).	20 165 68 109 17 87 23 201 138 184 120
E. Antonym of seaward.	30 126 158 213 104 19 194 61
F. Followed by "study", undergoing a fit of perplexed absorption, adding "a" between wds.).	154 199 1 50 211 69 116
G. Desirable residential district in (1) Chicago, (2) Long Island, (3) Boston, et al. (2 wds.).	72 195 121 76 102 110 168 174 189 67
H. Describing the "knaves in Kendal-green" in "King Henry IV, Part I".	166 160 177 75 43 206 45 95 178 113 65
I. David's treacherous counselor, who advised Absalom in his revolt.	169 42 175 111 54 141 203 27 117 151
J. The crucial moment; turning-point (3 wds.).	97 16 21 57 85 107 171 114 7 55
K. Having general regard for others' interests.	40 22 190 73 149 105 162 124 8 130
L. Unapproachability.	202 148 119 164 48 77 161 139 6 56
M. Hunting for the insects of the division Heterocera.	127 147 26 112 157 59 188

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Capital of one of the larger new African nations, formerly French territory.	71 88 96 144 115 33 128
O. British word for the amateurs in sports who evince professional skill.	13 70 118 74 28 155 53 9
P. Afflicted with a circumscribed infection, in any part of the body, involving disintegration of tissues, accumulation of pus, etc.	108 44 187 172 145 192 94 4 18
Q. Cry of warning, formerly much used on U.S. canalboats (2 wds.).	125 32 209 210 176 80 200 159 204
R. Blossoms of the U.S. *Sambucus canadensis* from which a delicious wine may be made (2 wds.).	122 79 152 14 163 99 181 31 191
S. Babylonian king whose reign ushered in a new astronomical era later adopted by the Greeks (8th cent. B.C.).	46 12 29 92 196 5 129 60 198 207
T. Device for working on metals in highly specialized field of stresses and controls and easements (2 wds.).	140 208 197 156 180 47 167 185 62 205 91
U. Notwithstanding (3 wds.).	137 142 153 89 51 193 39 2 93
V. Successor to T. H. Green in teaching philosophy at Oxford (1846-92).	170 131 84 41 212 98 83 182 58 135
W. "Lady of the Mercians", daughter of Alfred the Great (early 10th cent.).	78 49 173 183 25 37 136 64 36 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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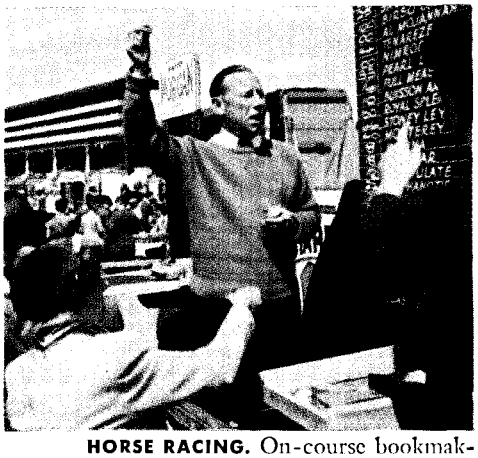
Britain tempts the businessman: a subversive advertisement

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is designed to tempt the man who goes to Britain on business. It is slightly subversive.

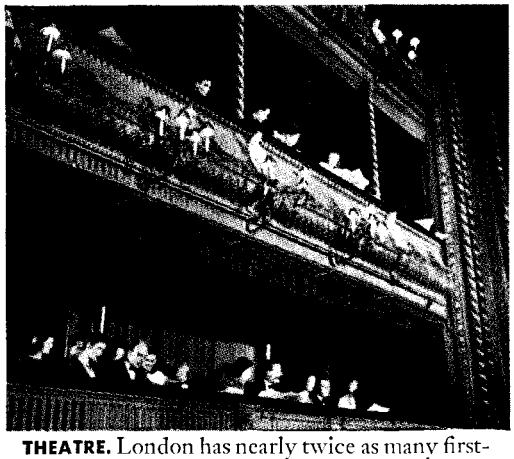
The deer-stalking executive above still has work to do in nearby Glasgow. But, for one heathery weekend, he has put his telescope to his blind eye. Sales curves are forgotten. Worries disappear like Highland rabbits. Our truant is wise. Ask any doctor.

Other cities, other temptations. Within seventy miles of Birmingham you can hunt cottages in the Cotswolds, castles on the River Wye, and colleges in Oxford. And, a couple of hours from Manchester, you can be fishing in the Lake District, mountain-climbing in Wales, or shooting birdies at Hoylake.

And did you realize that there isn't one British town more than seventy miles from the sea? Think of what that means to your family. But that's vacation talk. For more solace for the lonely executive, see photographs below.



HORSE RACING. On-course bookmaking is legal in Britain. See photograph. Flat racing goes on from Spring till Fall. Steeplechasing, vice versa.



THEATRE. London has nearly twice as many first-rate theatres as New York. At least thirty other cities have fine repertory. You can get the best seat at the Old Vic for $2.40.

CAR RACING. The Triumph, the MG, and the Jaguar all came out of British racing stables. So did Stirling Moss. Above is the start-line at Goodwood.

For free illustrated booklet, "Britain Means Business," see your travel agent or write Box 142, British Travel Association.
In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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